

A MARVEL
MAGAZINE

HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB MARINER

ALL

NO.
21

10¢

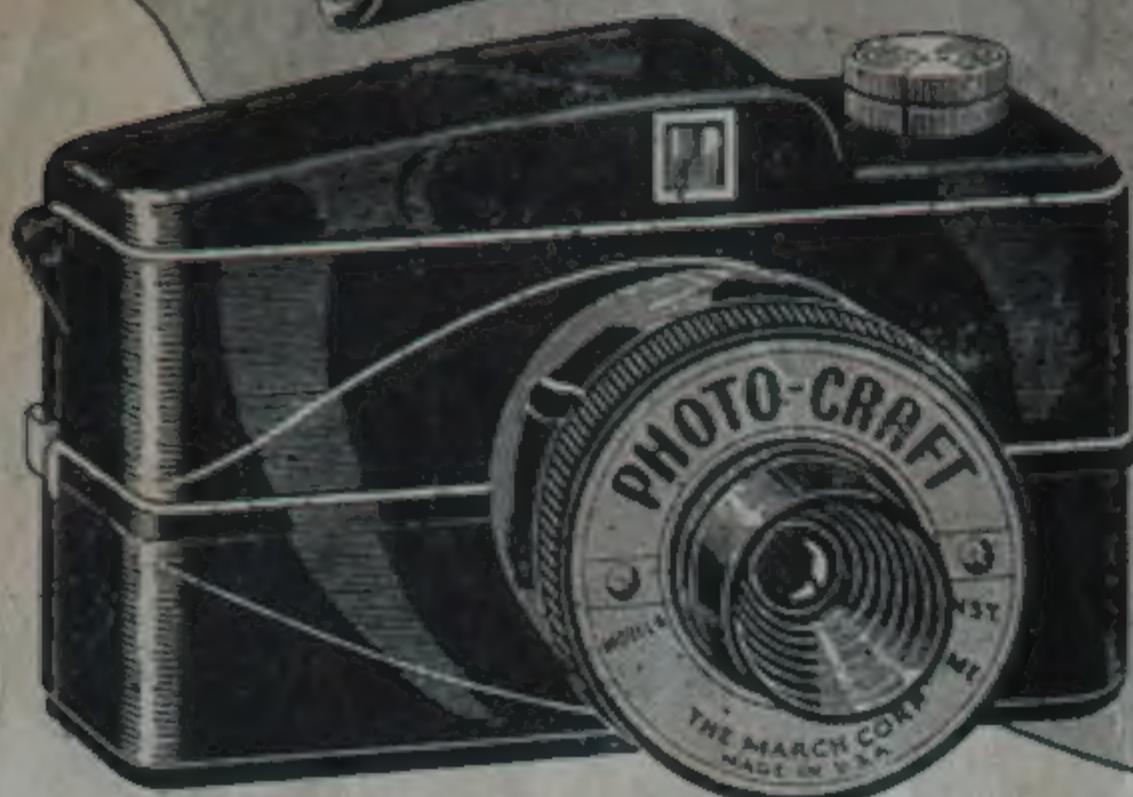
WINNERS

COMICS



In this Issue
A
COMPLETE
FULL-LENGTH
MYSTERY
THRILLER

"THE RIDDLE
OF THE
DEMENTED DWARF!"



Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!

For Only \$3.98 You Get A Complete
5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT

Plus a chance to **WIN \$500.00 CASH**

OUTFIT INCLUDES ALL THIS:

- ★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
- ★ Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE ★ 3 ROLLS No. 127 FILM
- ★ Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Photo-Craft Camera

58 AWARDS TOTALING \$1250

1st Prize . . . \$500 2nd Prize . . . \$250 3rd Prize . . . \$100
25-\$100 Honorable Mentions \$250 20-\$5 Merit Awards . . . \$100

ALL
FOR ONLY
\$3.98
POST
PAID

PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY

WILL BE THE TREASURES OF TOMORROW

And, with your very first Photo-Craft snapshot you may win a treasure for yourself, today. For your Prize Winning Photo-Craft Candid Camera outfit comes to you ready to go to work—with a handy shoulder strap carrying case AND enough film for 48 exposures—for only \$3.98. Imagine getting for so little a camera capable of taking Prize Winning pictures! You need no special skill to operate a Photo-Craft. Even if you have never used ANY camera, the Photo-Craft is so simple and "picture-sure" that the first picture you take of a loved one, your mom or the family pet may be a "Prize Winner"—a picture that may earn for you as much as \$500! And remember your Photo-Craft will also take full color pictures when loaded with colorchrome film. So whether for a gift or for yourself, order your Photo-Craft now. Complete details of the great \$1,250 Prize Contest together with an entry blank are included with your prize-winning, 5-piece Photo-Craft Camera outfit.

LOOK AT
ALL THESE
FEATURES

- ★ Genuine German Ground and Polish Polished Lens
- ★ Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film
- ★ Will Take Pictures in Full Color
- ★ Has "Bulldozer" Level View Finder
- ★ Easy, Simple, Foolproof Operation
- ★ Built-in No-Glare Sun Shade

Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk"
GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Yes, if you don't feel that your Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR CAMERA OUTFIT

NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept PW 50
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at \$3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft \$1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans.

My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I'm enclosing \$3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Biggest Smoker's Value Ever!

Windproof LIGHTER and POP-UP
Top slides open and pops
up your favorite cigarette



For Your
Smoking
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Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

BOTH FOR
\$2.98
TAX FREE
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A Matched Set
You'll Be Proud
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With a Rich Silver on Black
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of your own choice

A THRILL BY THEMSELVES . . .
. . . A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard keeps it lit. And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! Every cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only \$2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money cheerfully . . . quick as a flash . . . And that's a promise!

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SMOKER SET

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES—Dept. RP101 PRINT INITIAL ☐
618 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. IN THIS BOX
Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
- ☐ Send my Personalized Smoker Set C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

Name _____
Please Print Clearly
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ALL WINNERS

OUR WORLD IS DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION! THE AMAZING SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE IS BROUGHT BACK TO THE PRESENT BY A MADDEMED, ALL-POWERFUL CREATURE, WHO WOULD CLAIM OUR WORLD FOR HIS OWN! WITH OUR CIVILIZATION AT THE VERY EDGE OF DISASTER AND CHAOS, THE MIGHTY ALL WINNERS SQUAD JOINS FORCES TO COMBAT THIS HORRIFYING, DREADFUL...

"MENACE FROM THE FUTURE WORLD!"



THROUGH THE ETHER FLASHES AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM THE FAMED CAPTAIN AMERICA!



AND SOON, AMERICA'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS ARE TOGETHER, TO HEAR A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THE WORLD IS IN THE GREATEST DANGER IT HAS EVER FACED... FROM FUTURE MAN!



FUTURE MAN? WHO IN BLAZES IS THAT?



A STRANGE STORY SPILLS FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA'S LIPS!

PROJECT YOURSELVES FAR INTO THE FUTURE... TO THE YEAR ONE MILLION A.D. THE EARTH IS ALMOST UNFIT FOR HUMAN LIFE!



ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE OCEANS HAVE DRIED UP... CITIES HAVE FALLEN INTO RUIN... AND THE HUMAN RACE FACES EXTINCTION!



THE PEOPLE OF THE FAR FUTURE PREPARE TO SEND A SHIP INTO THE PAST!

WE NEED A NEW HOME, IN A PREVIOUS AGE WHEN EARTH WAS GOOD TO LIVE UPON! YOU WILL GO BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY, AND PREPARE THE WAY!





WE WILL WANT THE **WHOLE** EARTH TO LIVE AND EXPAND ON! AS FOR THE SAVAGES WHO LIVED IN THE 20TH CENTURY, EXTERMINATE THEM! IF YOU NEED HELP, SIGNAL US!

I WILL NEED NO HELP AGAINST THE WITLESS BRUTES OF THAT TIME! I GO!



AND SO THE TIME-SHIP, PROPELLED BY THEIR AMAZING SCIENCE, HURTTLED THE FUTURE MAN BACK THROUGH THE AGES!

NOW WE SHIFT TO A CRIMINAL DEN, IN THE 20TH CENTURY, WHERE THE NOTORIOUS MADAME DEATH AND HER GANG ARE HOLDING A MEETING, WHEN...



NOW OUR NEXT JOB WILL BE...

...TO HELP ME!

LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?



I AM FUTURE MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO MIGRATE TO THIS AGE, AND WIPE OUT MAN-KIND OF TODAY! I NEED A FEW HELPERS! AND YOU CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN!

WHAT IF WE REFUSE?



YEAH! LISTEN HERE, SHORTY, I AIN'T HELPIN' YA AND... AGHHH!

FOOL! THEN DIE! DO ANY OF YOU OTHERS WISH TO BE DESTROYED BY MENTAL FORCE?



ALL RIGHT, WE AGREE TO HELP! BUT WHAT REWARD?

I PROMISE YOU RICHES AND POWER! NOW WE WILL DESTROY ALL LIVING PEOPLE ON THE FIVE BIG CONTINENTS OF THE EARTH!

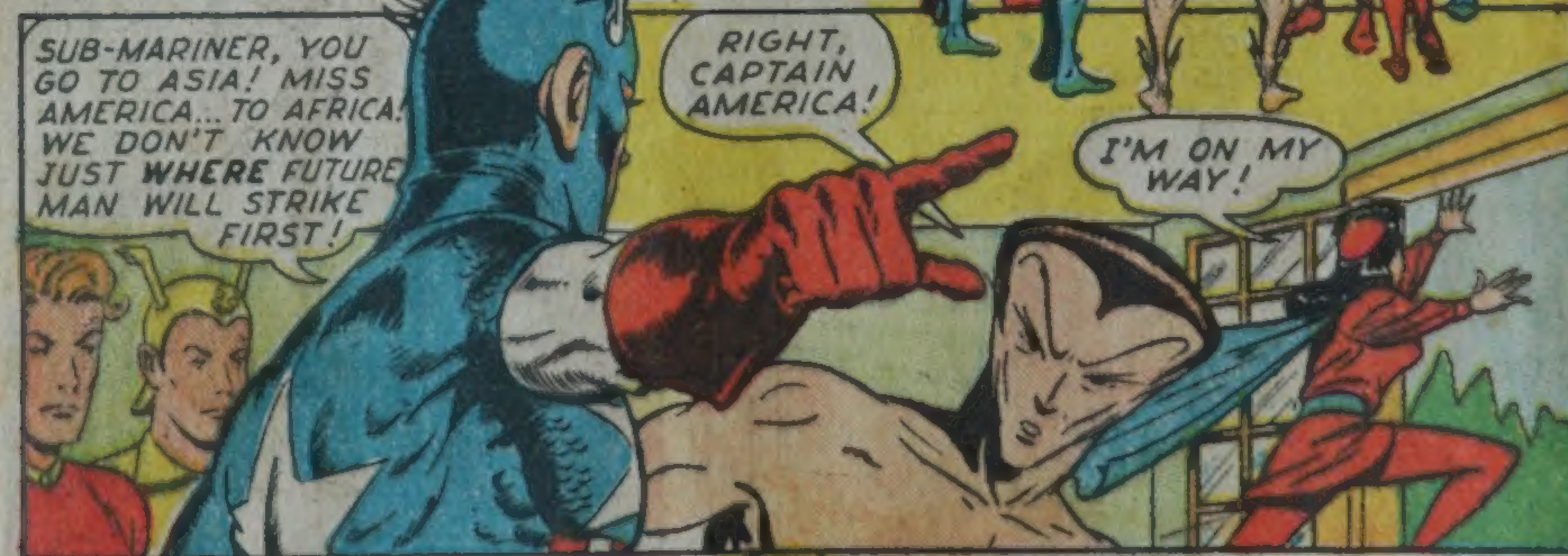


BUT IT SO HAPPENED I HAD TRAILED MADAME DEATH TO THIS HIDE-OUT, AND OVERHEARD IT ALL! AND THEN...!

COME ON, BUCKY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

YAHOO!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!



AND SO, TO MEET A THREAT OF WORLD EXTERMINATION, THE SEVEN MIGHTY ENEMIES OF EVIL SET OUT TO GUARD THE FIVE BIG CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD! WHERE WILL FUTURE MAN STRIKE FIRST? WHAT GHASTLY SCIENTIFIC POWERS WILL HE USE IN HIS ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE?

CAPTAIN AMERICA

CHAPTER
II

CHOKING AND GASPING FOR AIR, THE INHABITANTS OF AN ENTIRE CITY ARE DESTROYED IN A MATTER OF MINUTES BY THE GHASTLY CUNNING OF FUTURE MAN! AND ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE LEFT TO TRY TO STOP...

"The **GREEN** PLAGUE!"



HERE WE ARE, CAP. NOW WHAT?

EUROPE IS A BIG PLACE, BUCKY! BUT WE'VE GOT TO TOUR AROUND AND KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

FIRST, LET US FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AS THEY ARRIVE IN EUROPE, THE CONTINENT WHICH THEY MUST GUARD AGAINST FUTURE MAN!





IT WAS NICE OF THE OCCUPATION FORCES
TO LOAN US THIS JEEP!

THEY JUST SAW
WHO WE WERE AND
PRACTICALLY
FORCED IT ON US!

BUT WHAT
ARE WE WATCH-
ING FOR EXACTLY,
CAP?

I WISH I KNEW!
WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW IF FUTURE
MAN WILL STRIKE
HERE FIRST! HE
MIGHT PICK ASIA...
OR SOUTH
AMERICA!

BUT MEANWHILE, IT IS IN THE VERY HEART OF
EUROPE, IN THE SWISS ALPS, THAT FUTURE MAN
HAS LANDED HIS SHIP!

THIS IS THE CENTRAL
POINT OF EUROPE,
FUTURE
MAN!

EXCELLENT! FROM HERE
WE CAN SWEEP OUT AND
RAZE THE CONTINENT!
BUT NOW I NEED A
LABORATORY!

THERE'S
ONE
PERCHED
ON THAT
MOUNTAIN!

GOOD! I AM
UNFAMILIAR
WITH THE 20TH
CENTURY, AND
NEED YOUR
GUIDANCE IN
THESE THINGS!
YOU ARE OF
GREAT HELP
TO ME,
MADAME
DEATH!



BUT WO'LL WE
GET OUTA DIS
DEAL, MADAME
DEATH?

WHEN THE PEOPLE
DIE, ALL THEIR
WEALTH AND
JEWELS BECOME
OURS! YOURS
AND MINE!
GET IT?

YOU
SAID THERE
WILL BE
A FEW
SURVIVORS
OF THE
HUMAN
RACE! SET
ME UP AS
THEIR QUEEN
AND RULER!
I'LL BE RICH
AND POWERFUL!

MADAME
DEATH,
ONE OF THE
MOST
NOTORIOUS
FEMALE
CRIMINALS,
IS ONLY
TOO GLAD
TO HELP
FUTURE
MAN!

OH
BOY!



BUT WE NEED A CAR TO GIT UP TO DAT LABORATORY! LET'S NAB DIS ONE!

WAIT!



YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU RIDE AROUND IN SUCH ANCIENT VEHICLES? HAVEN'T YOU EVEN DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF MENTAL LEVITATION? ---MOVING BY THOUGHT?



HANG ON! I WILL PULL YOU UP WITH MY MENTAL FORCE!

HOLY CATS! WHAT A GUY!



NOW WE WILL TAKE OVER THE LABORATORY!



SLAY HIM FOR ME!

WHA--?



GOT HIM, BOSS!

GHA-AAA!



YOU STILL USE PRIMITIVE GUNS? HOW QUAIN! I ASKED YOU TO KILL HIM TO SEE WHAT WEAPONS YOU USE! IT'S AMUSING! NOW I KNOW IT WILL BE EASY FOR ME TO DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE OF TODAY! THE 20TH CENTURY IS SO BACKWARD, SCIENTIFICALLY, THAT I ALONE --- ONE FUTURE MAN --- CAN WIPE OUT TWO BILLION PEOPLE!

IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO WIPE OUT THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE?

WITH GERM-BOMBS! I BROUGHT THIS VIAL OF DEADLY GERMS ALONG FROM THE FUTURE!



DISEASE-GERMS! BUT WE HAVE DOCTORS WHO CAN STOP ANY EPIDEMIC OR PLAGUE!

NOT THIS PLAGUE! THIS IS A FUTURE GERM! IT KILLS IN FIVE MINUTES, AND WILL SPREAD THROUGH EUROPE LIKE WILDFIRE!

LATER...

MAKE MORE GERM-BOMBS! I HAVE SHOWN YOU HOW! NOW I WILL TEST THIS FIRST ONE!

MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY CRUISE IN THEIR JEEP...



SAY, CAP, SEE THAT BIG BLACK CLOUD OVER THE NEXT CITY?

LOOKS LIKE A STORM BREWING!

BUT MORE THAN A STORM STRIKES THE CITY, FOR IN ITS STREETS A DEADLY OBJECT FALLS!



WHAT WAS THAT? IT DROPPED FROM THE SKY!

POOF!

AND THEN, HORRIBLY, THE DEADLY FUTURE PLAGUE STRIKES, AS THE GERMS SWIFTLY SPREAD THROUGH THE AIR!



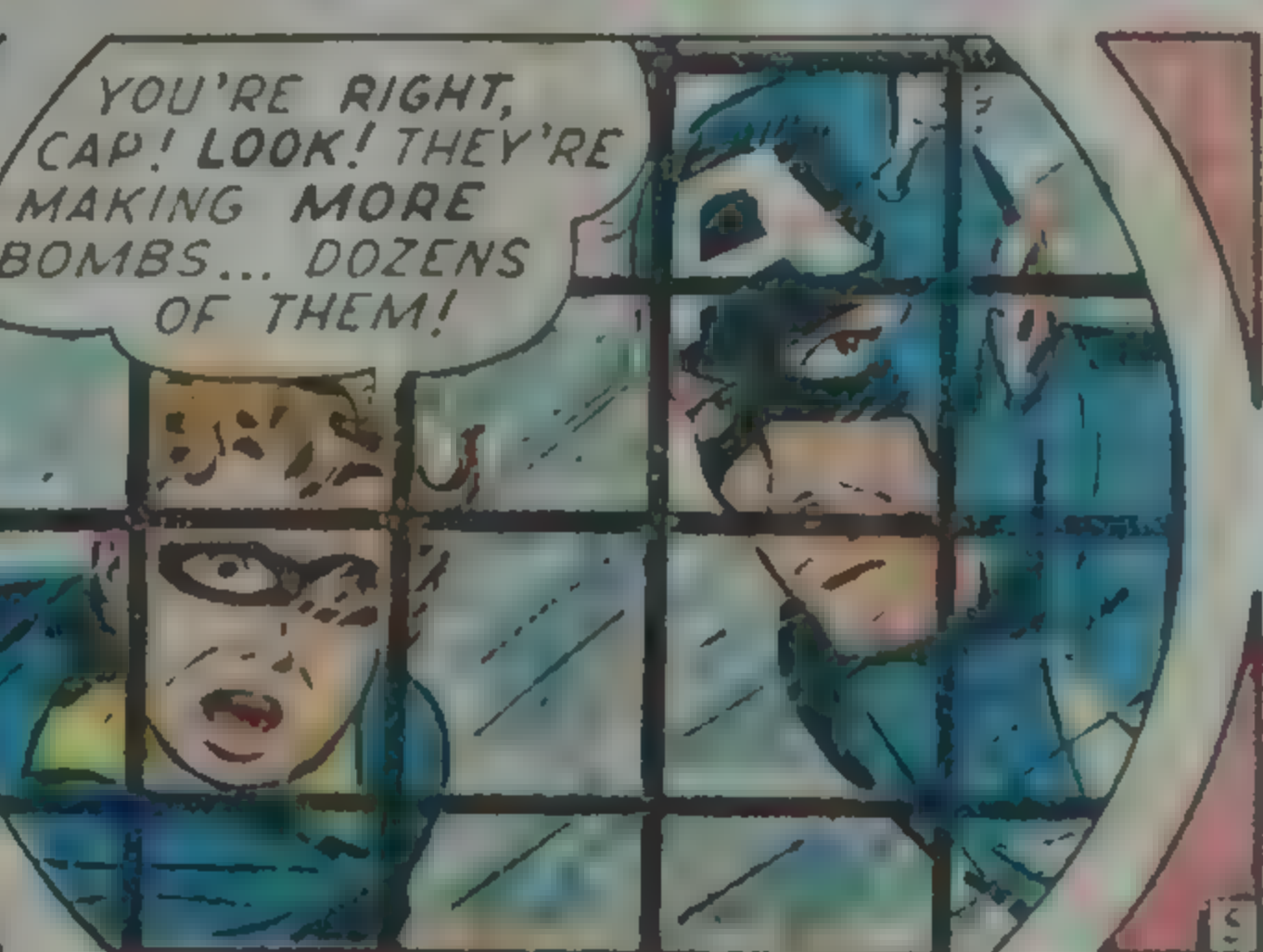
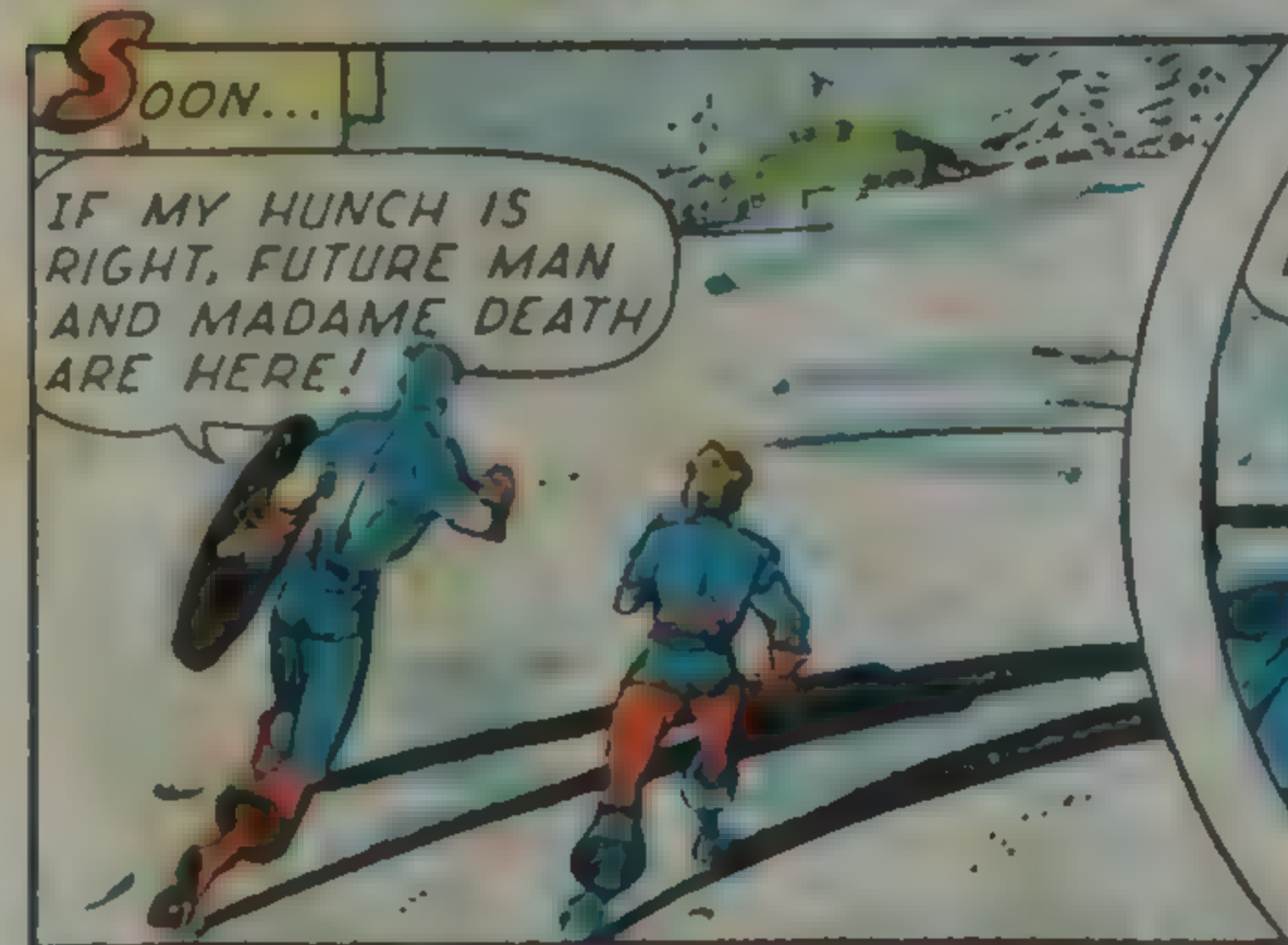
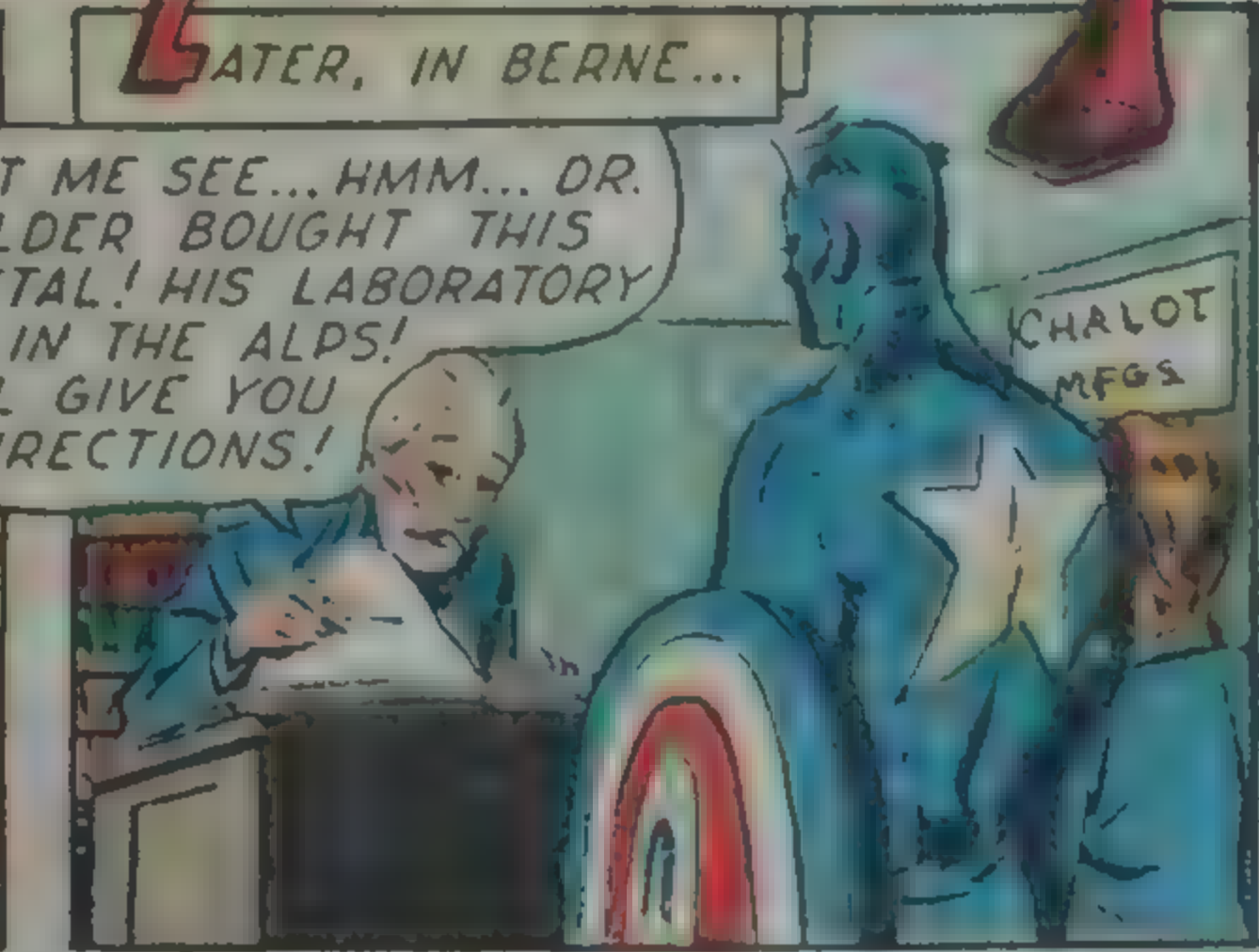
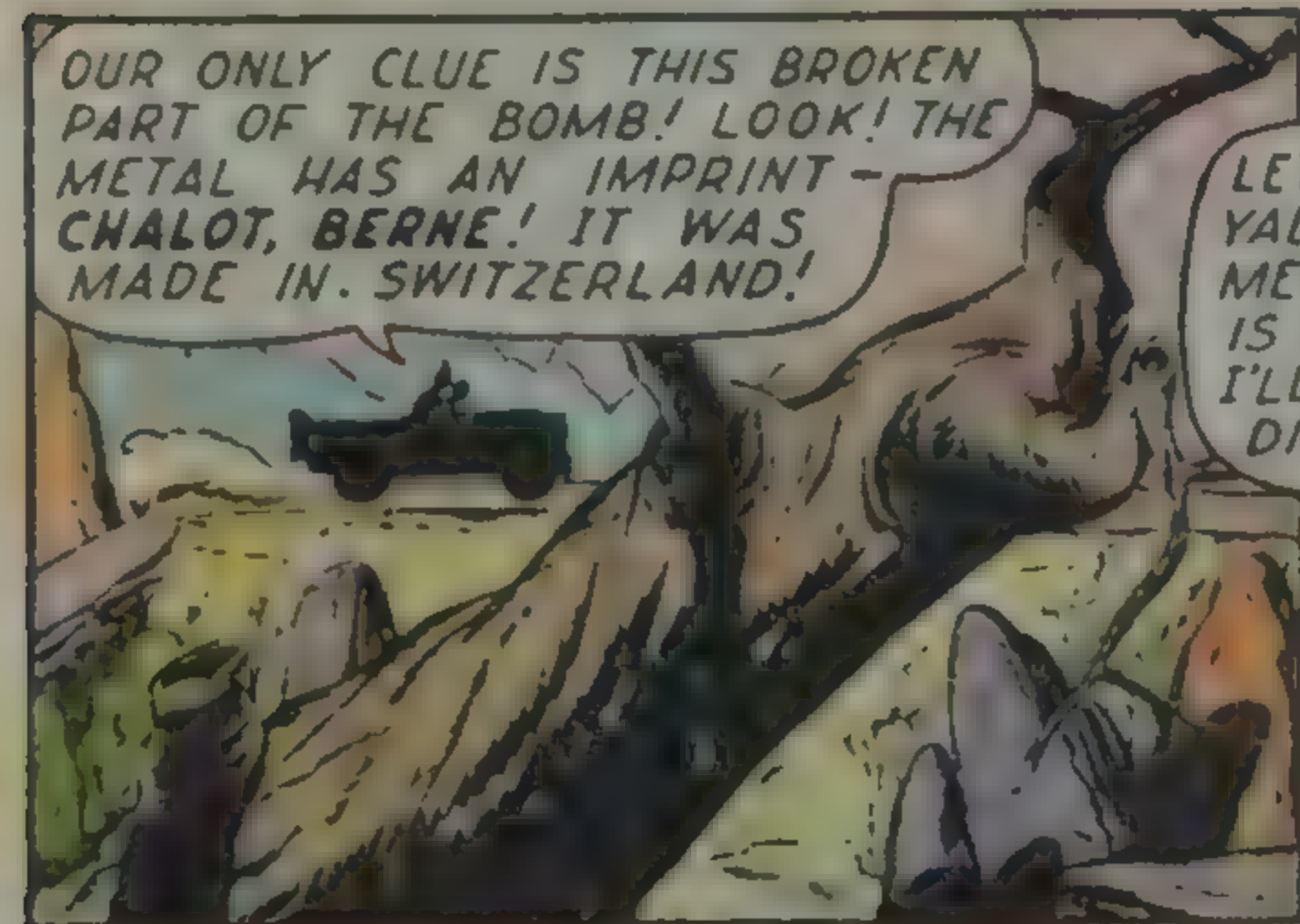
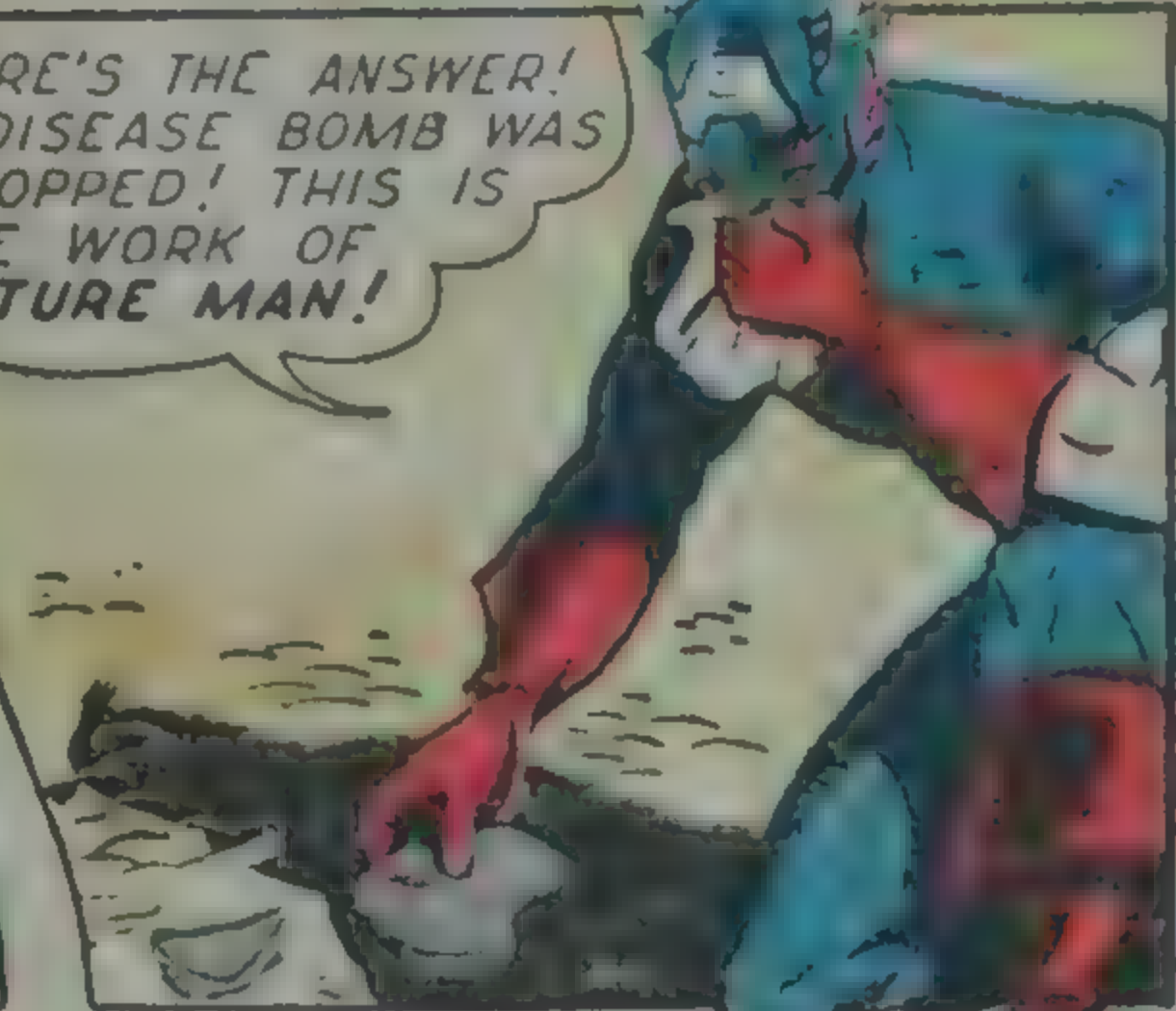
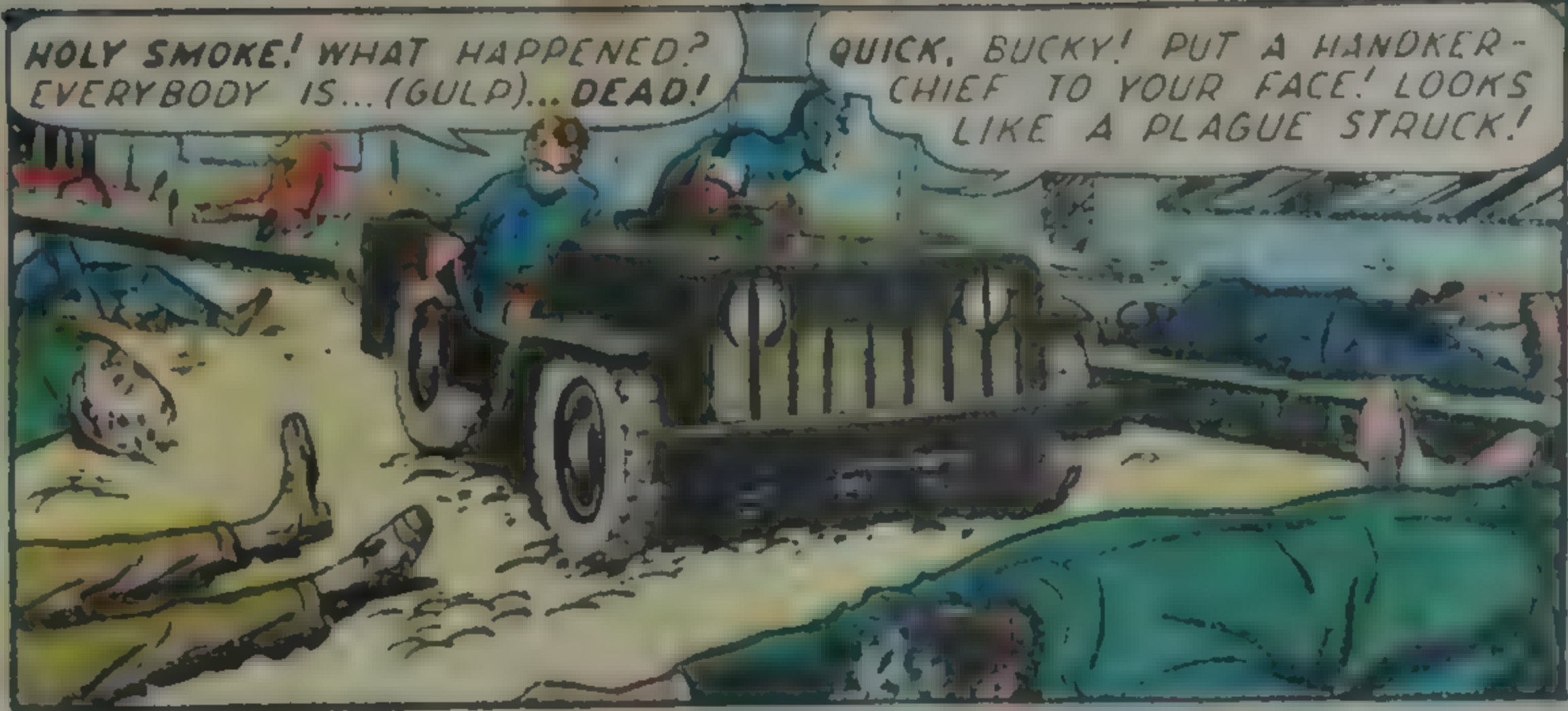
HELP!

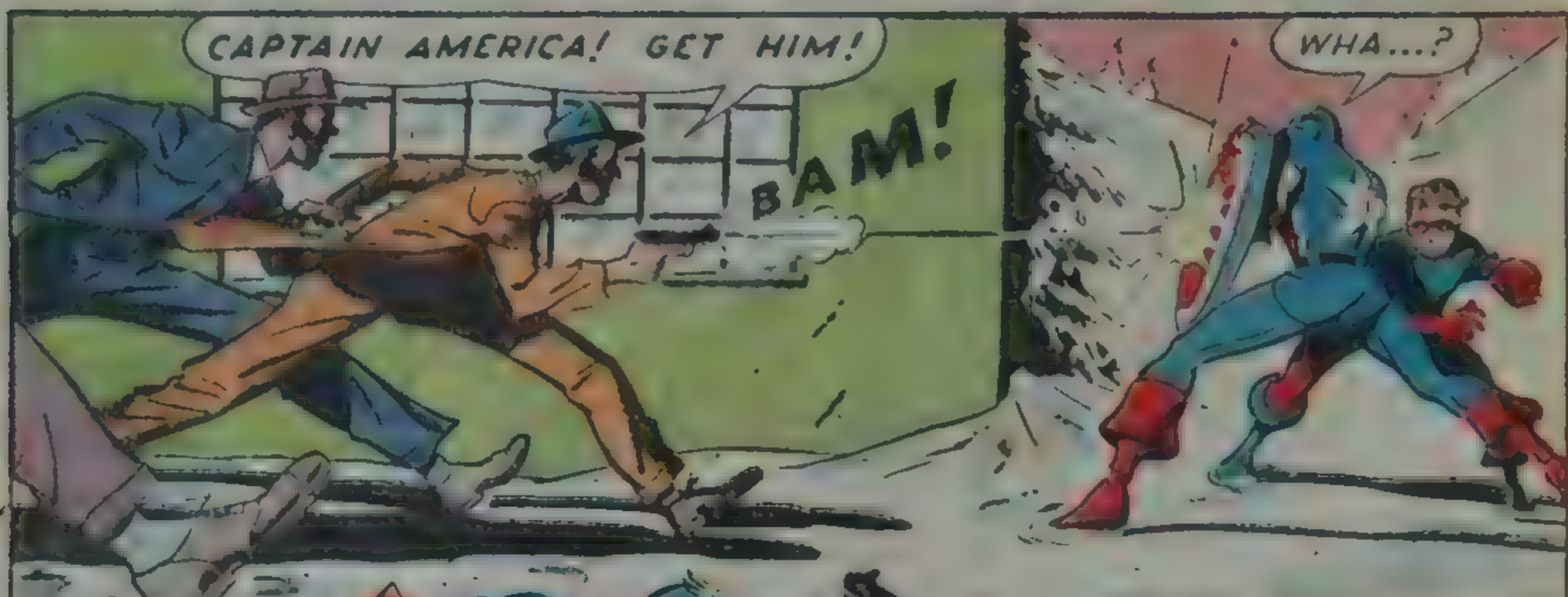
AGHHH!

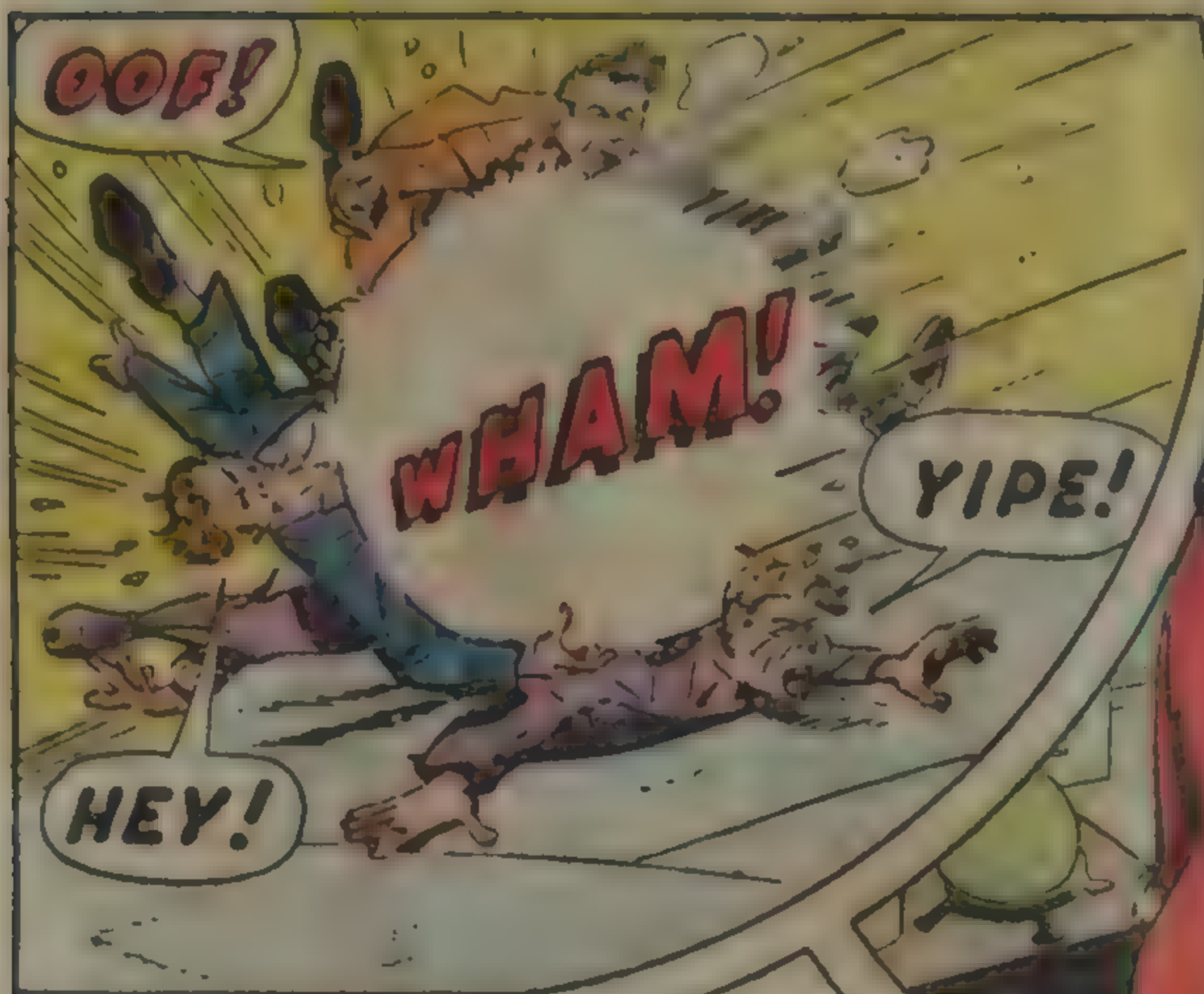
AGHHHH!

GHAA!

BY THE TIME CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARRIVE ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER, THE CITY IS A TOMB!







OOF!

WHAM!

YIPE!

HEY!



MOMENTS LATER...

HEY GOT AWAY!

NEVER MIND!
THIS CAPTAIN
AMERICA WILL
NOT STOP
US! ON WITH
OUR WORK!

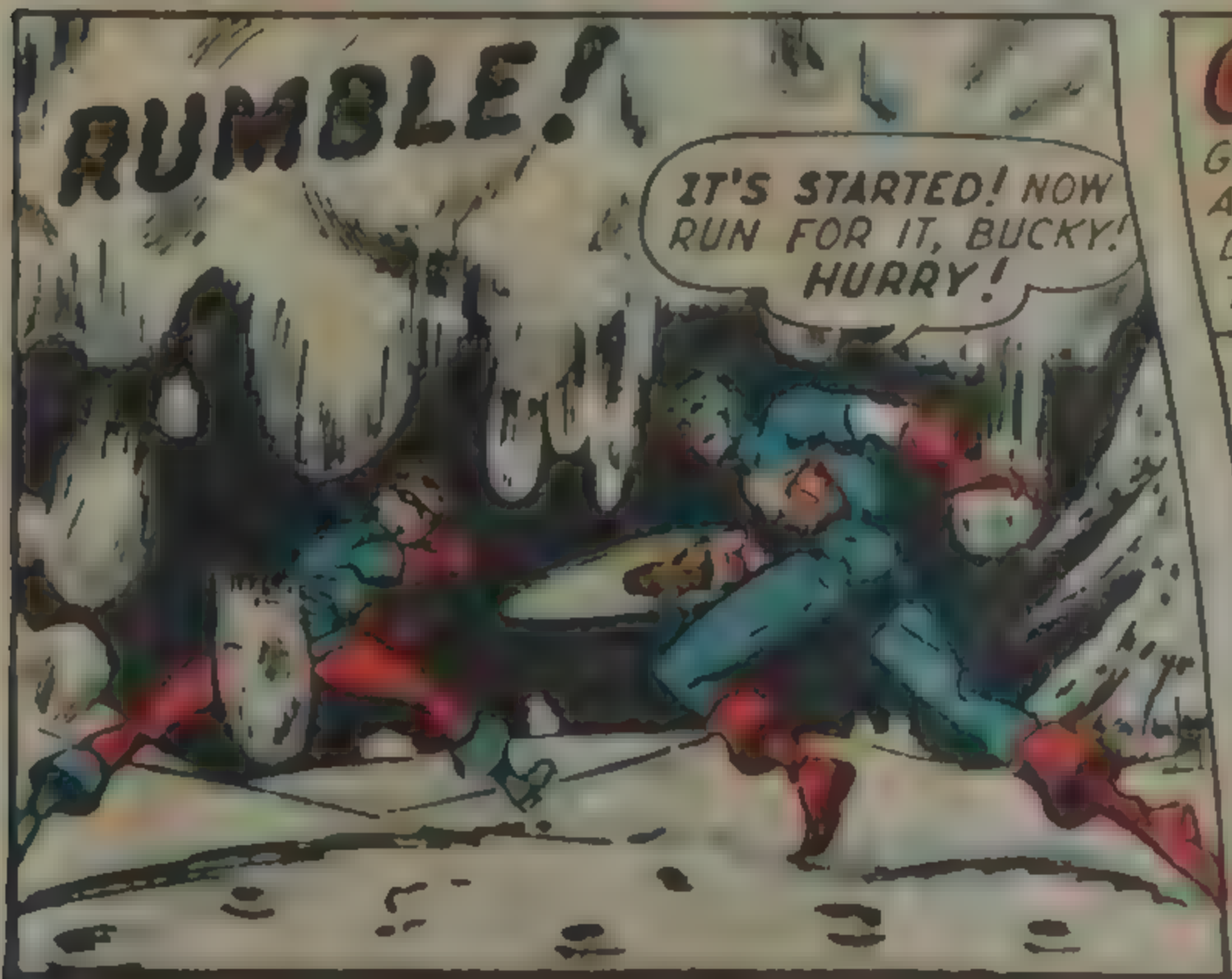


GOLLY, CAP! NOW
WHAT? WE'VE GOTTA
STOP THEM FROM
USING THE GERM-
BOMBS! BUT WE'RE
OUTNUMBERED!

HMM... NOTICE
HOW THAT HILL
OF SNOW IS
SITUATED NEAR
THE LABORATORY,
BUCKY?

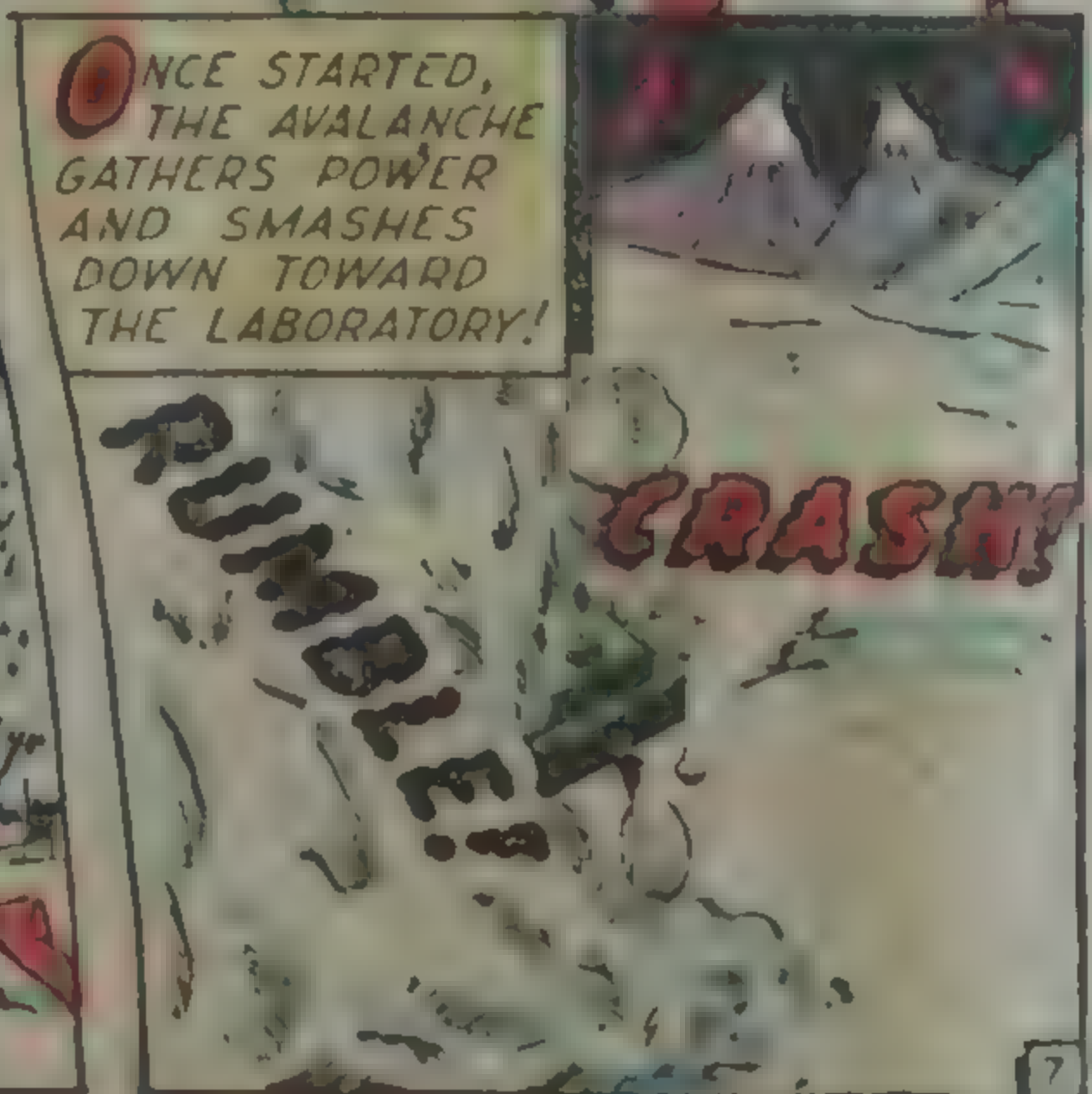


YELL, BUCKY! AS
LOUD AS YOU CAN!
THEY SAY THE
VIBRATIONS OF THE
HUMAN VOICE CAN
START AN AVALANCHE!



RUMBLE!

IT'S STARTED! NOW
RUN FOR IT, BUCKY!
HURRY!



ONCE STARTED,
THE AVALANCHE
GATHERS POWER
AND SMASHES
DOWN TOWARD
THE LABORATORY!

CRASH!



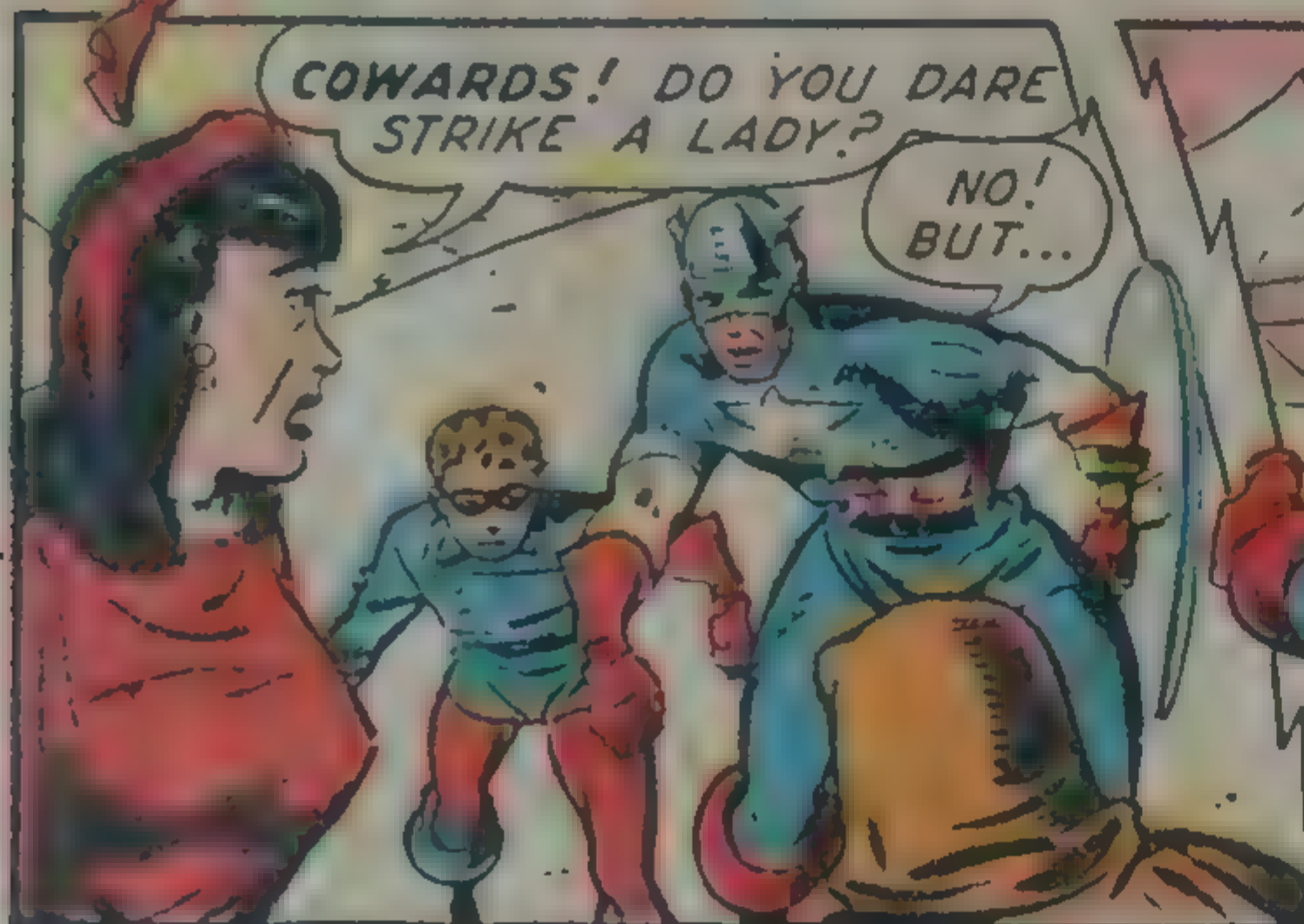
BUT TWO FIGURES ESCAPE FROM THE LABORATORY... FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH!

MY MENTAL WAVES GAVE ME WARNING OF THE AVALANCHE! RUN, MADAME DEATH!



WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE TWO OF THEM ESCAPED THE TRAP!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

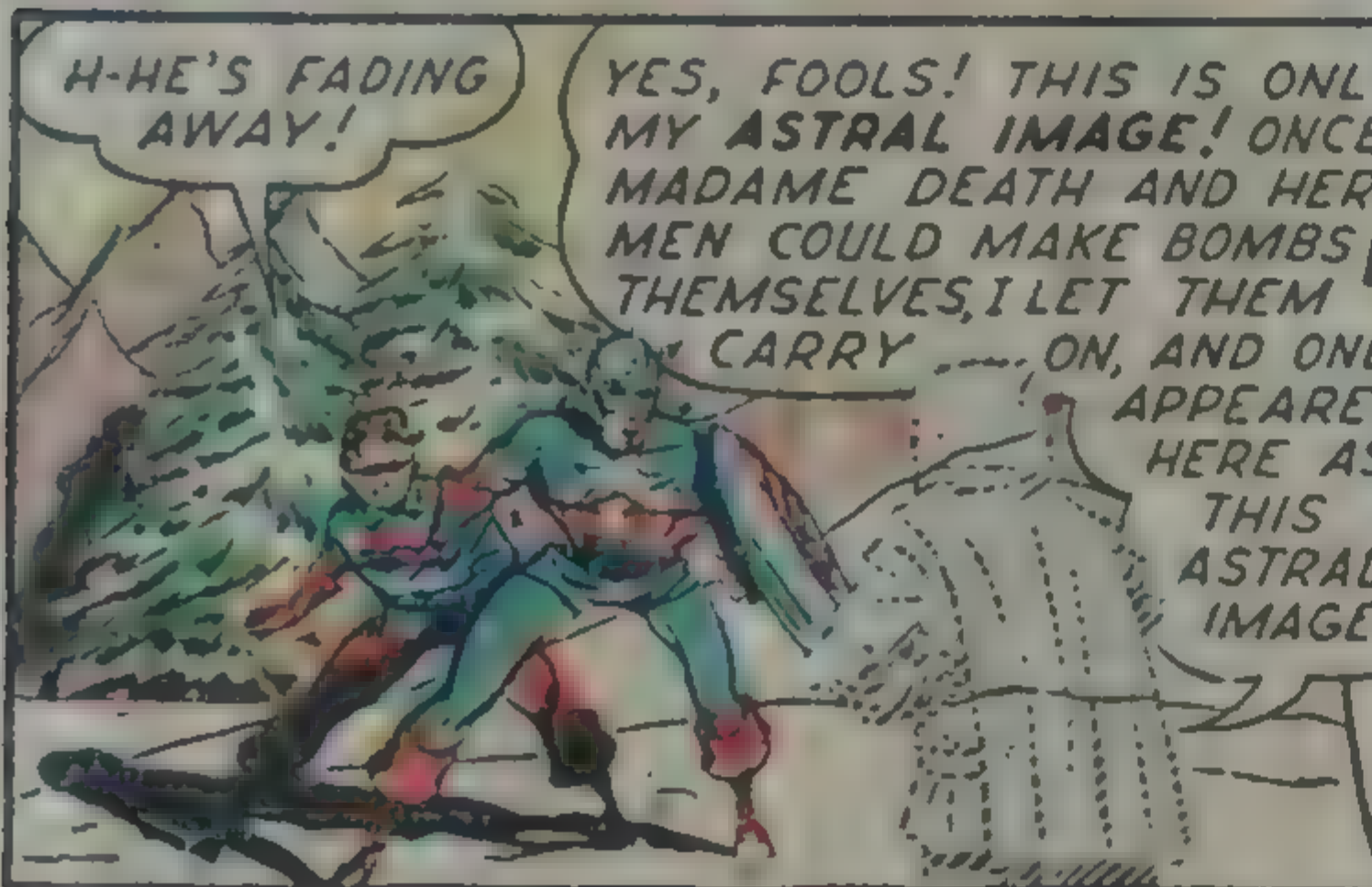


COWARDS! DO YOU DARE STRIKE A LADY?

NO! BUT...



... HERE'S FOR YOU, FUTURE MAN! WHA...?



H-HE'S FADING AWAY!

YES, FOOLS! THIS IS ONLY MY ASTRAL IMAGE! ONCE MADAME DEATH AND HER MEN COULD MAKE BOMBS THEMSELVES, I LET THEM CARRY ON, AND ONLY APPEARED HERE AS THIS ASTRAL IMAGE!



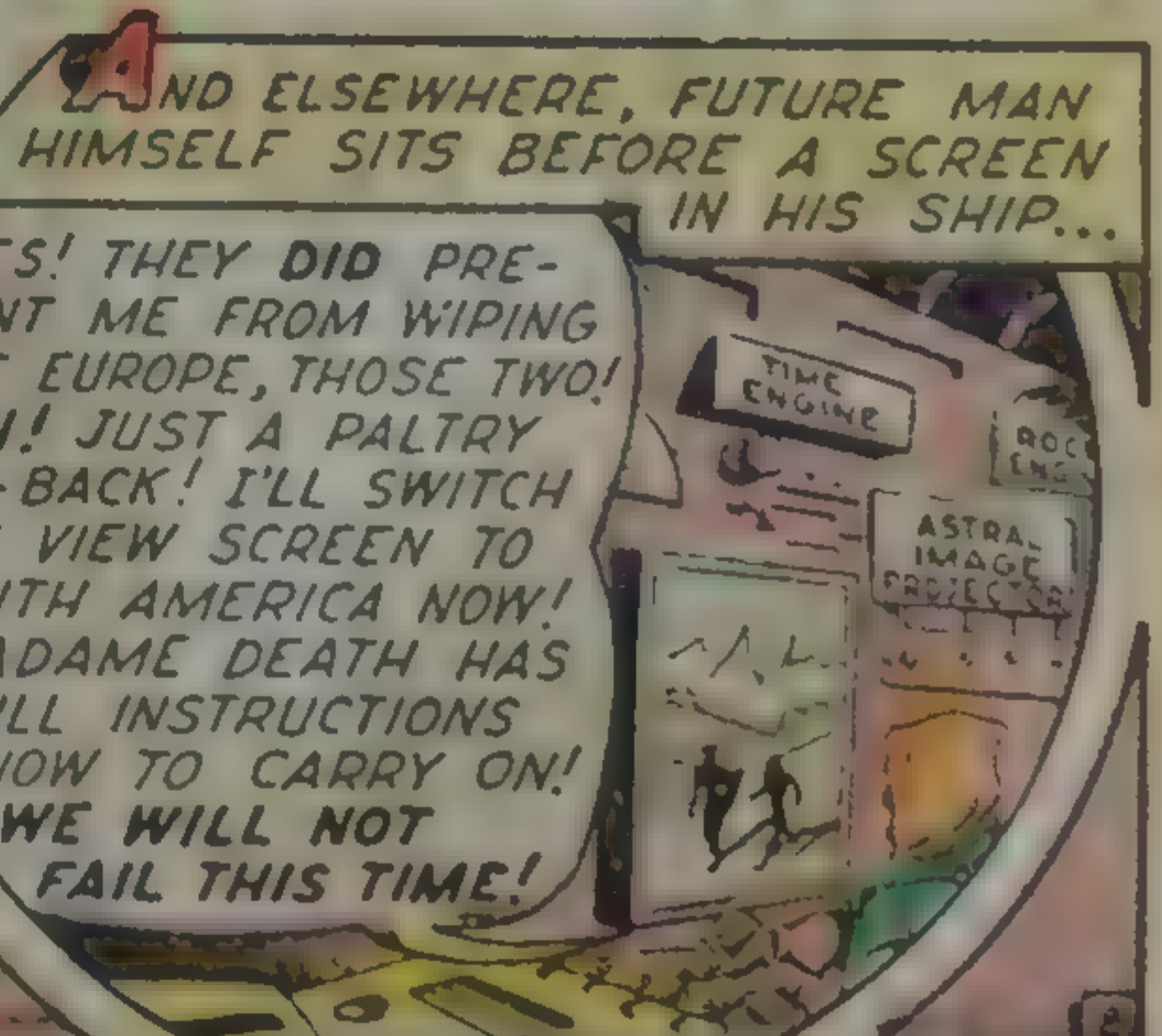
ACTUALLY, IN PERSON I AM SOMEWHERE ELSE... BEYOND HARM OR CAPTURE!

PUFF!
(GASP!) HE'S GONE NOW!



WELL, ANYWAY, WE HAVE MADAME DEATH AND... HEY! SHE'S GONE TOO!

WE WERE SO INTERESTED IN FUTURE MAN AND HIS IMAGE, THAT WE LET HER SNEAK AWAY! ANYWAY, WE SAVED EUROPE FROM THE GERM-BOMBS!



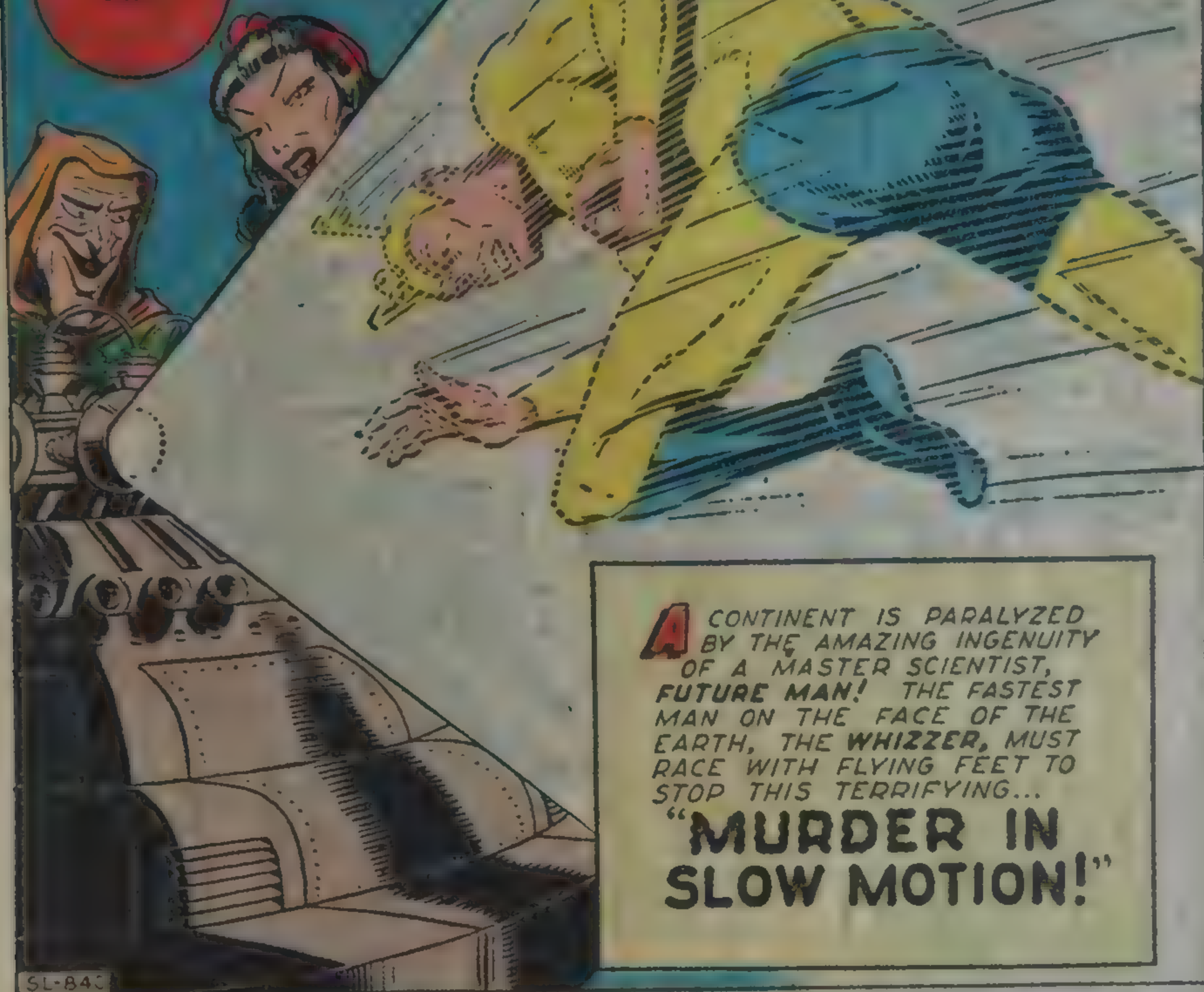
AND ELSEWHERE, FUTURE MAN HIMSELF SITS BEFORE A SCREEN IN HIS SHIP...

YES! THEY DID PREVENT ME FROM WIPING OUT EUROPE, THOSE TWO! BAH! JUST A PALTRY SET-BACK! I'LL SWITCH THE VIEW SCREEN TO SOUTH AMERICA NOW! MADAME DEATH HAS FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO CARRY ON! WE WILL NOT FAIL THIS TIME!

The

WHIZZER

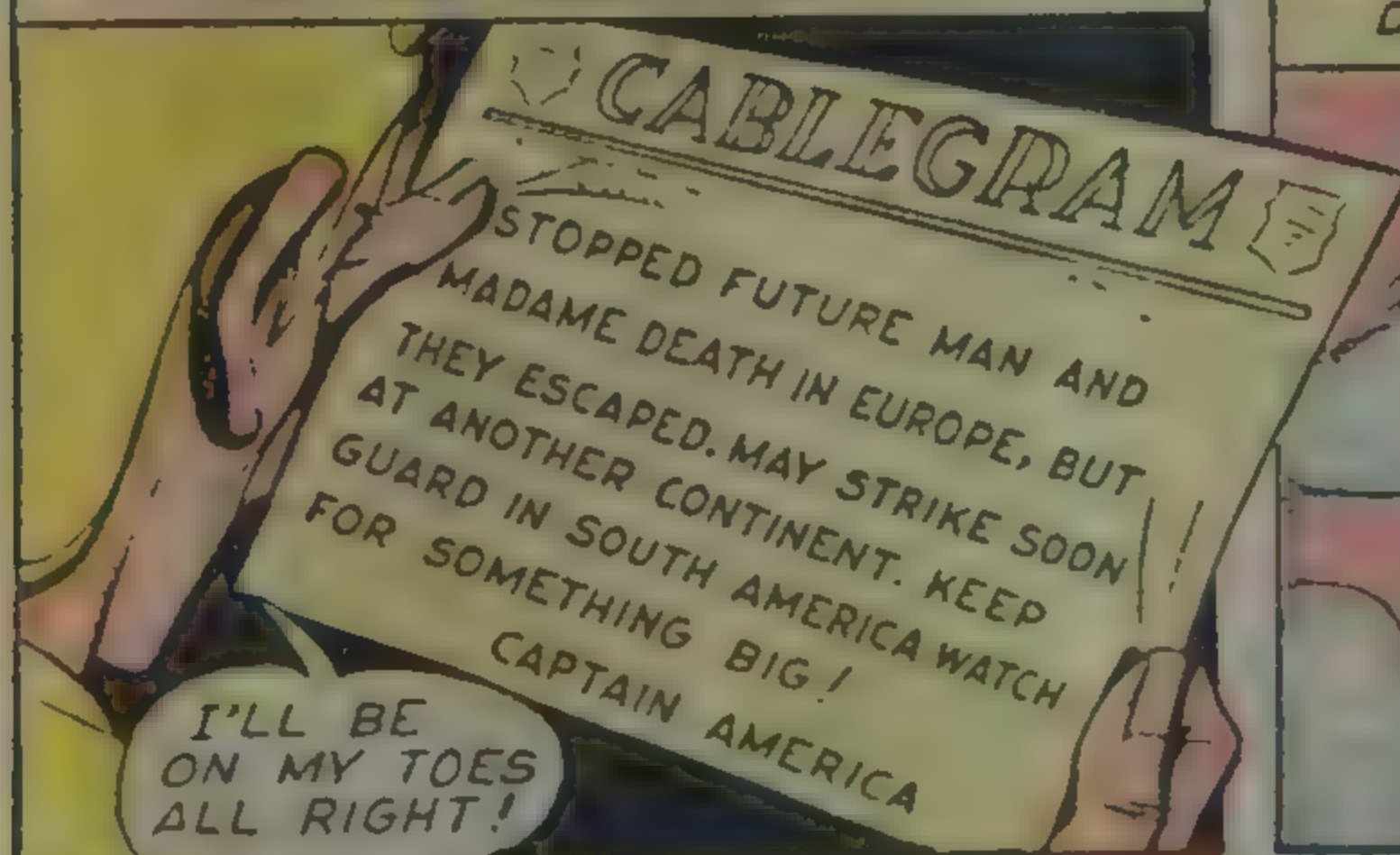
CHAPTER
III



A CONTINENT IS PARALYZED BY THE AMAZING INGENUITY OF A MASTER SCIENTIST, **FUTURE MAN!** THE FASTEST MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE **WHIZZER**, MUST RACE WITH FLYING FEET TO STOP THIS TERRIFYING...

"MURDER IN SLOW MOTION!"

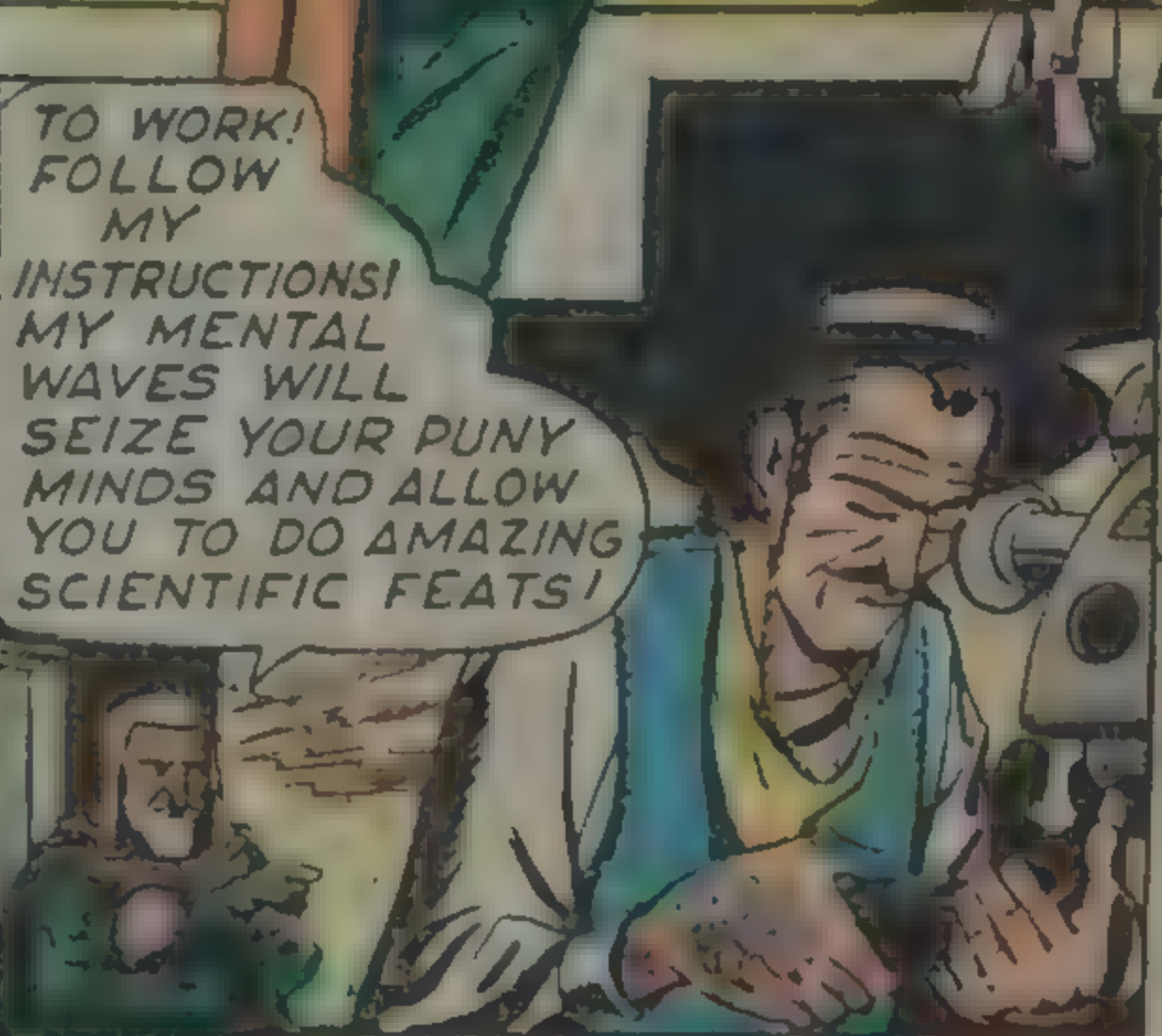
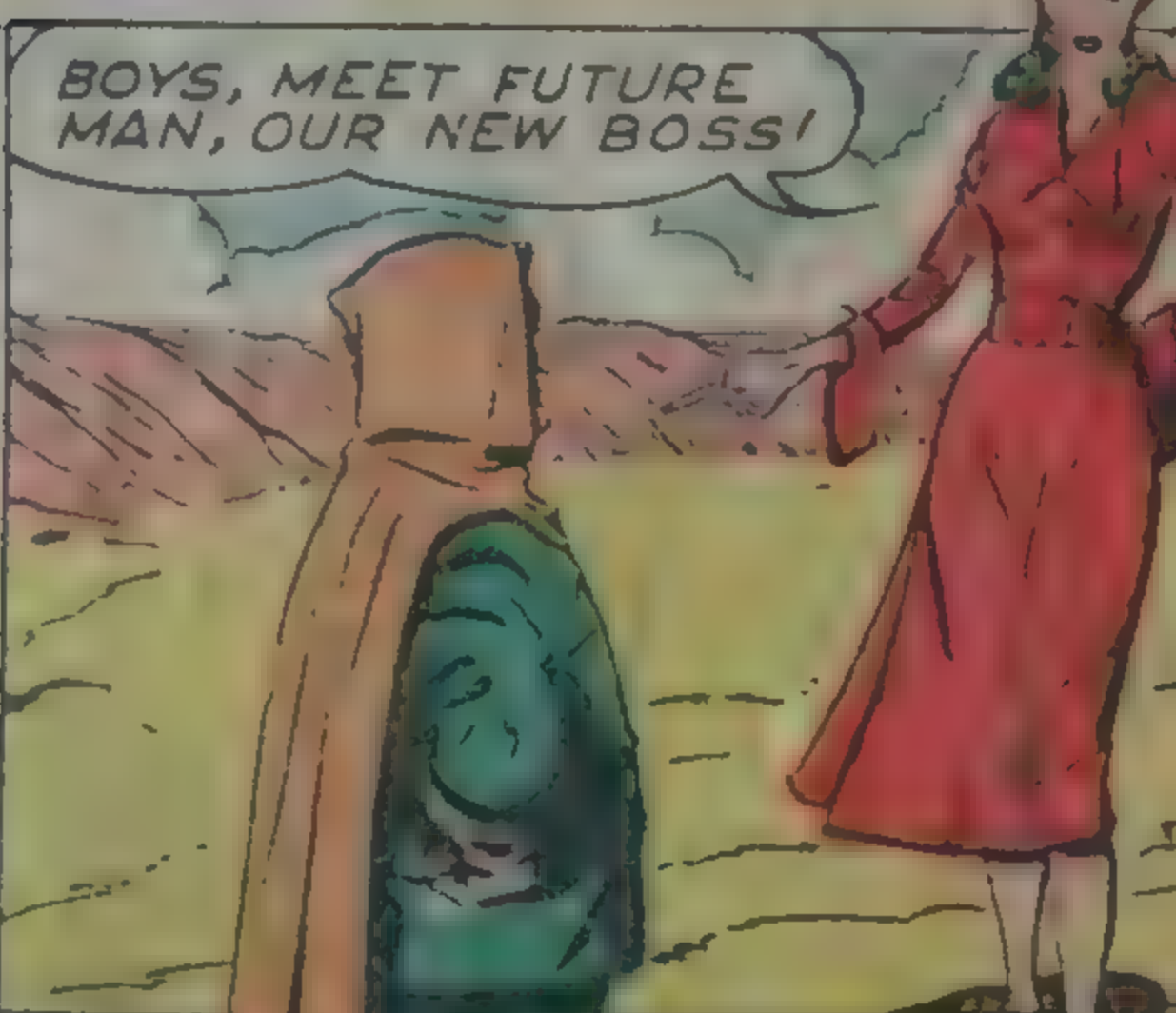
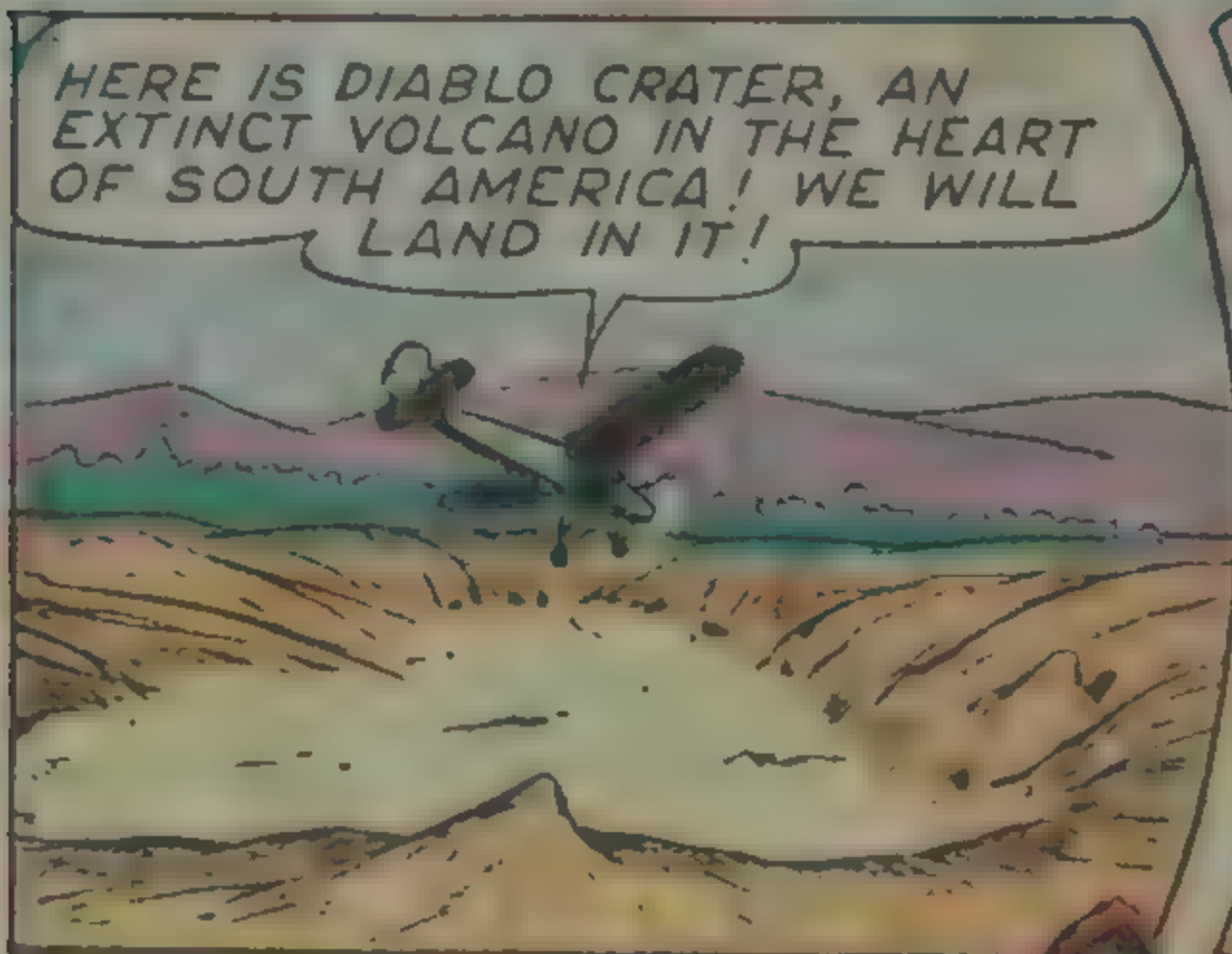
IN SOUTH AMERICA, THE **WHIZZER** RECEIVES A CABLEGRAM FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA...



MEANWHILE, AFTER ESCAPING FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE SWISS ALPS, A PLANE TAKES MADAME DEATH TO SOUTH AMERICA!

WE'RE HEADING FOR THE DIABLO CRATER! BUT I WISH FUTURE MAN WERE HERE TO HANDLE THINGS!





THE SLOW-DOWN RAY WILL MAKE ALL PEOPLE SLOW-DOWN! AND THE RESULT WILL BE CATASTROPHE, ALL OVER THIS CONTINENT! PULL THE LEVER, MADAME DEATH!

ELSEWHERE, THE EVIL RAY BEGINS ITS DEADLY WORK, AS PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES FROZEN INTO A SLOW-MOTION NIGHTMARE!

WHAT IS WRONG? I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

GOOD HEAVENS! MY MUSCLES ALL FEEL PARALYZED!

MY ARM BARELY MOVES! IT WILL TAKE AN HOUR TO REACH MY MOUTH! I WILL STARVE BEFORE I CAN FINISH THIS MEAL! I'M BEWITCHED!

BUT GREATER DISASTER SOON RESULTS!

MY HANDS ARE FROZEN ON THE WHEEL! I CAN'T TURN! AND MY FOOT CAN'T MOVE TO THE BRAKES!

OH HH!

GHAA!

AHH!

RED SIGNAL AHEAD! BUT I CAN'T MOVE MY HAND... I CAN'T STOP!

CRASH!

THE WHIZZER OBSERVES THE SPREAD OF DISASTER!

IF THIS KEEPS UP, SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE A SHAMBLES IN A FEW HOURS! SOME DEVILISH RAY HAS SLOWED ALL PEOPLE DOWN!

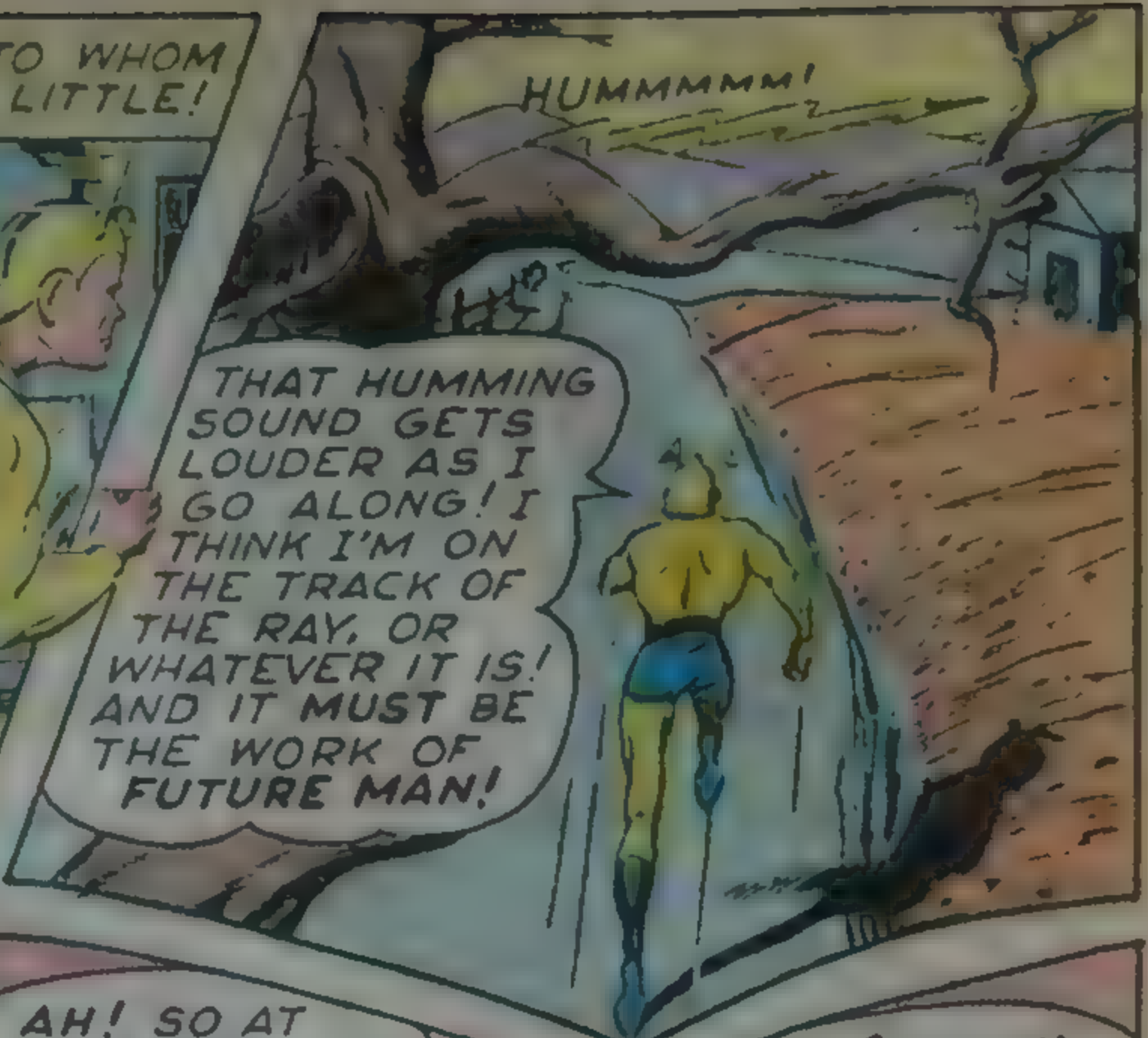
BUT THE WHIZZER IS ONE MAN TO WHOM THE SLOW-DOWN RAY MEANS LITTLE!

IT SLOWS ME DOWN TOO... TO ABOUT THE SPEED OF A RACING CAR!



HUMMMMM!

THAT HUMMING SOUND GETS LOUDER AS I GO ALONG! I THINK I'M ON THE TRACK OF THE RAY, OR WHATEVER IT IS! AND IT MUST BE THE WORK OF FUTURE MAN!



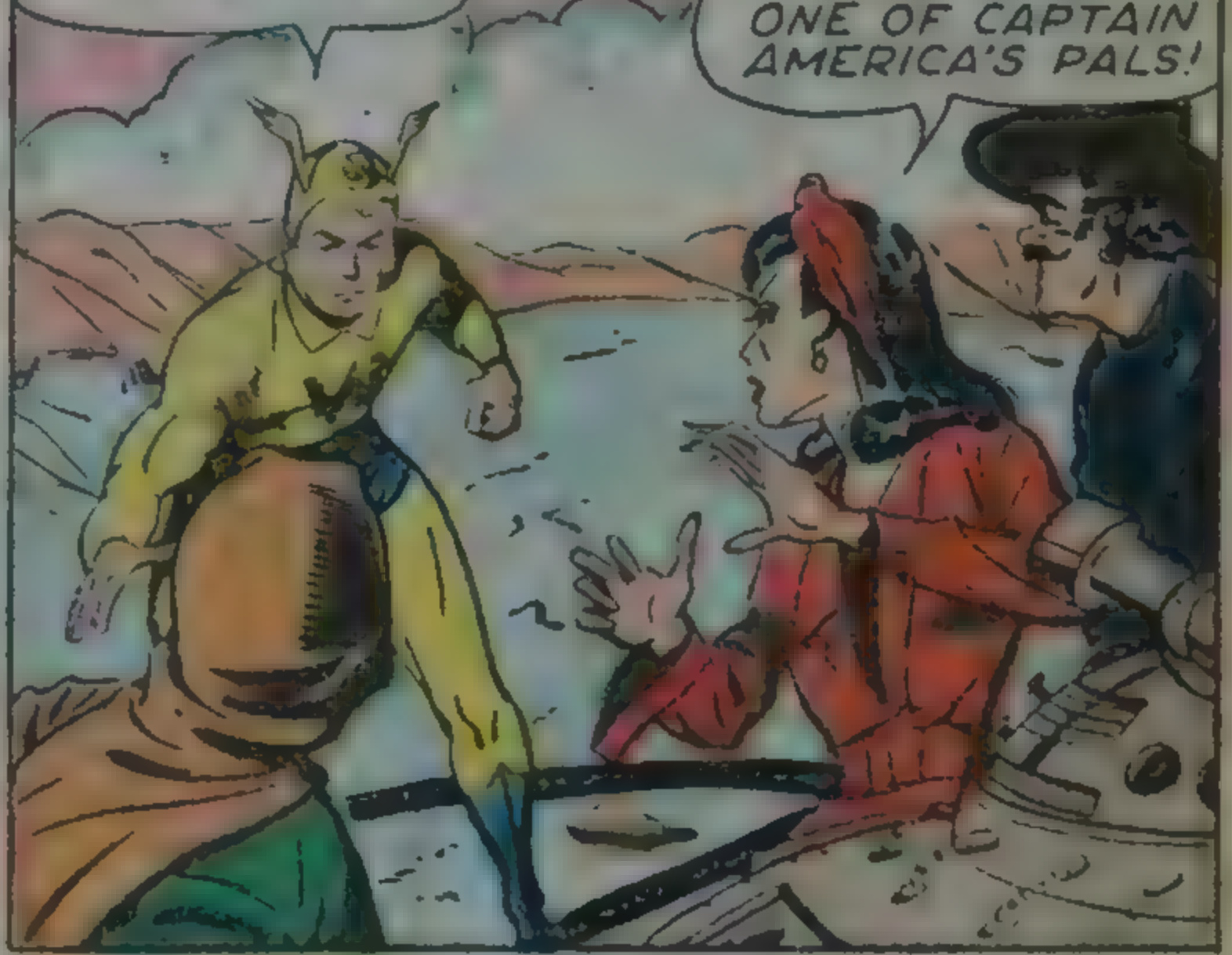
THE SOUND COMES FROM THIS CRATER! LOOKS LIKE A BIG BLACK STORM CLOUD OVER IT!

HUMMMMM!



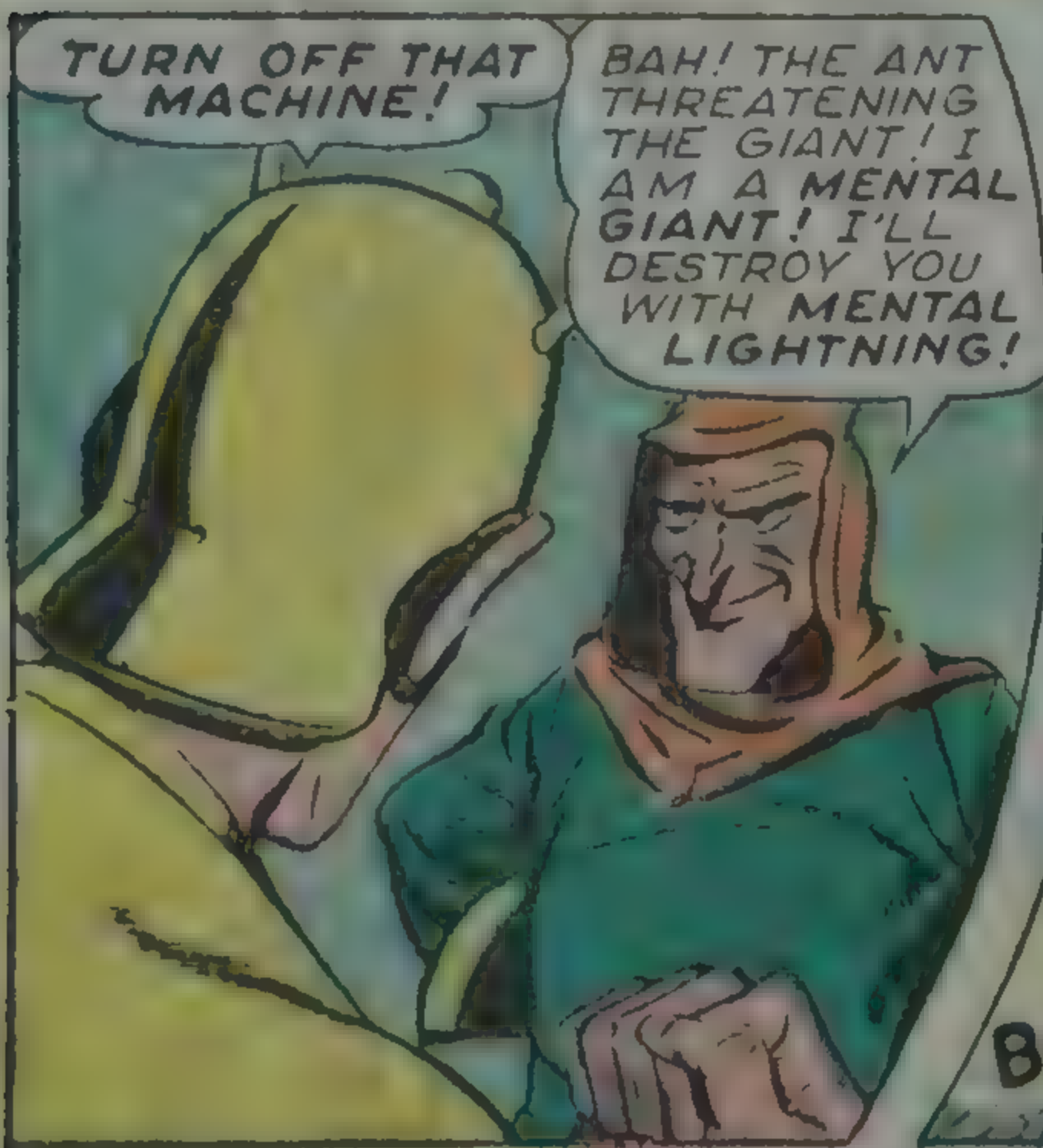
AH! SO AT LAST WE MEET, FUTURE MAN!

(GASP!) IT'S WHIZZER, ONE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PALS!



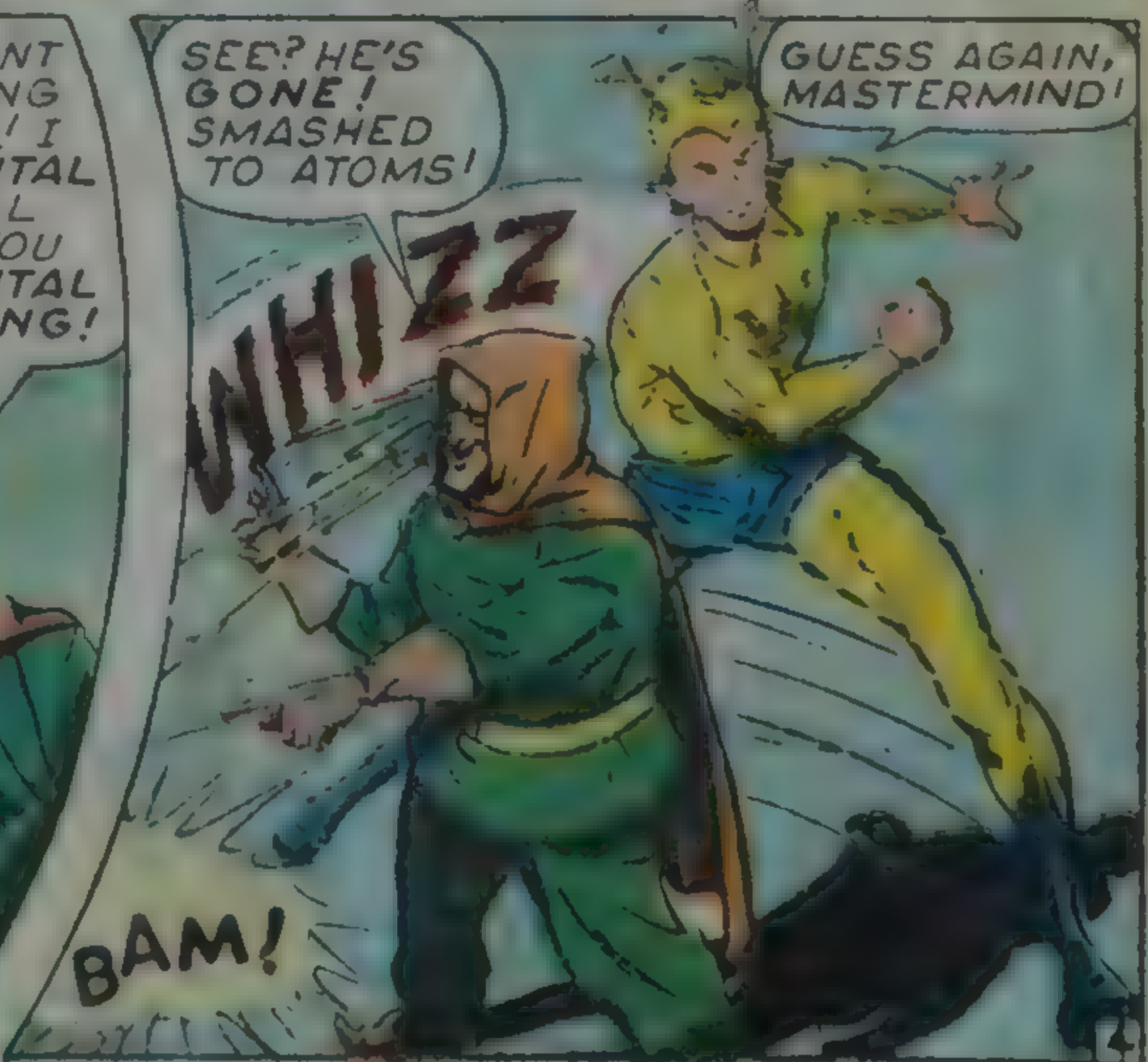
TURN OFF THAT MACHINE!

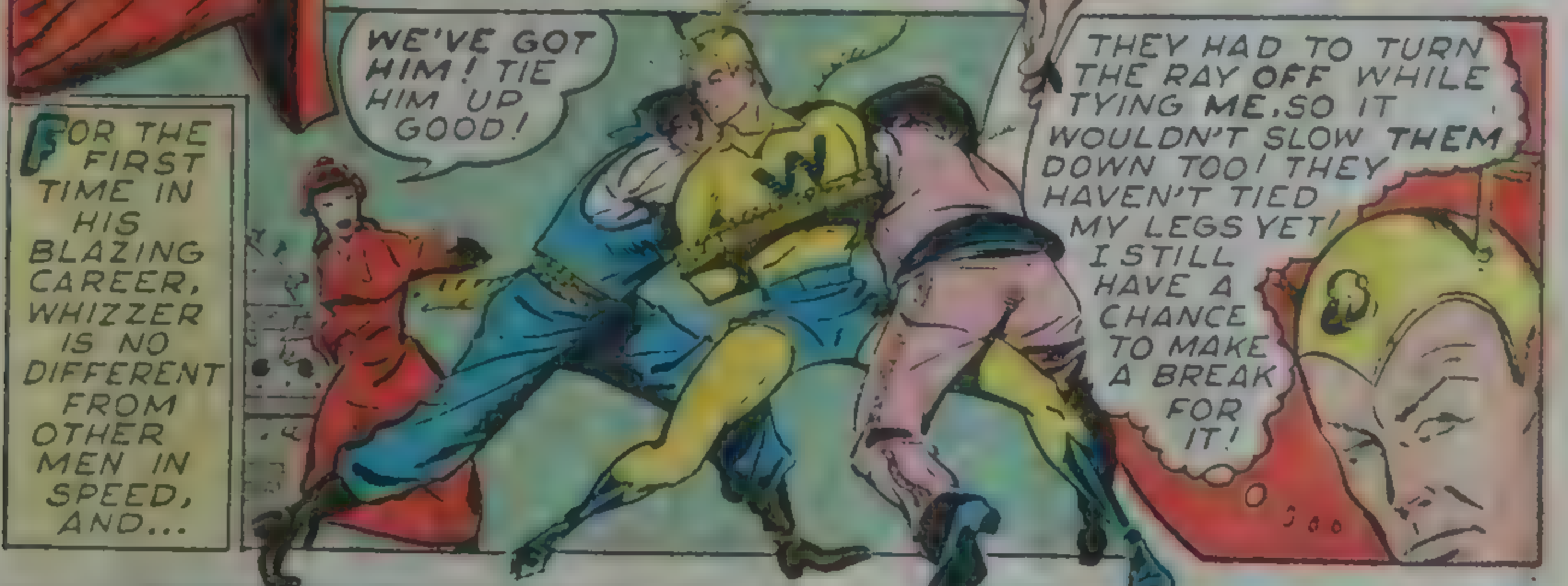
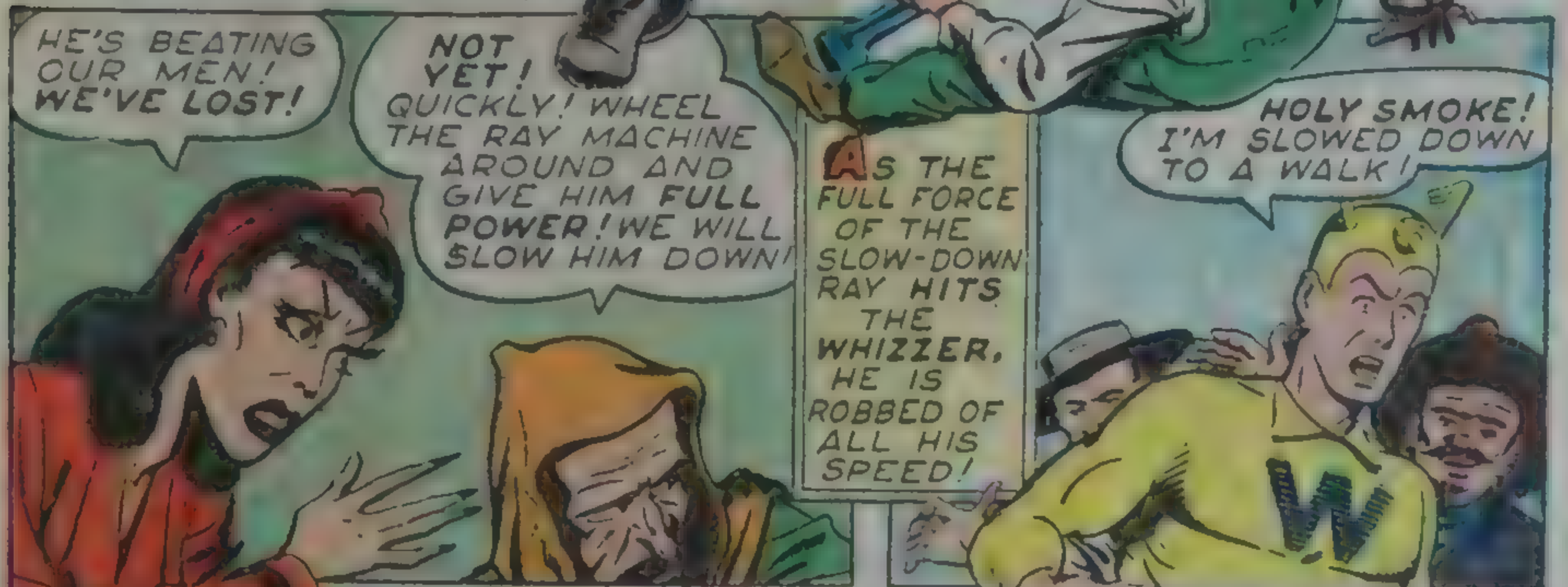
BAH! THE ANT THREATENING THE GIANT! I AM A MENTAL GIANT! I'LL DESTROY YOU WITH MENTAL LIGHTNING!



SEE? HE'S GONE! SMASHED TO ATOMS!

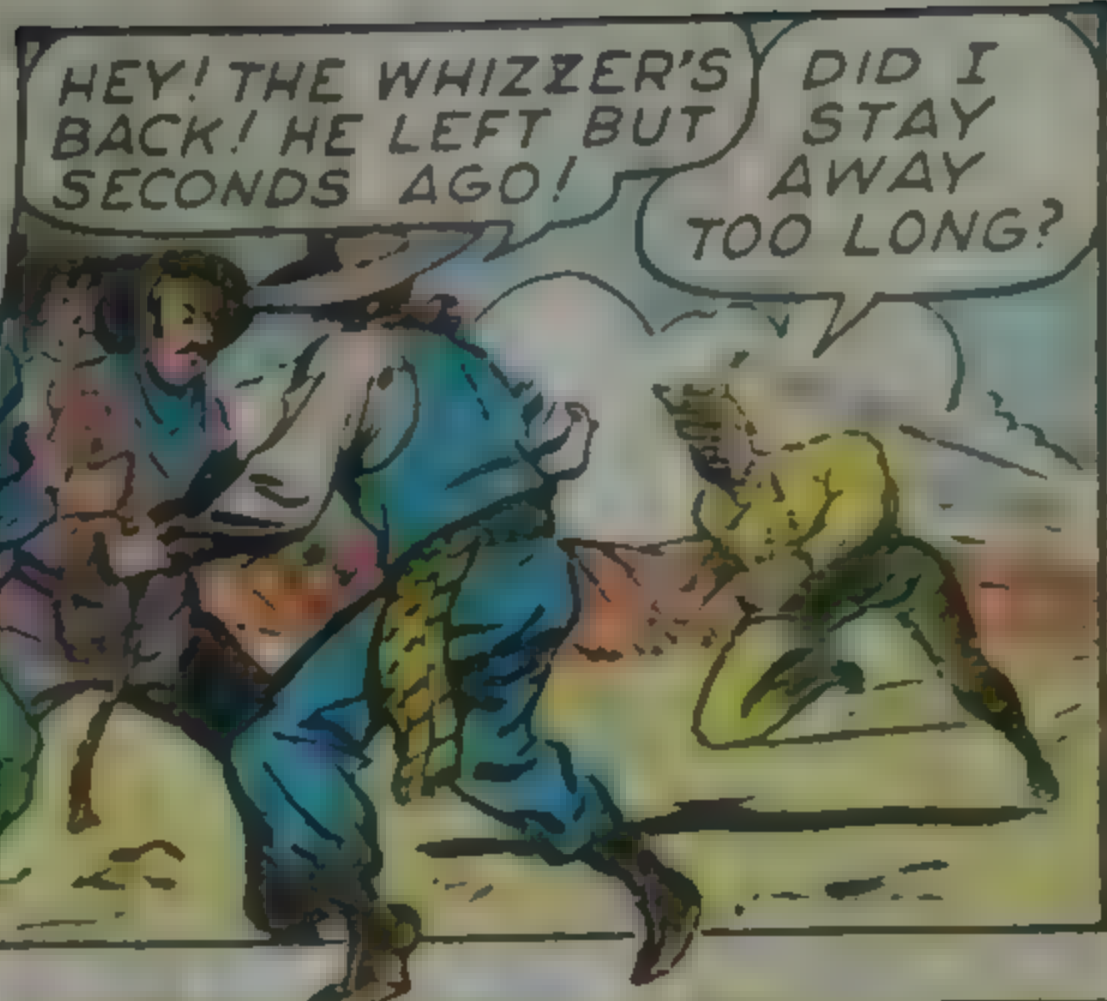
GUESS AGAIN, MASTERMIND!







GRACIAS, AMIGO!
NOW BACK TO
THE CRATER! IT'S
ONLY 16 MILES!



HEY! THE WHIZZER'S
BACK! HE LEFT BUT
SECONDS AGO!

DID I
STAY
AWAY
TOO LONG?

WITHOUT STOPPING HIS
ROARING PACE, THE
WHIZZER SMASHES INTO
THE RAY MACHINE!

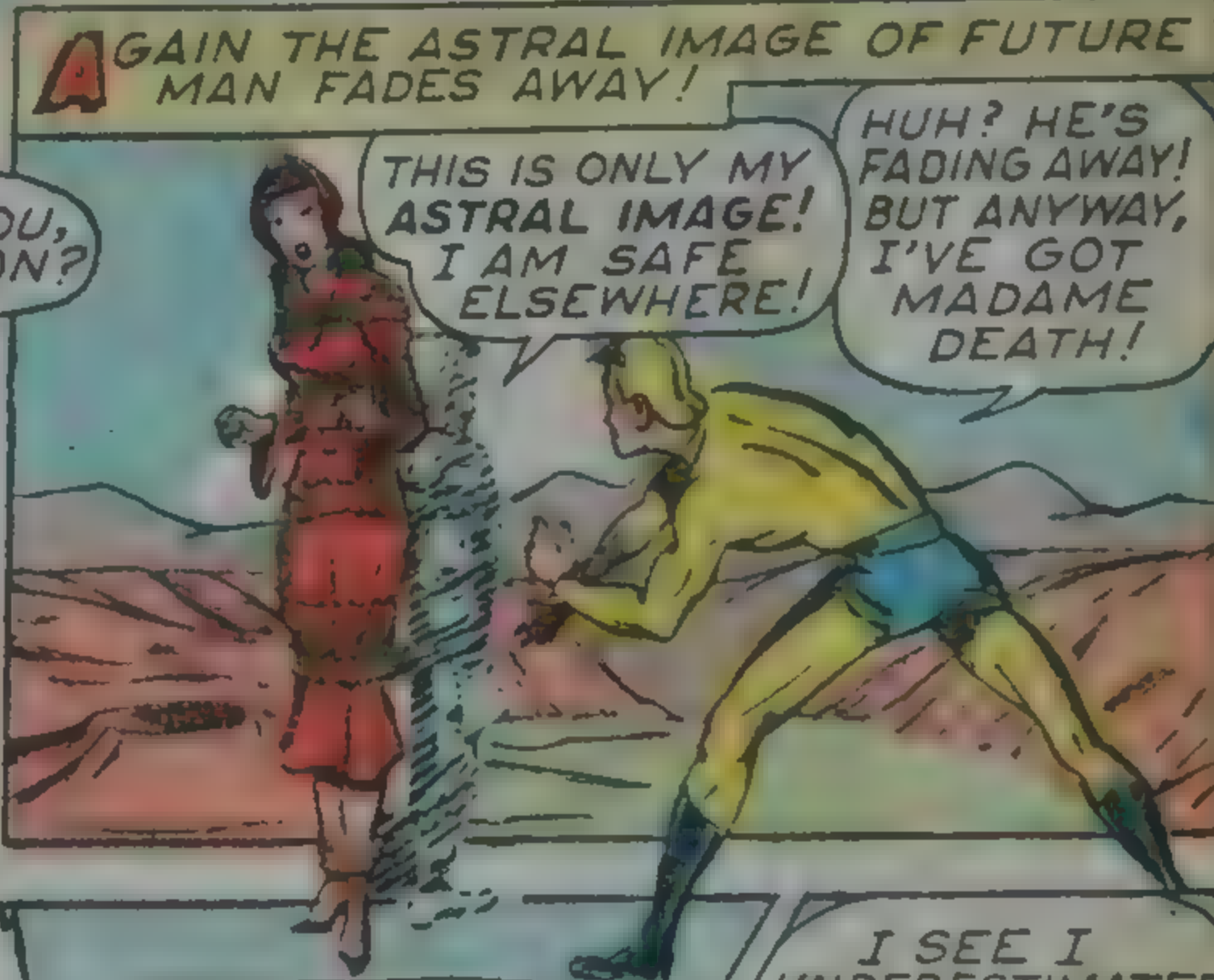
THE MACHINE--
WRECKED!



I MUST ESCAPE--OH HH!

TOO LATE!
I'VE GOT
YOU AND
FUTURE
MAN AT
LAST!

HAVE YOU,
BUFFOON?



THIS IS ONLY MY
ASTRAL IMAGE!
I AM SAFE
ELSEWHERE!

HUH? HE'S
FADING AWAY!
BUT ANYWAY,
I'VE GOT
MADAME
DEATH!



HOLY MACKEREL! SOME
STRANGE FORCE IS DRAWING
HER UP INTO THE AIR--THE
ONE PLACE I CAN'T
FOLLOW! THEY BOTH
ESCAPED!

AT LEAST SOUTH
AMERICA IS OUT
OF DANGER!

I SEE I
UNDERESTIMATED
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND HIS FRIENDS!
BUT I SHALL SWEEP
ASIDE ALL OPPOSITION
THIS TIME, AS I
WIPE OUT THE
CONTINENT OF ASIA!

CORRECTION
AGAIN,
STUPID ONE!

SUB-MARINER

CHAPTER
IV



MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE THREATENED WITH DROWNING BY ONE HUGE TIDAL WAVE, AS FUTURE MAN STIRS UP TROUBLED WATERS! WHAT CAN ONE CREATURE, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER, DO AGAINST THIS POWERFUL, ALL-ENGULFING...

"WAVE OF DESTRUCTION!"

IN ASIA, ALONG THE CHINA COAST, SUB-MARINER RECEIVES A REPORT FROM BOTH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE WHIZZER!

HMM! IT SEEMS FUTURE MAN FAILED IN EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA. WHAT WILL HE TRY IN ASIA. IF HE STRIKES HERE NEXT?



IF HE SUCCEEDS IN ASIA, HE WOULD IN ONE STROKE WIPE OUT HALF THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

THEN...

KWANTUNG COAST GUARD

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

S.O.S. ATTACKED BY PACIFIC PIRATES, OFF COAST OF CANTON! S.O.S....

THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE THORNS IN OUR SIDES!

YES! IT IS TENTH SHIP THEY HAVE RAIDED AT SEA! SEND CUTTER!

BEFORE THAT CUTTER GETS THERE, THE SHIP WILL BE SUNK! WHILE WAITING FOR FUTURE MAN TO SHOW HIS HAND, I HAVE TIME TO GET AFTER THESE PACIFIC PIRATES!

THE SEA-PRINCE SPEEDS FASTER THAN ANY SHIP ACROSS THE SEA, AND SOON...

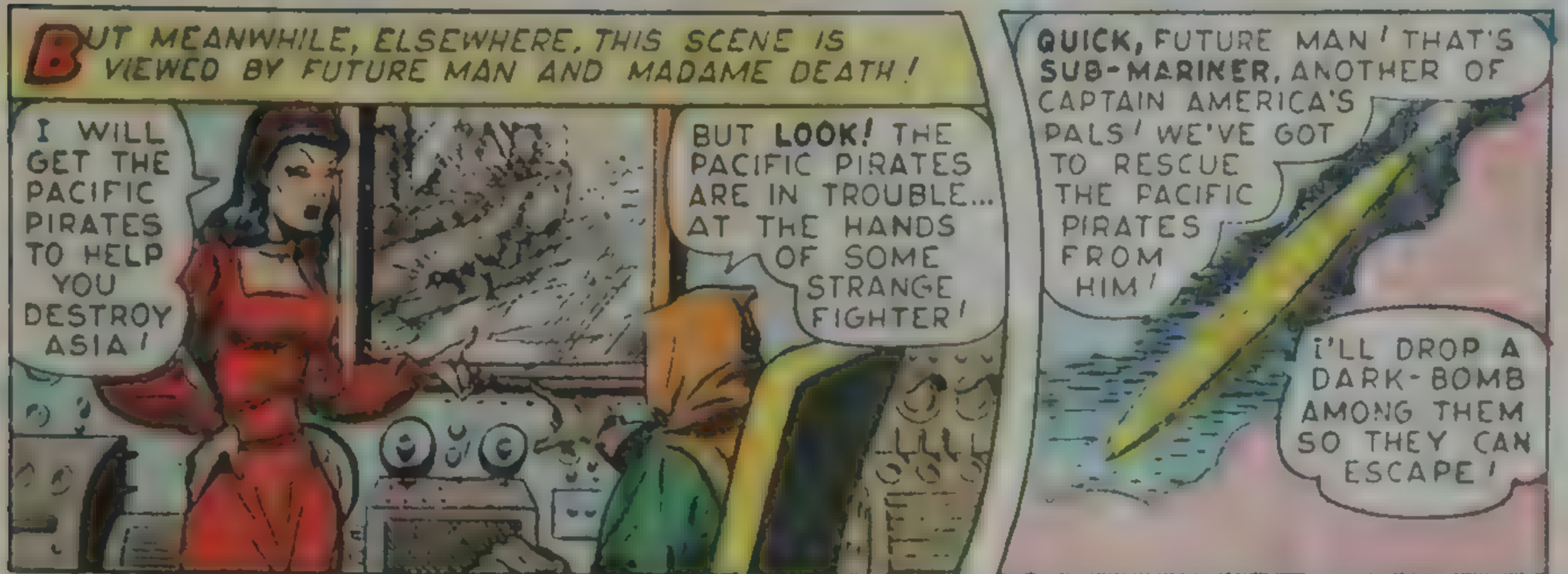
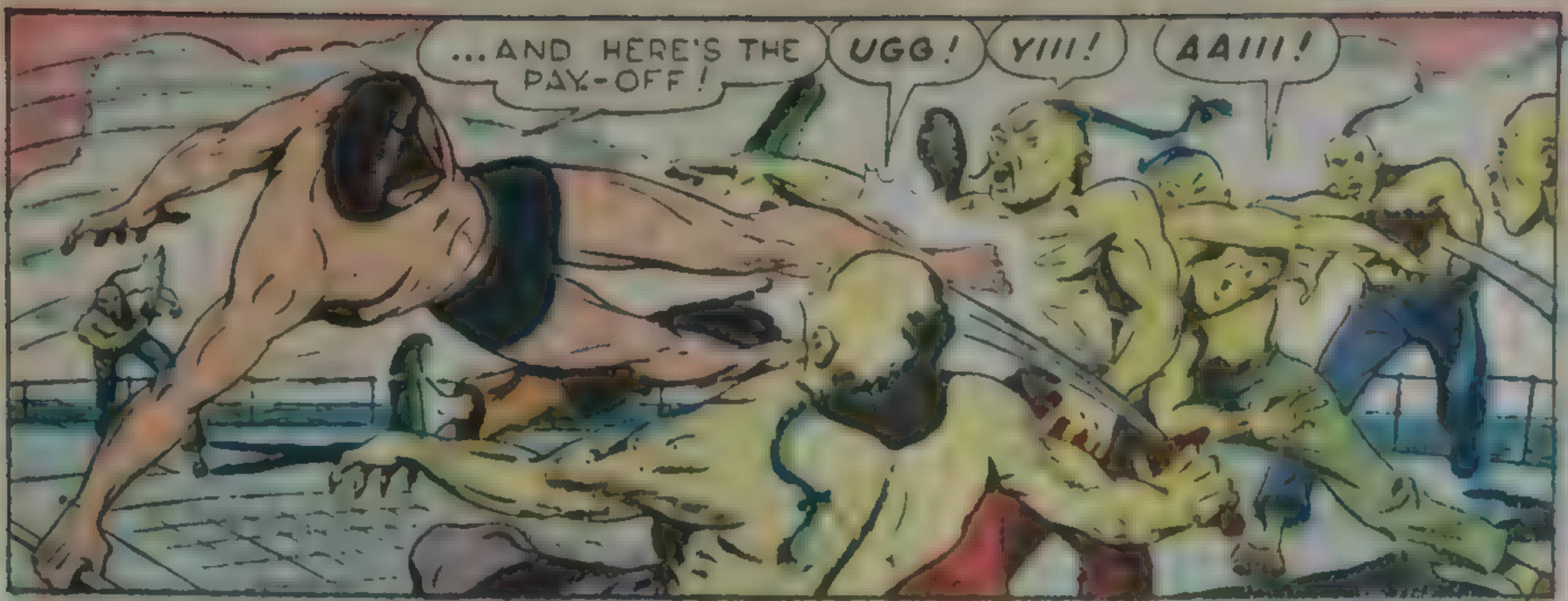
SO! IT SEEMS THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE MODERN RAIDERS WHO USE A SUBMARINE! THEY'RE LOADING THE LOOT ALREADY!

GREETINGS FROM PRINCE NAMOR!

SUB-MARINER!

I'LL SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS, FISHMAN!

THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT CHANGE IN PLANS!



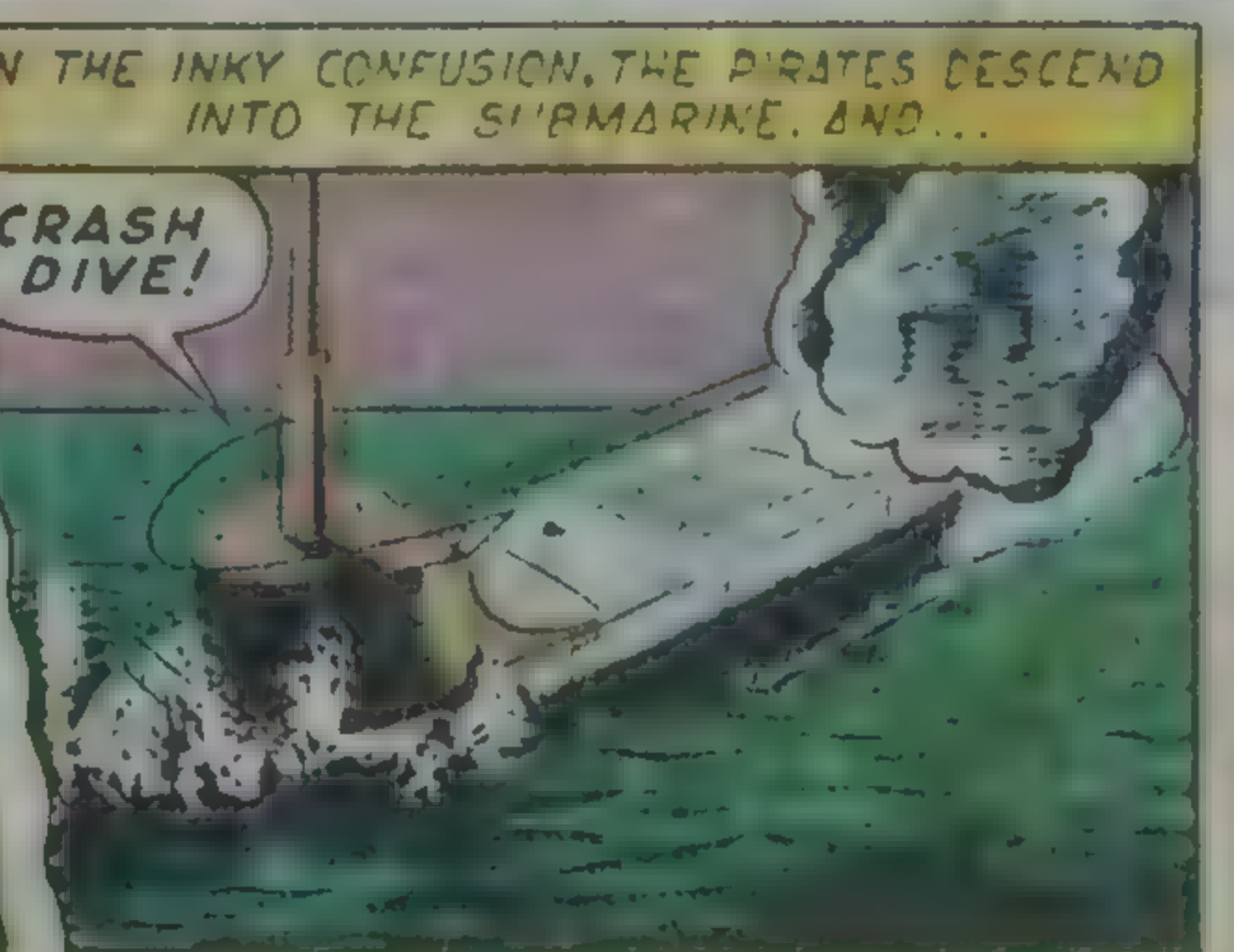
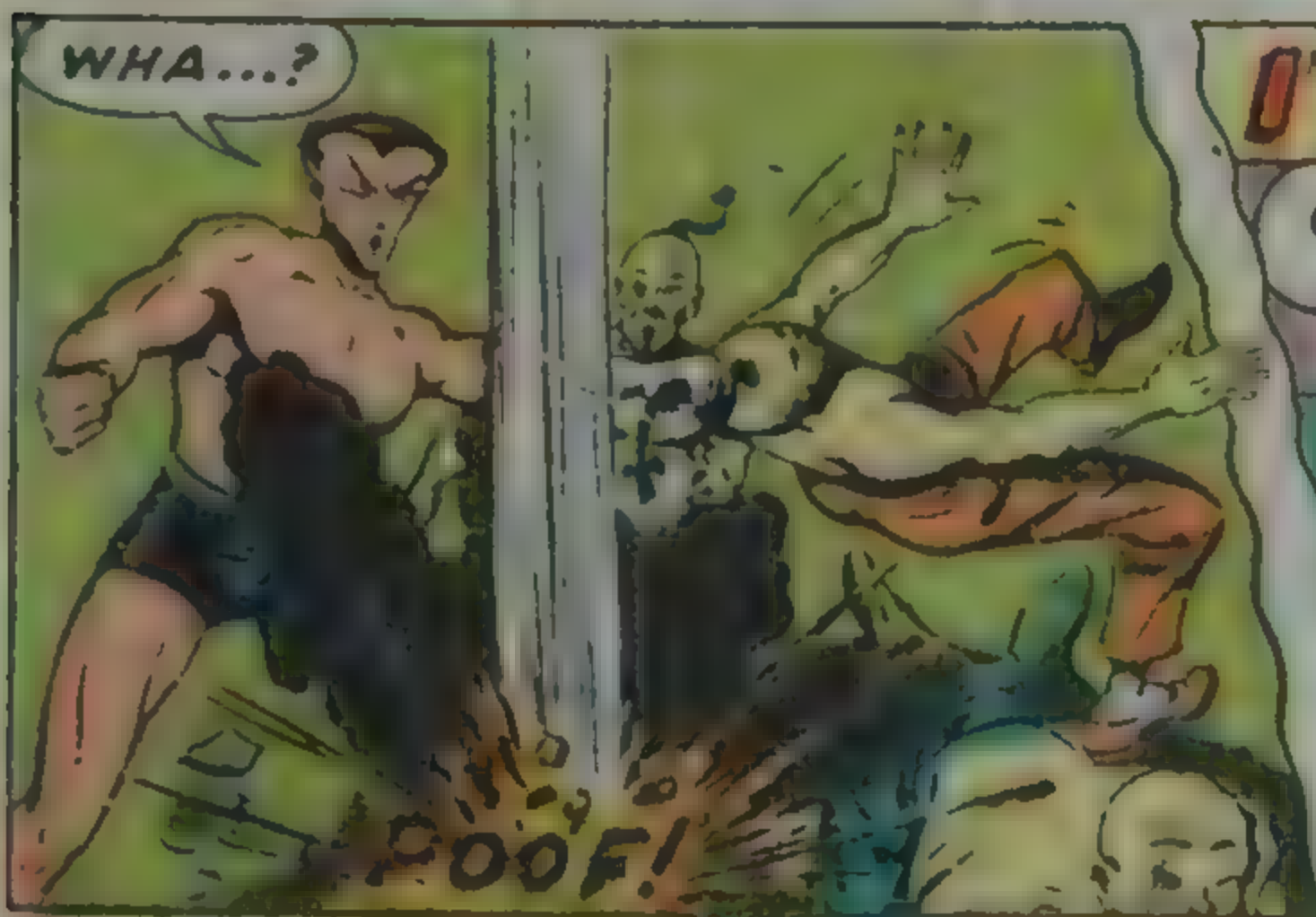
BUT MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE, THIS SCENE IS VIEWED BY FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH!

I WILL GET THE PACIFIC PIRATES TO HELP YOU DESTROY ASIA!

BUT LOOK! THE PACIFIC PIRATES ARE IN TROUBLE... AT THE HANDS OF SOME STRANGE FIGHTER!

QUICK, FUTURE MAN! THAT'S SUB-MARINER, ANOTHER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PALS! WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE THE PACIFIC PIRATES FROM HIM!

I'LL DROP A DARK-BOMB AMONG THEM SO THEY CAN ESCAPE!

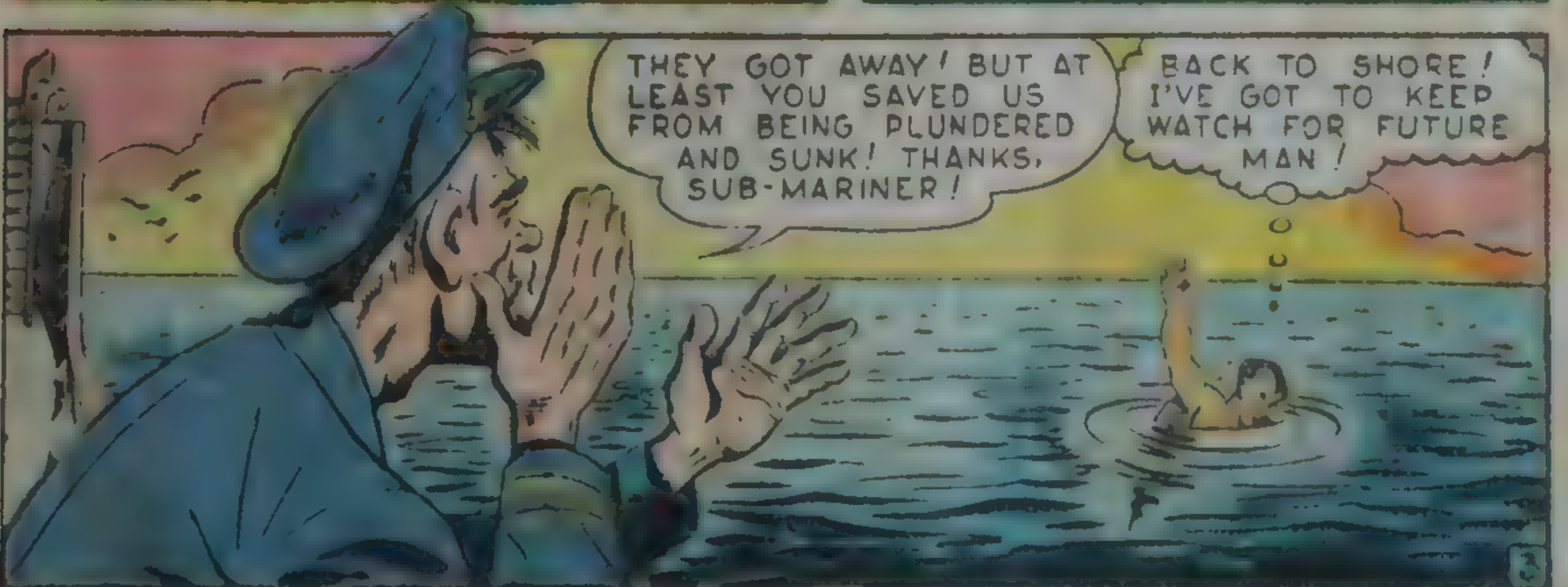


WHA...?

POOF!

CRASH DIVE!

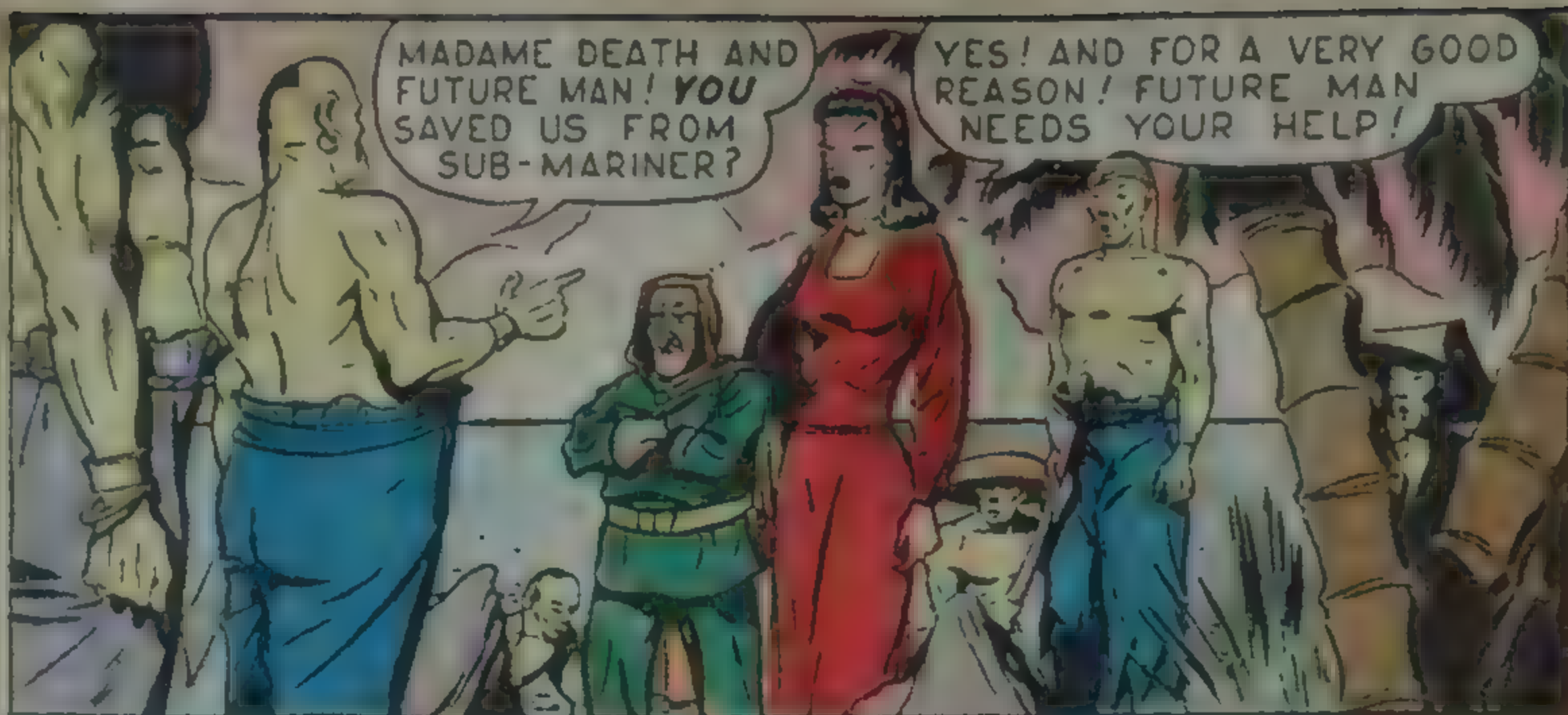
IN THE INKY CONFUSION, THE PIRATES DESCEND INTO THE SUBMARINE, AND...



THEY GOT AWAY! BUT AT LEAST YOU SAVED US FROM BEING PLUNDERED AND SUNK! THANKS, SUB-MARINER!

BACK TO SHORE! I'VE GOT TO KEEP WATCH FOR FUTURE MAN!

MEANWHILE,
AFTER
CONTACT
BY
RADIO,
THE
PACIFIC
PIRATES
MEET
FUTURE
MAN
AT A
DESERTED
ISLAND!



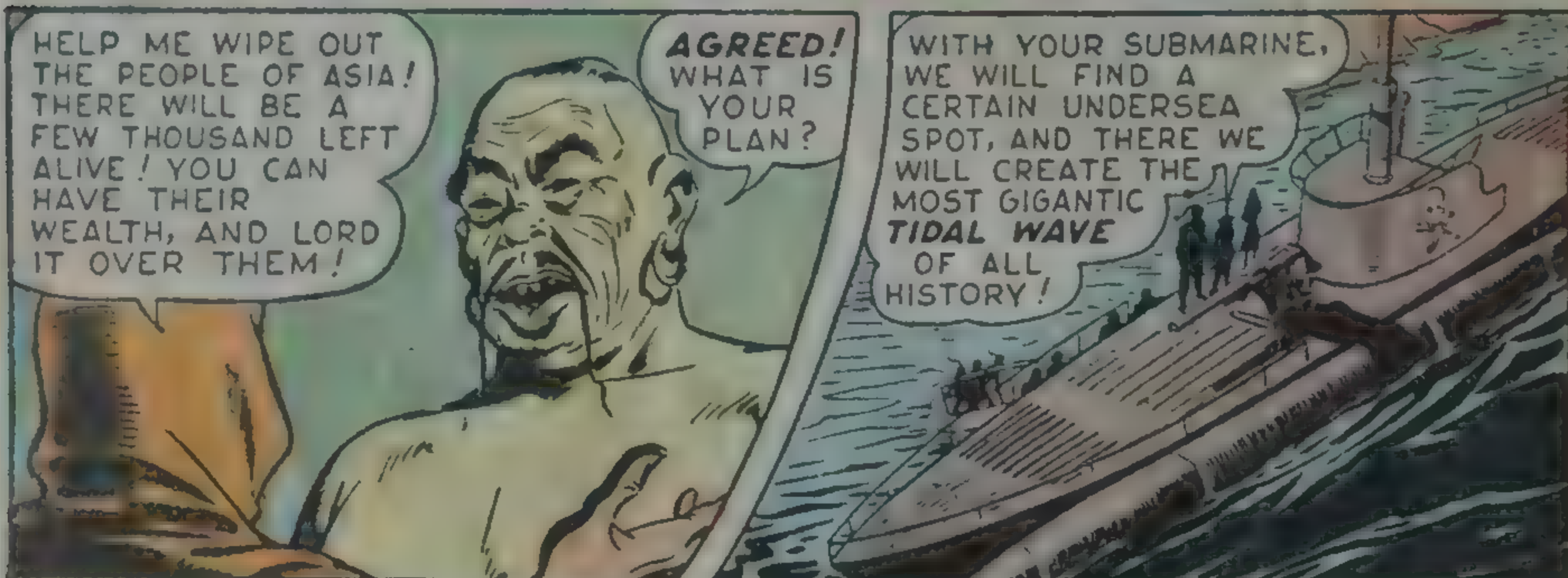
MADAME DEATH AND
FUTURE MAN! YOU
SAVED US FROM
SUB-MARINER?

YES! AND FOR A VERY GOOD
REASON! FUTURE MAN
NEEDS YOUR HELP!

HELP ME WIPE OUT
THE PEOPLE OF ASIA!
THERE WILL BE A
FEW THOUSAND LEFT
ALIVE! YOU CAN
HAVE THEIR
WEALTH, AND LORD
IT OVER THEM!

AGREED!
WHAT IS
YOUR
PLAN?

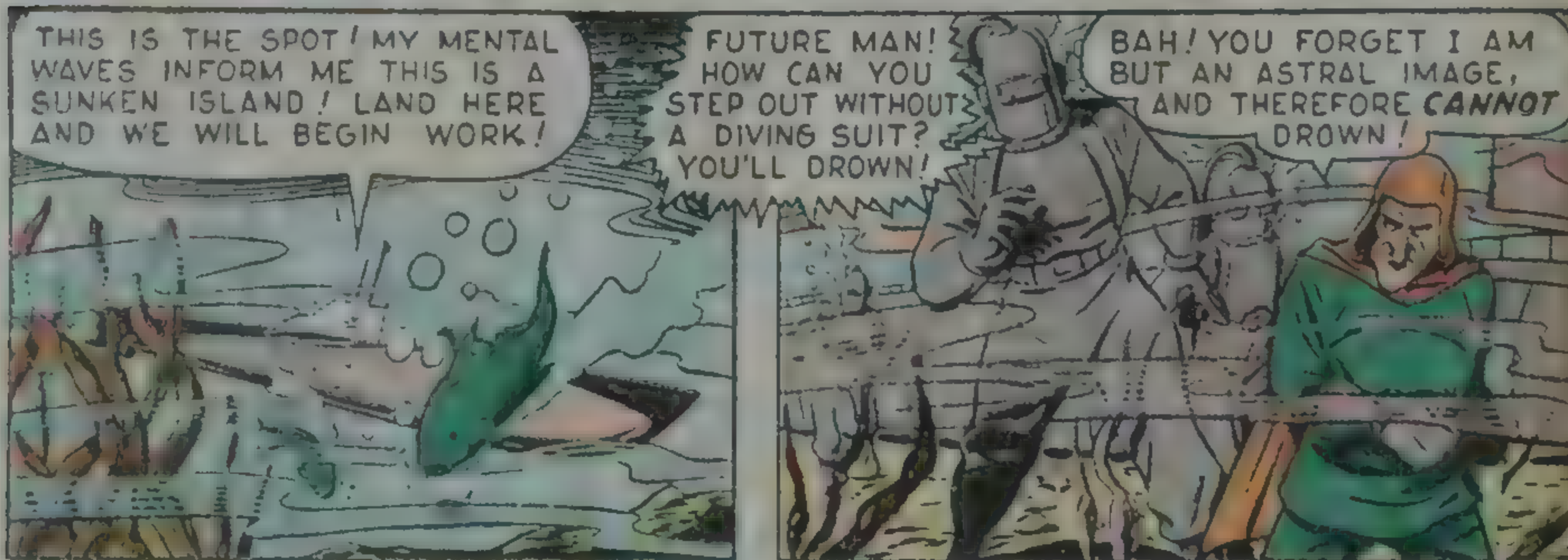
WITH YOUR SUBMARINE,
WE WILL FIND A
CERTAIN UNDERSEA
SPOT, AND THERE WE
WILL CREATE THE
MOST GIGANTIC
TIDAL WAVE
OF ALL
HISTORY!



THIS IS THE SPOT! MY MENTAL
WAVES INFORM ME THIS IS A
SUNKEN ISLAND! LAND HERE
AND WE WILL BEGIN WORK!

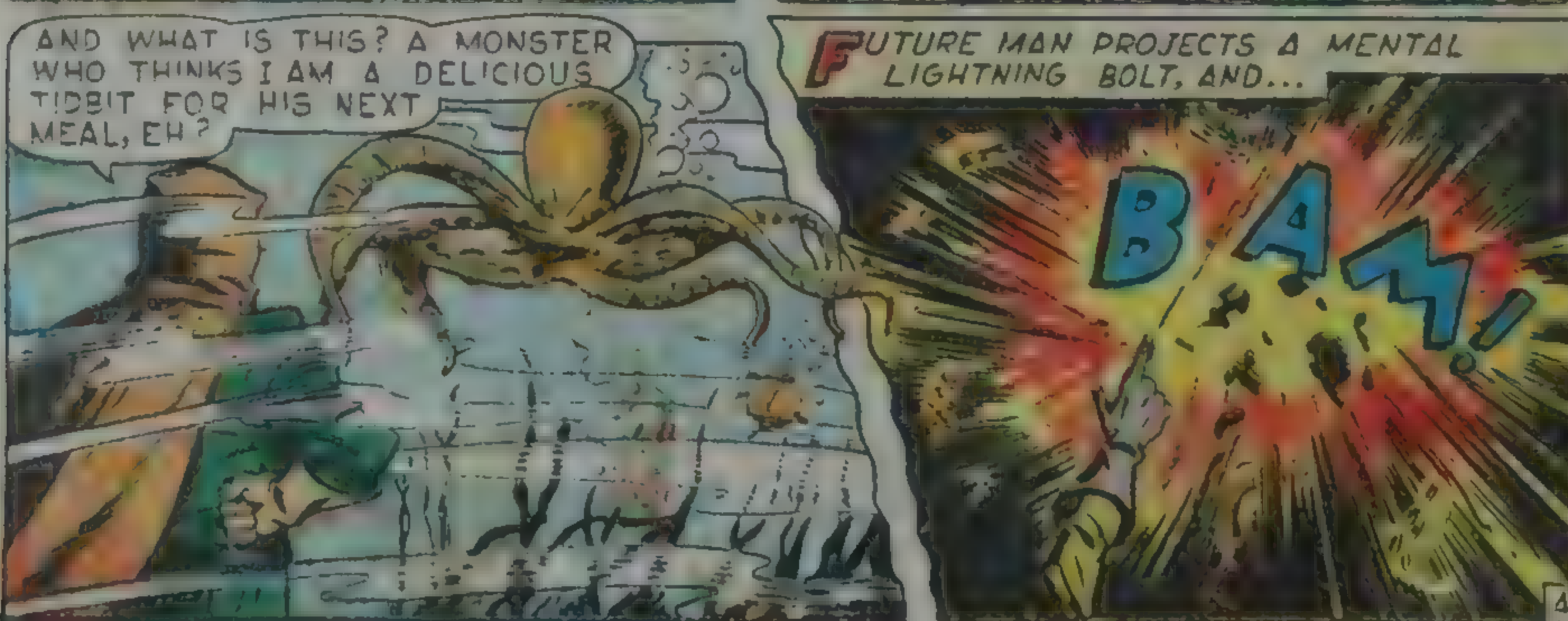
FUTURE MAN!
HOW CAN YOU
STEP OUT WITHOUT
A DIVING SUIT?
YOU'LL DROWN!

BAH! YOU FORGET I AM
BUT AN ASTRAL IMAGE,
AND THEREFORE **CANNOT**
DROWN!



AND WHAT IS THIS? A MONSTER
WHO THINKS I AM A DELICIOUS
TIDBIT FOR HIS NEXT
MEAL, EH?

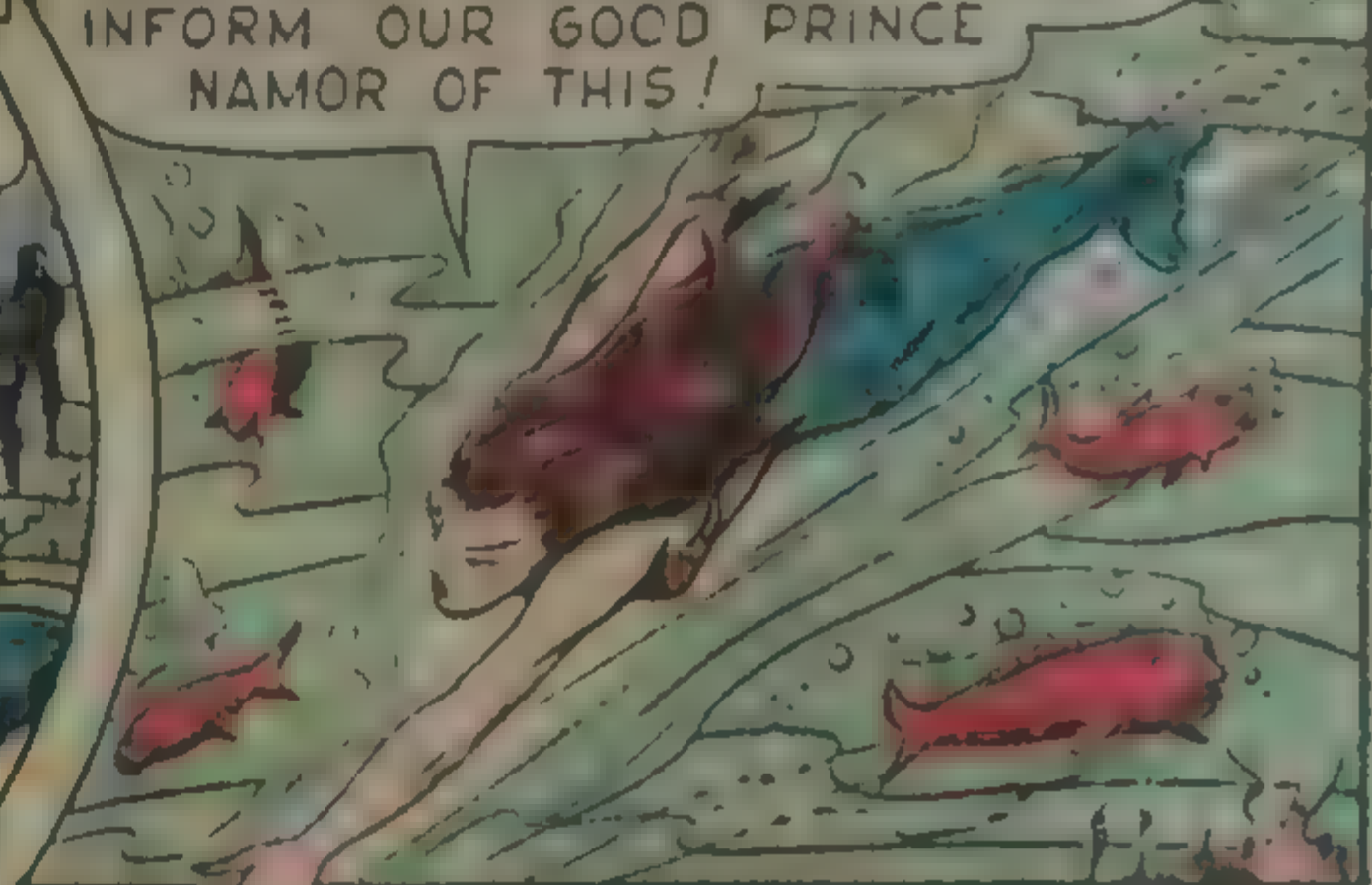
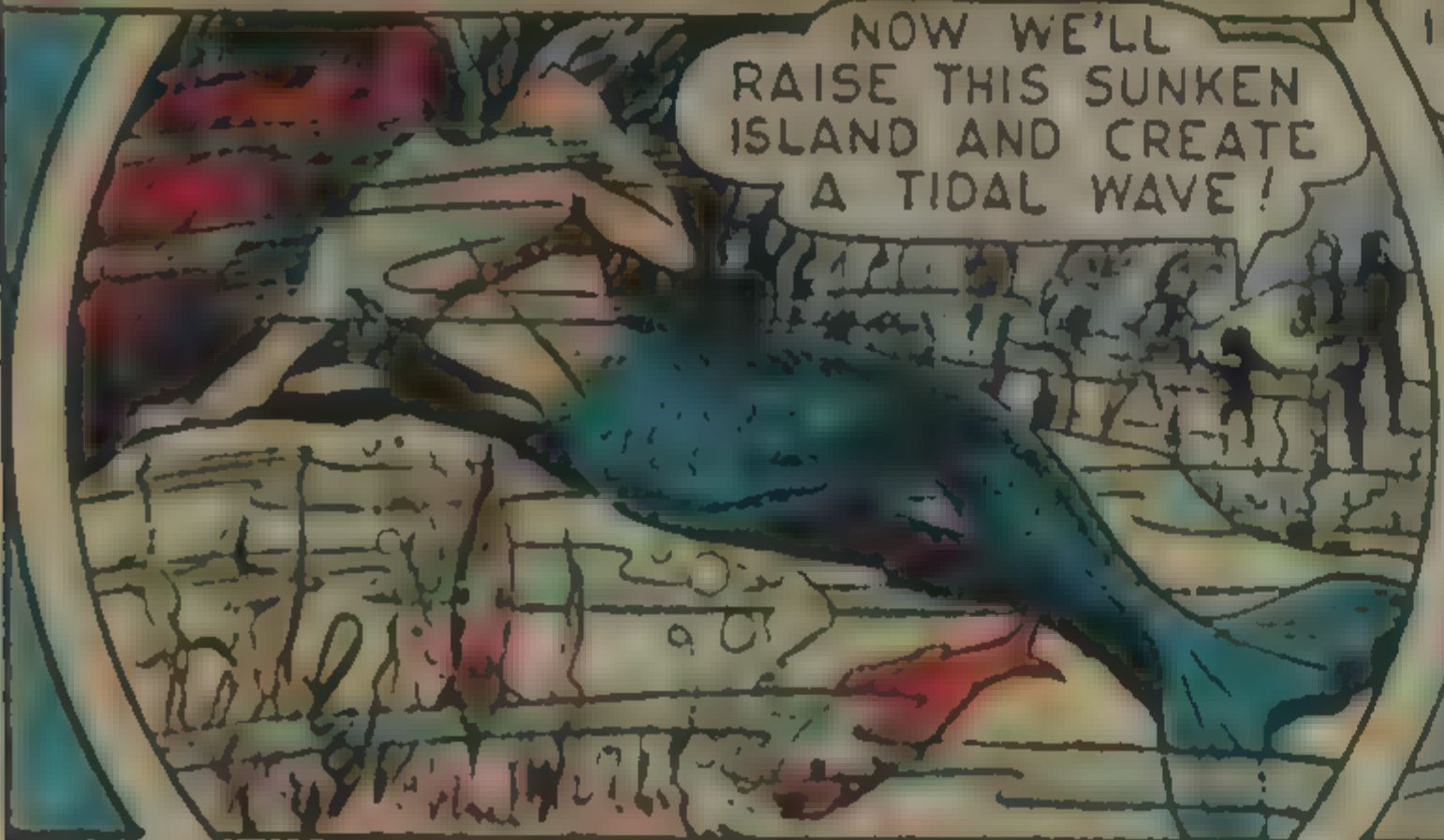
FUTURE MAN PROJECTS A MENTAL
LIGHTNING BOLT, AND...



BUT UNKNOWN TO FUTURE MAN, ANOTHER CREATURE OF THE DEEP OBSERVES THEM!

NOW WE'LL
RAISE THIS SUNKEN
ISLAND AND CREATE
A TIDAL WAVE!

WHO CAN THESE INVADERS OF OUR
UNDERSEA DOMAIN BE? I MUST
INFORM OUR GOOD PRINCE
NAMOR OF THIS!

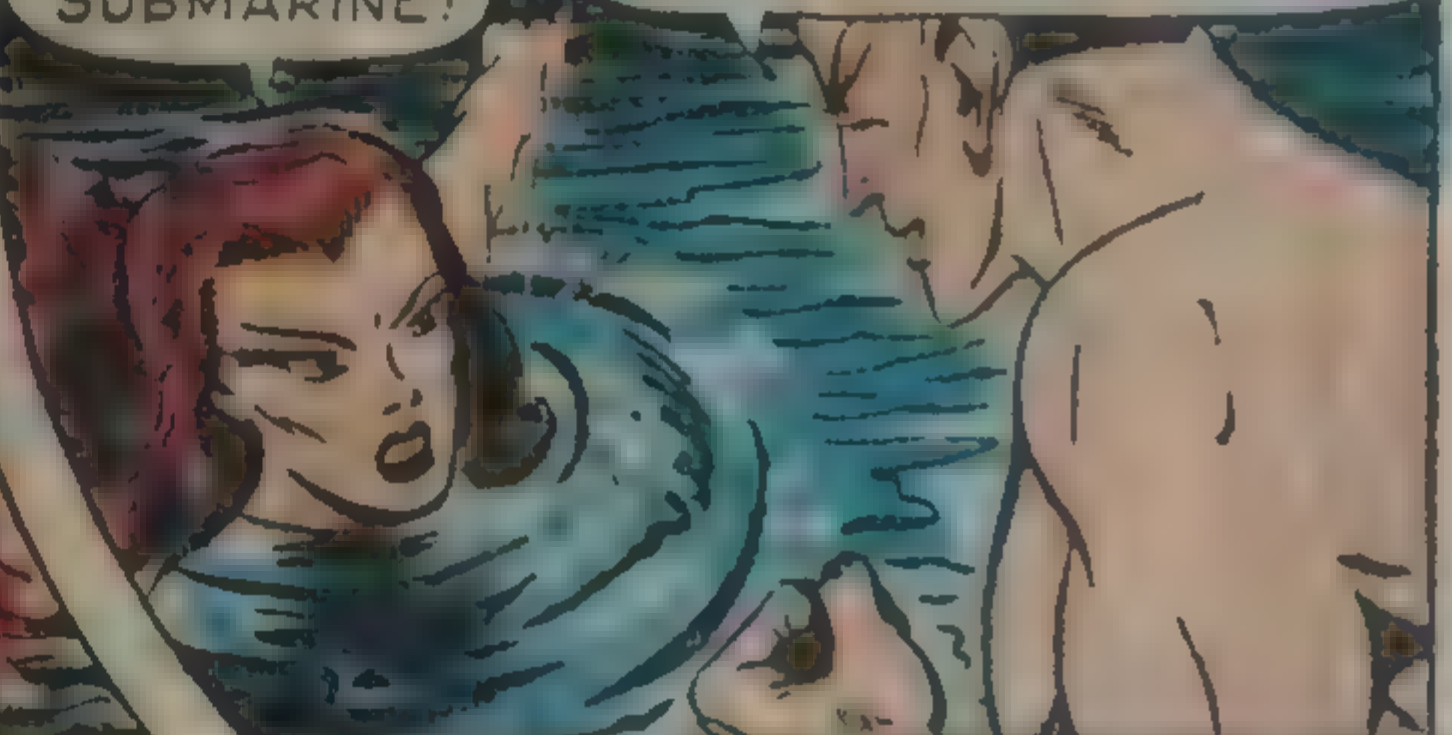


I DON'T LIKE THIS INACTIVITY.
WHERE IS FUTURE MAN? IN
WHAT WAY WILL HE STRIKE?

**PRINCE!
PRINCE
NAMOR!**

A QUEER MAN
IS UNDERSEA,
WITH HELPERS
FROM A
SUBMARINE!

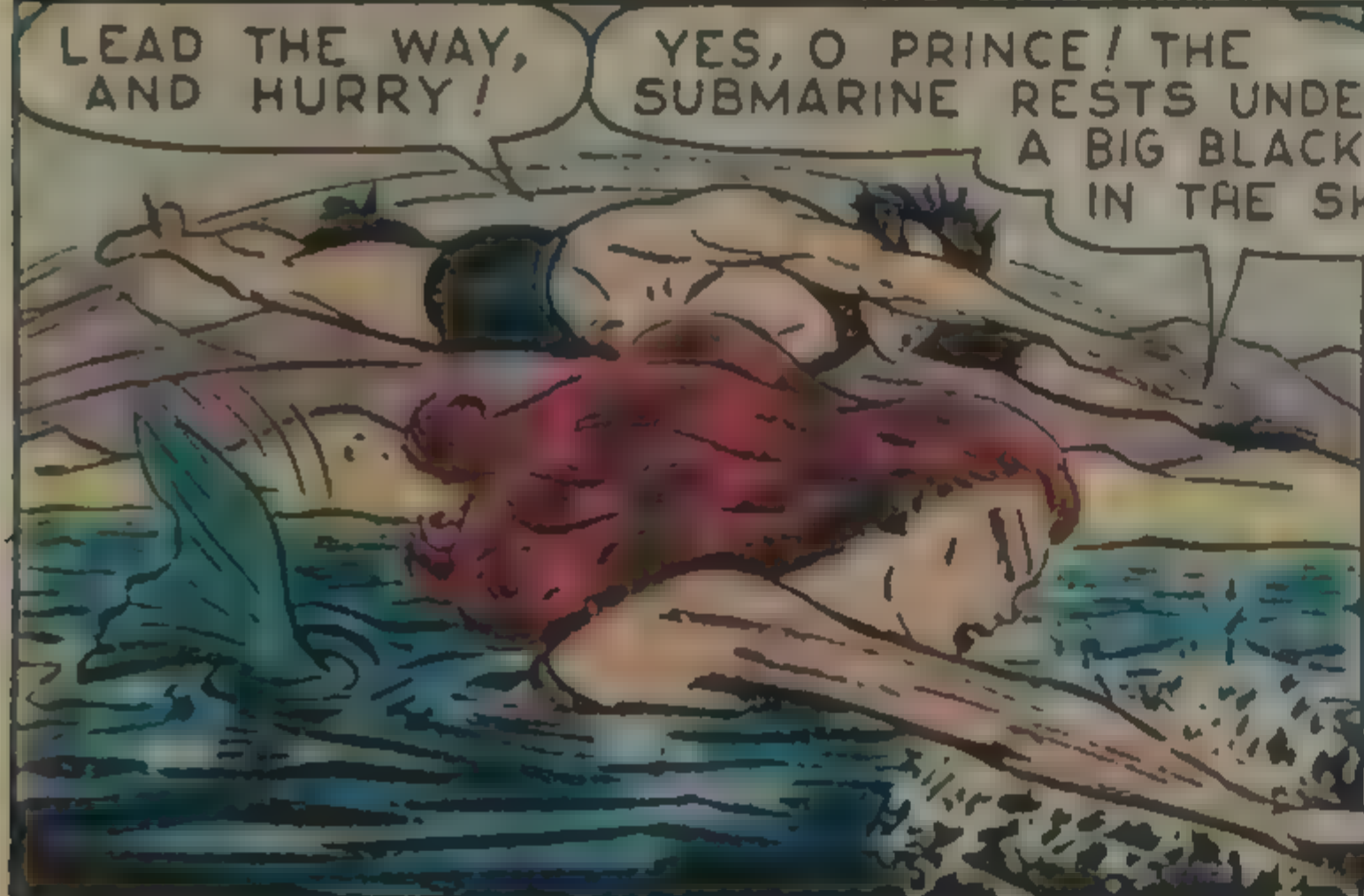
**AH! THAT MUST BE
FUTURE MAN... AND THE
PACIFIC PIRATES!
THEY'VE JOINED FORCES!**



LEAD THE WAY,
AND HURRY!

YES, O PRINCE! THE
SUBMARINE RESTS UNDER
A BIG BLACK CLOUD
IN THE SKY!

THERE THEY ARE!



PLACE
THAT
TORPEDO
AT THIS
SPOT!

BUT, FUTURE MAN!
DO YOU MEAN *ONE*
LITTLE TORPEDO
IS GOING TO
START A BIG
TIDAL WAVE?



THE TORPEDO WILL ONLY ACT AS A "FUSE," AND SET OFF GIGANTIC GEOLOGICAL STRAINS! THE EXPLOSION WILL RIP THIS ISLAND LOOSE, AND IT WILL RISE, THUS CREATING THE TIDAL WAVE!

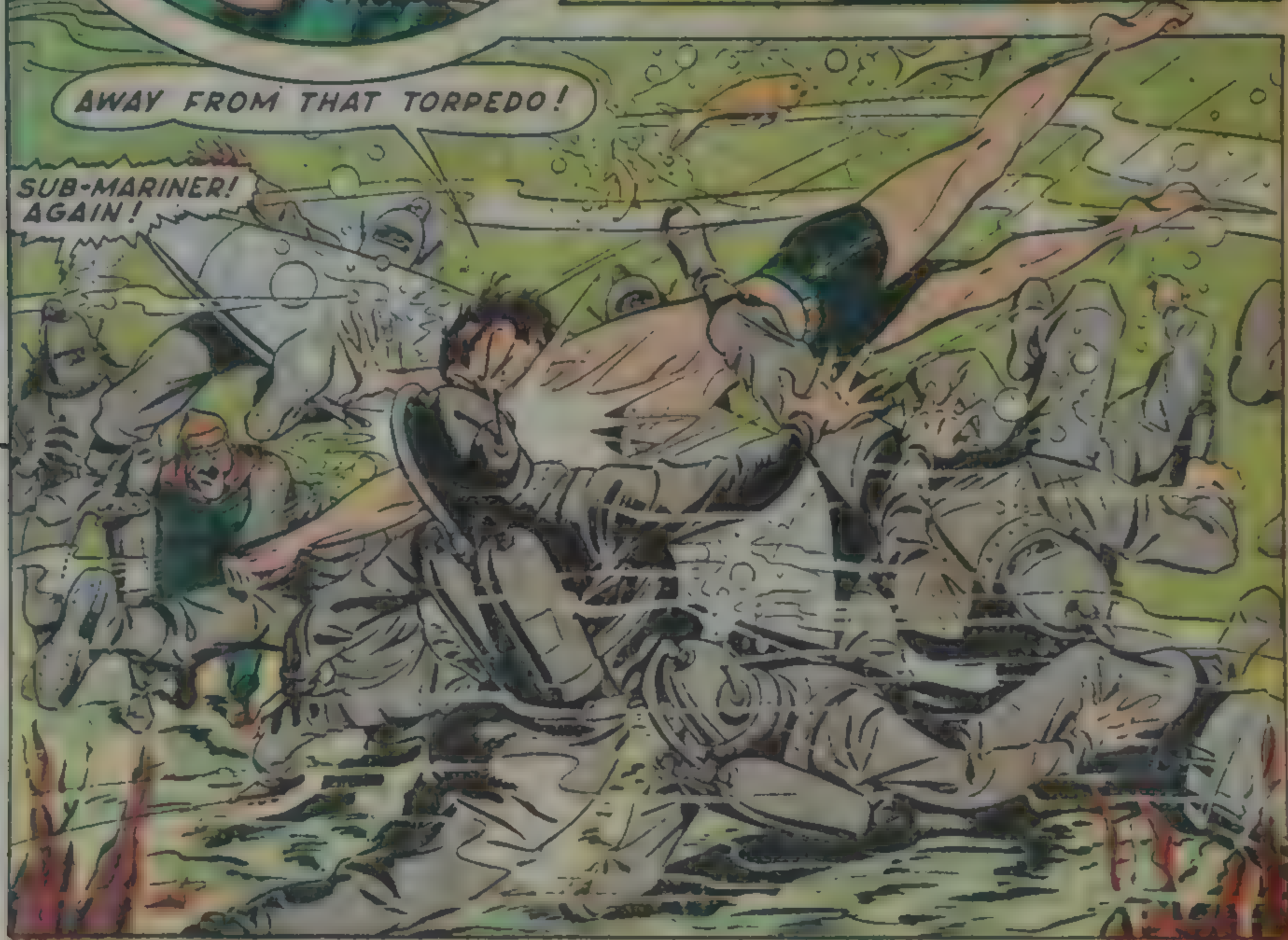
THE TIDAL WAVE WILL SWEEP OVER THE WHOLE OF ASIA! IN ONE SWOOP, THE POPULATION OF THE ASIATIC REGION WILL PERISH!

SO THAT'S YOUR EVIL SCHEME?



AWAY FROM THAT TORPEDO!

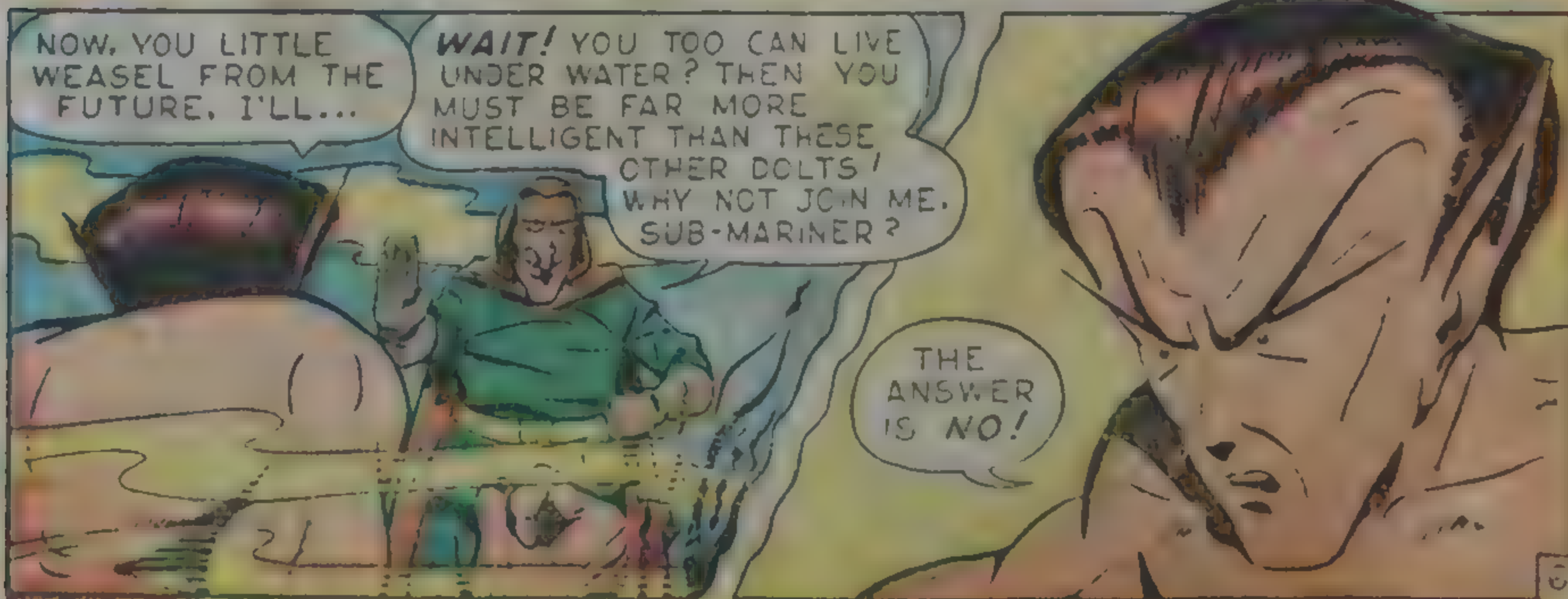
SUB-MARINER!
AGAIN!

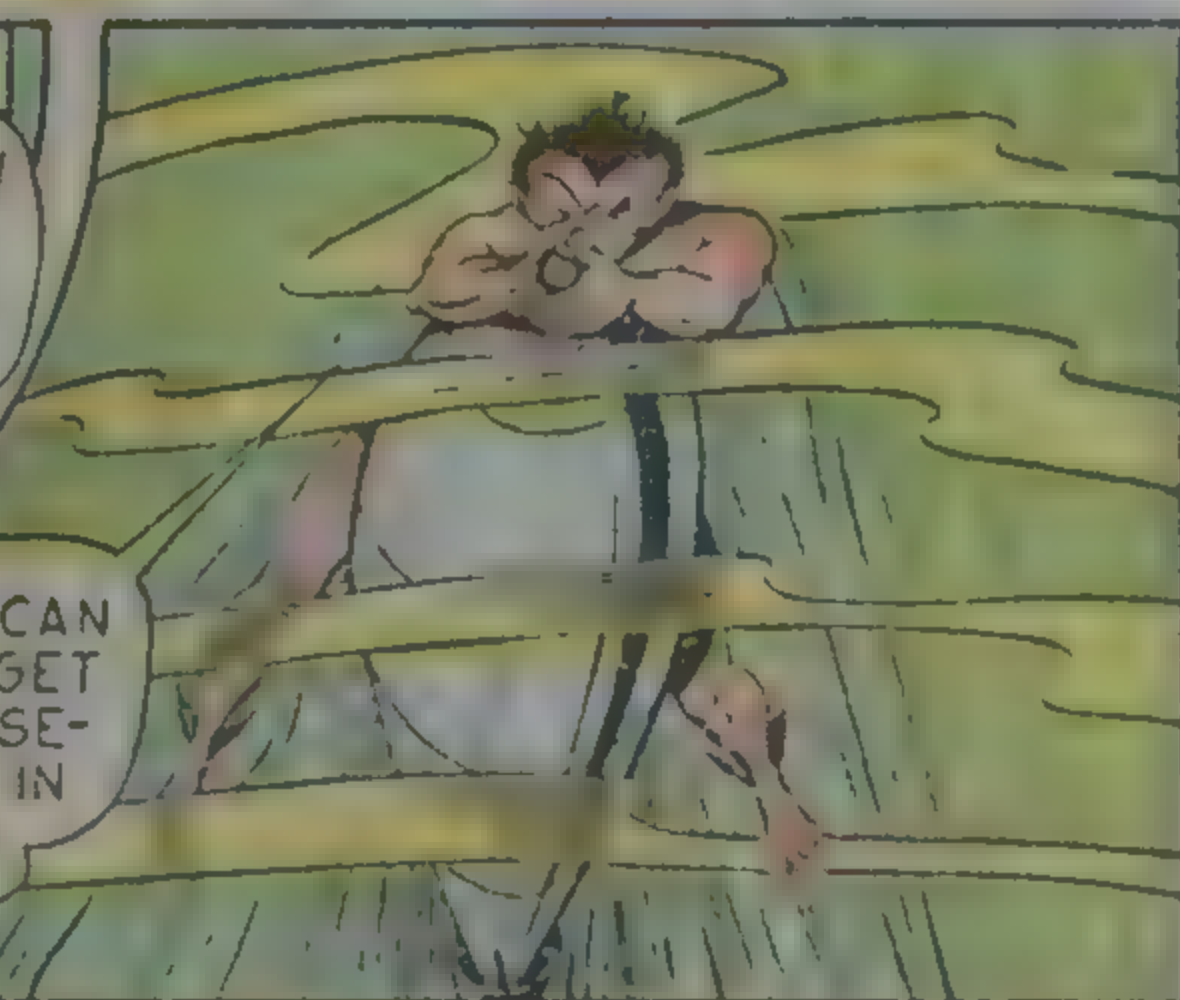
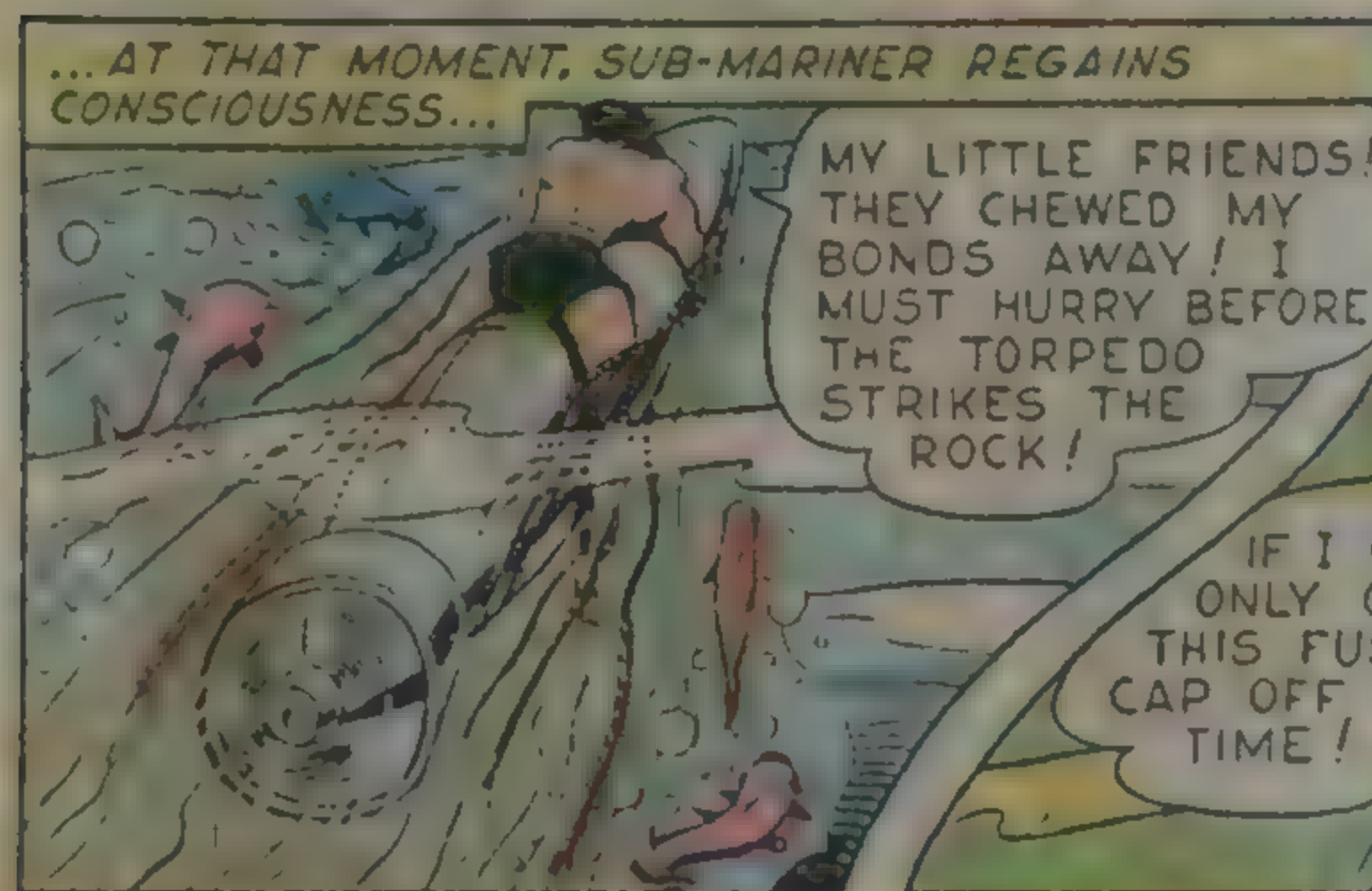
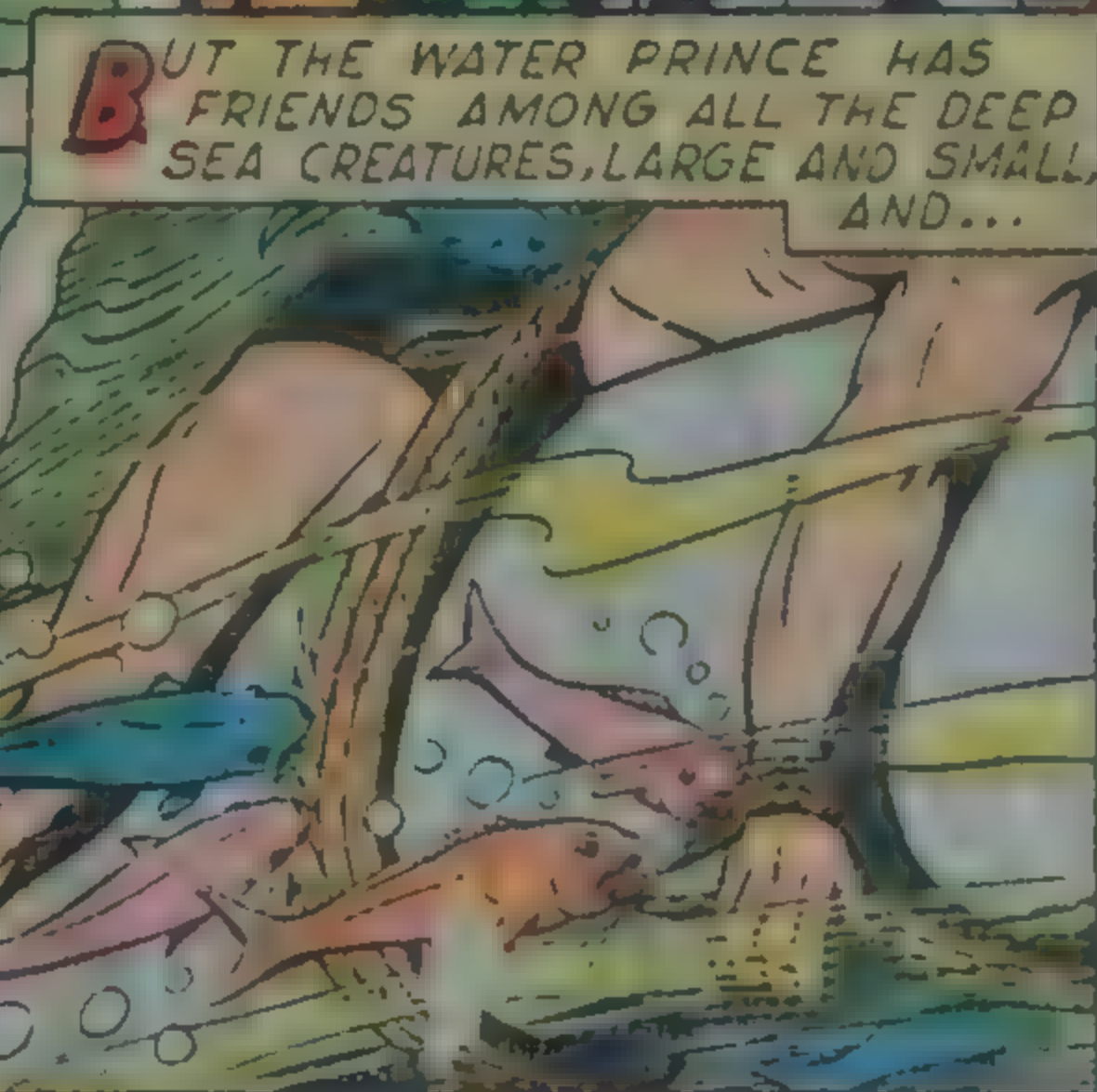
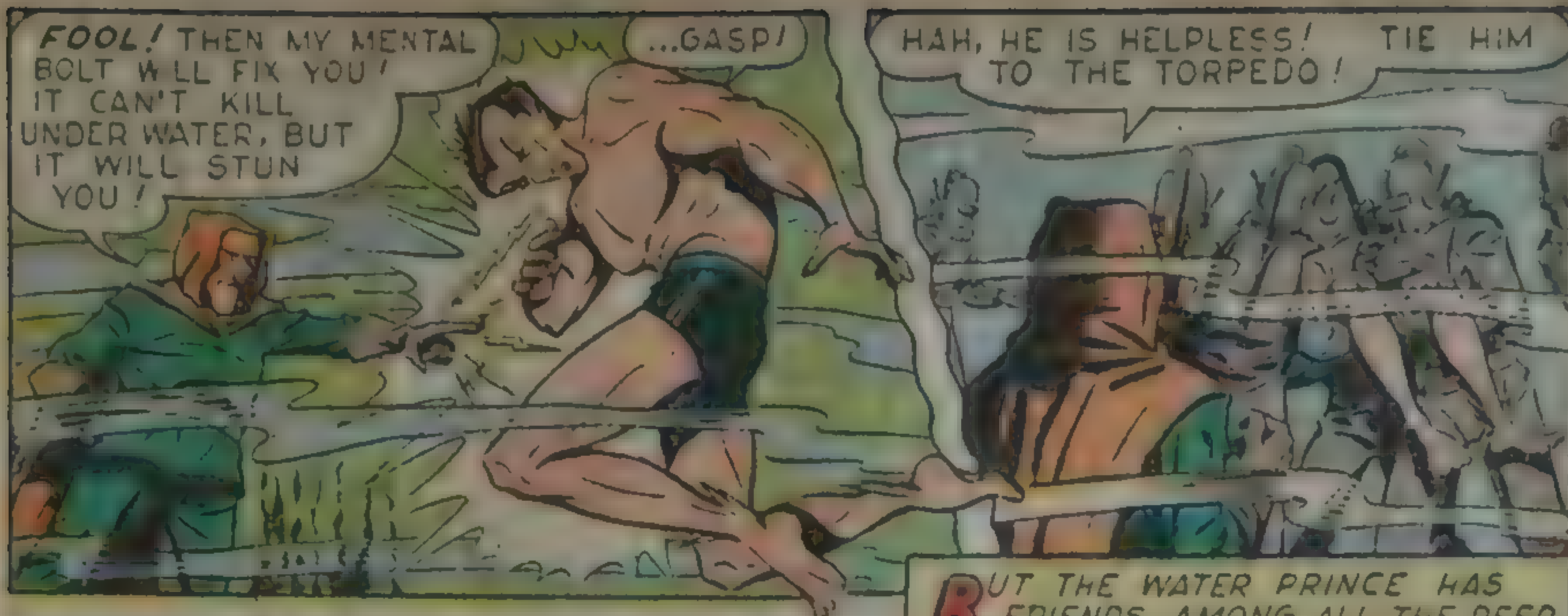


NOW, YOU LITTLE WEASEL FROM THE FUTURE, I'LL...

WAIT! YOU TOO CAN LIVE UNDER WATER? THEN YOU MUST BE FAR MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THESE OTHER DOLTS! WHY NOT JOIN ME, SUB-MARINER?

THE ANSWER IS NO!







THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM,
BUT I'M IN MY OWN NATURAL
ELEMENT. WHEREAS THEY
ARE PRACTICALLY HELPLESS!
HERE GOES!



SURPRISE!

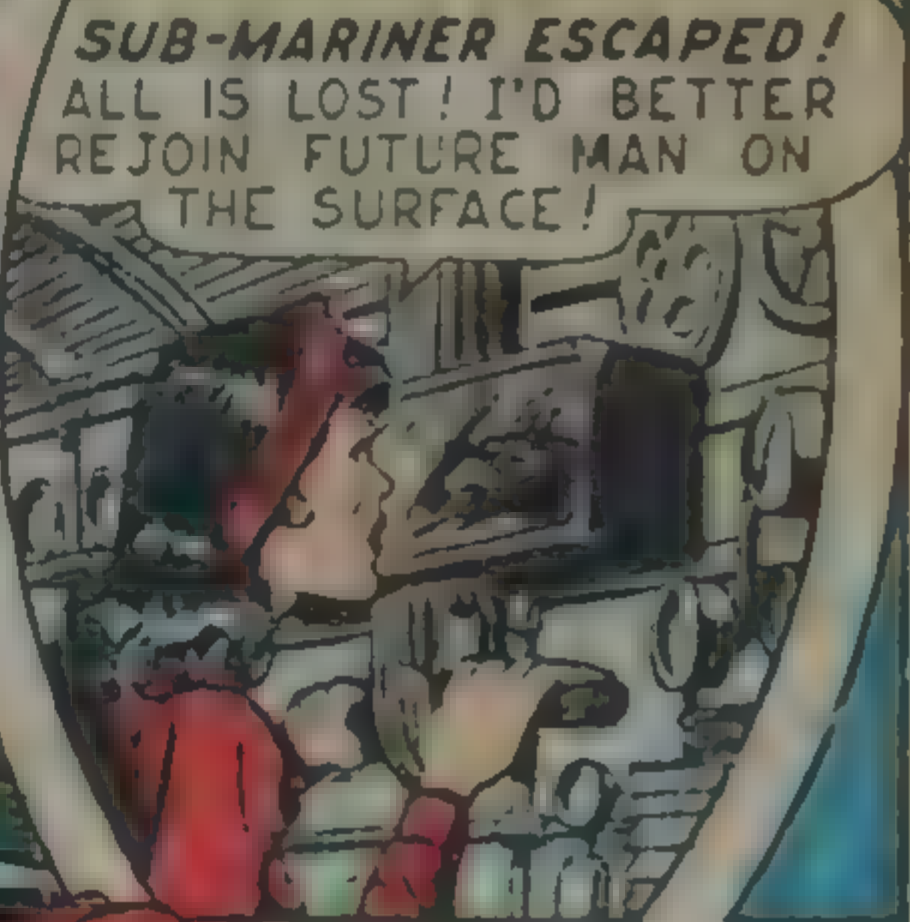
THE BEWILDERED PIRATES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE FIGHTING
SUB-MARINER!

AND THIS JUST ABOUT WINDS
UP ALL OF YOU!



--AND IN THE SUBMARINE...

SUB-MARINER ESCAPED!
ALL IS LOST! I'D BETTER
REJOIN FUTURE MAN ON
THE SURFACE!



AFTER MADAME DEATH REJOINS FUTURE
MAN IN HIS ASTRAL SHIP...

WE'VE FAILED
AGAIN!

YES, I KNOW!

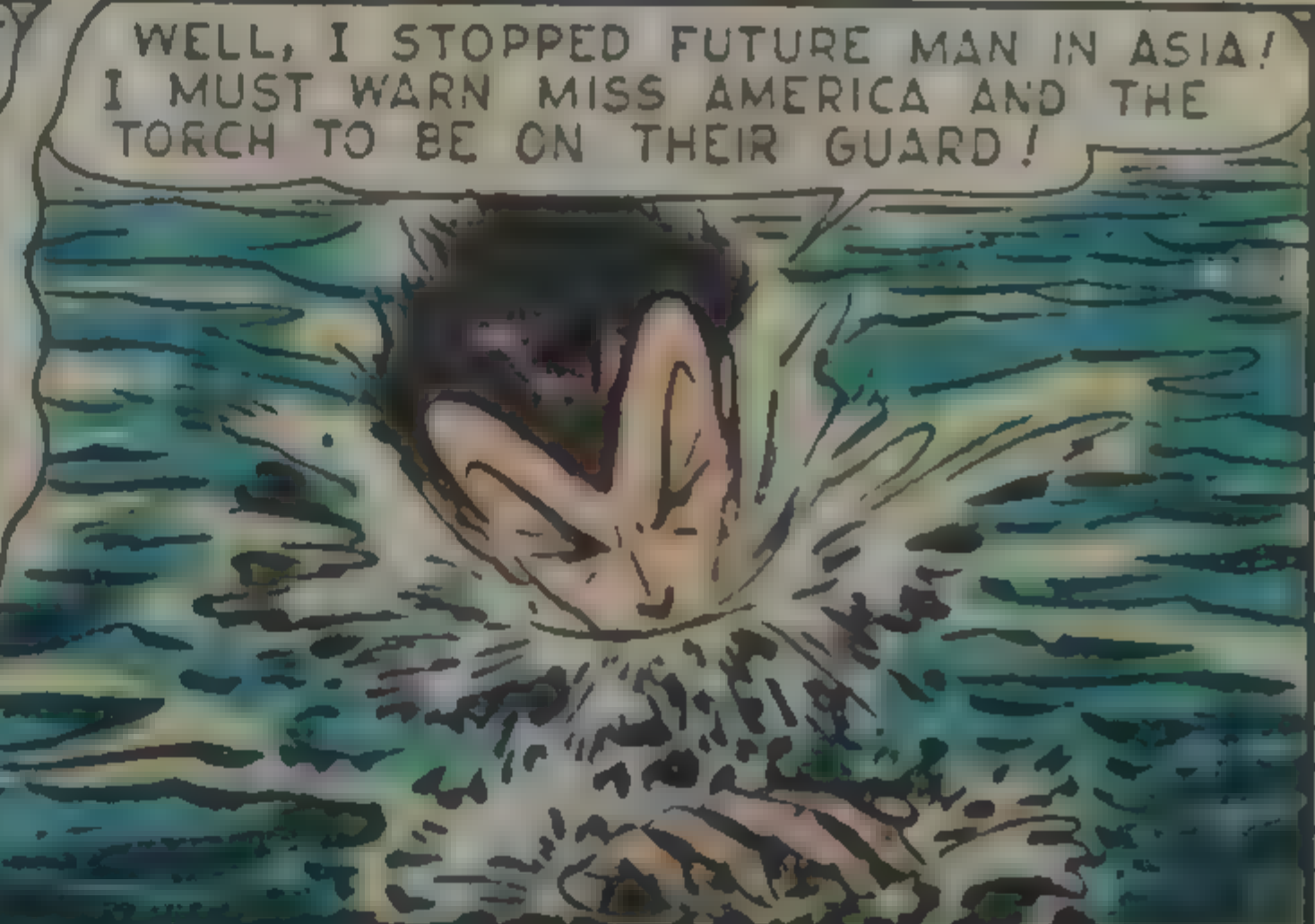


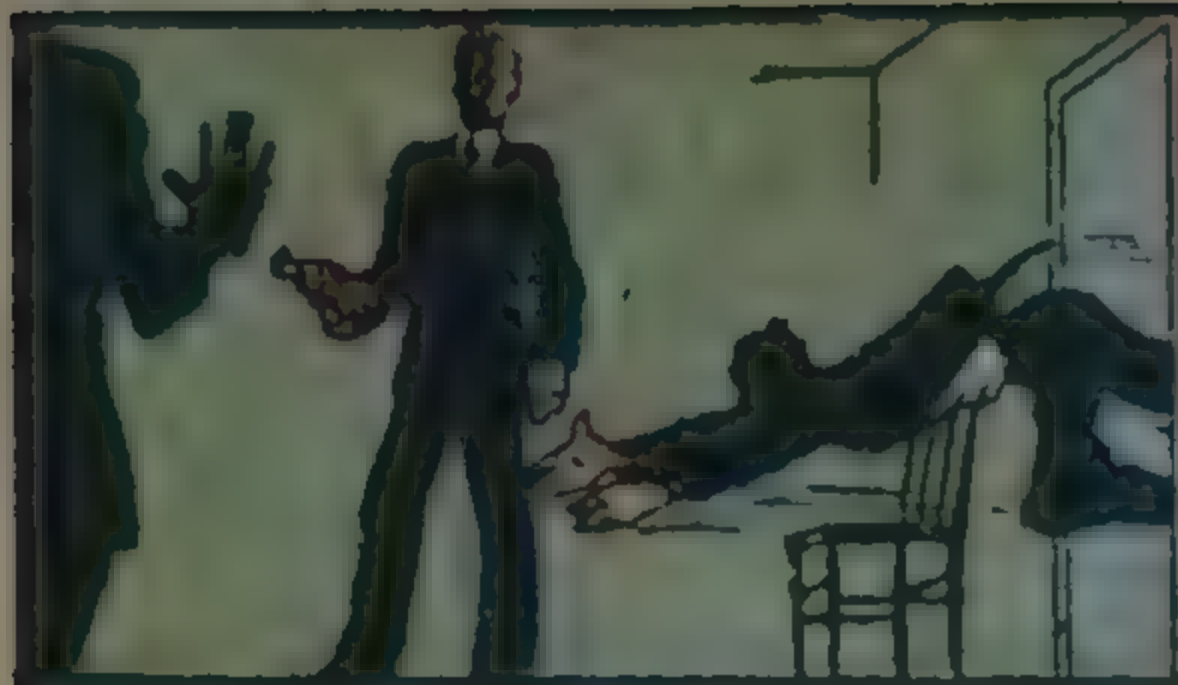
WHAT
ARE
YOUR
PLANS
NOW?

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIENDS **CANNOT**
DEFEAT ME **ALL** OVER THE WORLD!
I WILL STRIKE
NEXT AT--
AFRICA!



WELL, I STOPPED FUTURE MAN IN ASIA!
I MUST WARN MISS AMERICA AND THE
TORCH TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!





HOLIDAY FOR MURDER

DAVEY STANFORD spread out in the sand and let his skin draw in the rays of the sun. He felt carefree and rested; just what he needed after a hectic journey around the world. As he closed his eyes, he could almost visualize the great adventures he had had in every continent on the globe. Fighting bandits in China, shooting the wild tiger in India, swimming the Hellespont...

Then he wondered how long he would stay here at the Beachwood resort. This was a holiday he needed badly; yet he knew he could not stay very long in one place. It did not take much to get that wanderlust feeling inside of him... and when it came, he just had to pack up and start moving.

"Oh, well," Davey thought. "Another few days here, and I'll be on my way again. Can't take too much of this dreary place. Nothing ever happens around here."

But that evening, things began to look up for young Stanford. He got into a friendly conversation with Mr. Simmons, the Hotel manager, and heard about the secret gambling room hidden away in the basement of the Hotel.

"Just the thing for a fellow like you who has been around," Simmons invited. "C'mon, I'll show you around the place myself."

Davey was led down a long flight of stairs, through a few heavy doors, and finally into an immense room. It was brilliantly lighted with crystal chandeliers, and every manner of gambling table was there. Now Davey knew where so many people disappeared to after dinner. The room was crowded with the wealthier guests of the Hotel.

"Make yourself at home, Stanford," Simmons said with a smile that Davey did not like. "I have some business to attend to. See you later. And, good luck!"

Simmons left the room through a small rear door that said "Private" on it. Davey saun-

tered slowly around the room, stopping now and then to watch a few players staking large sums of money on a single whirl of the roulette wheel or on a single card. He could never understand why people "threw" their money away in gambling dens, when they realized that the odds were greatly against them.

As he leaned leisurely against a wall, young Stanford was able to take in the entire sweep of the room. Every face was a study in human emotions... some expressing intense jubilation, but most of them displaying a sudden dejection which bordered on anger and hysteria. It was easy to tell who were the losers.

And then, one face in particular attracted Davey's interest. There was a middle-aged man, portly of build, who was apparently losing heavily. Davey recognized him as a certain Mr. Coburn. He chewed an unlit cigar as his ferret-like eyes watched the round ball clicking around the twirling wheel, and invariably stopping at a number and color on which no one had been fortunate enough to have placed a bet. As the man's agitation increased, Davey could sense the rise of a disagreeable tension in the air. Others around the table stopped betting in order to watch this man wager a small fortune on each turn of the wheel. They were fascinated.

And then the tension broke as Coburn grabbed the cigar from his mouth and slammed it down on the table.

"It's crooked!" he shouted. "The wheel's fixed. You're all a bunch of thieves. I demand to see the manager!"

All play ceased in the room, as the occupants turned to stare in amazement at Coburn. The manager, Simmons, appeared suddenly from the private back room. He sized up the situation at a glance. He approached Coburn and managed a wry smile.

"You, Simmons... I want my money back! Your wheel is crooked!"

Simmons seemed prepared for just such an eventuality.

"Now, no need to get excited, Mr. Coburn. You should expect to lose once in a while. Come into my private office and we'll talk it over. I'm sure I can straighten everything out for you!"

Without another word, Coburn followed the manager into the small back room. The rest of the guests seemed to have lost their taste for gambling now, and gradually they abandoned the room. Davey was the last to leave, wondering what was going on behind the door of that back room.

"Oh well," he thought. "Why should I butt in? None of *my* business!"

... But, later that night, about midnight, Davey was still pacing the floor of his room. He found it impossible to go to bed. There was a strange feeling in the atmosphere of the Hotel which he had experienced before in his voyaging. It spelt danger and sudden death. Something was wrong; Davey was sure of it.

He left his room and made his way softly down the carpeted stairs. He met no one as he reached the unlocked door leading down to the basement. He managed to grope his way along with the aid of a thin beam of light from his pencil-flashlight. Finally he reached the gambling room. Without hesitation he moved to the roulette table where Coburn had lost so heavily. Davey was no novice to the ways of thieves and bandits. A hasty examination of the wires and levers under the table convinced him of the justification of Coburn's accusations!

Suddenly, Davey could hear a low murmuring of voices as heavy footsteps approached the gambling room from the outer hallway. He switched off his light and huddled behind a large armchair near the wall.

As the words became clearer, Davey recognized the voices of Simmons, Coburn and the roulette table operator. The latter led the way with a flashlight.

"But why bring me down here at this hour?" Coburn was asking.

"I promised you before in my office that I'd return your money at this time," Simmons replied. "I couldn't do it before while the other guests were standing around. It would have looked funny for me."

They had just reached the door of the back office. "Step right in, Mr. Coburn, and we'll fix you right up!" They entered and the door shut behind them.

Davey didn't like the way Simmons said that. It meant only one thing to him. Coburn was going to be "fixed up" all right, but for good! The young adventurer moved noiselessly toward the closed door and listened.

Simmons was laughing and the operator joined him.

"You must take me for a fool, Coburn! Did you really think you were going to get your money back? Bah! You're checking out right now! Tomorrow your body will be found on a lonely country road... a bullet in your brain... an apparent suicide... due to gambling losses, you see?"

The moment had come! With a sudden motion, Davey opened the door and dashed into the dimly-lit room. The operator was twisting Coburn's arms behind him, as Simmons was about to fire a revolver with a silencer attached.

But Simmons never fired that gun! Davey was too fast for him. He tackled the manager swiftly as the gun fell to the floor. In a few short seconds, Davey was battling two infuriated men. Coburn was too frightened and shaken to be of any help.

All the tactics which young Stanford had learned in foreign lands now came to the fore, as he lunged and delivered dynamic blows to his two opponents. A sudden upswing with his right arm knocked the operator senseless as Davey's fist connected with his jaw.

Now only Simmons remained. A series of body blows and a final smash to his face subdued the beaten Hotel manager. Davey did not waste any time accepting Coburn's stammered thanks. A hurry call to the nearby State Police barracks brought the would-be murderers within the clutches of the Law.

As Davey accompanied Coburn to his room, the latter paved the way with grateful remarks. Finally he asked:

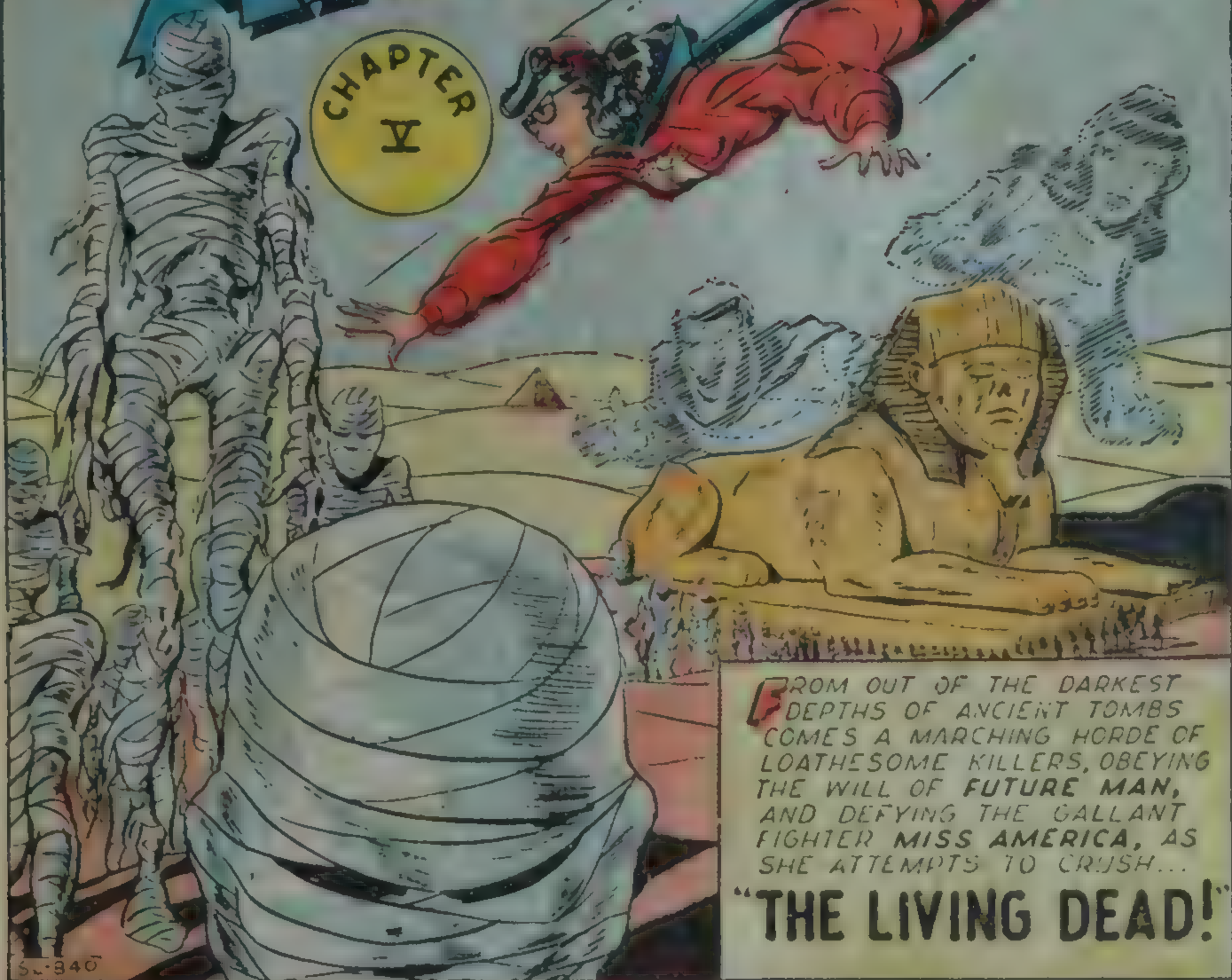
"What are your plans now, Stanford?"

Davey smiled as he replied. "My holiday is over. I'm leaving for Africa in a few days... good season for lion-hunting. I sort of miss the danger. Nothing exciting ever happens in places like this!"

THE END

Miss AMERICA

CHAPTER
V



FROM OUT OF THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF ANCIENT TOMBS COMES A MARCHING HORDE OF LOATHESOME KILLERS, OBEYING THE WILL OF **FUTURE MAN**, AND DEFYING THE GALLANT FIGHTER **MISS AMERICA**, AS SHE ATTEMPTS TO CRUSH...

"THE LIVING DEAD!"

IN AFRICA, A CARAVAN PLUDS ITS WAY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS OF THE SAHARA DESERT, WHEN...

LOOK! WHAT IS THAT?
A VULTURE? AN EAGLE?

NO! IT IS A
FLYING GIRL!



ABOVE THE CARAVAN SOARS **MISS AMERICA**, WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO GUARD THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA FROM THE EVIL HAND OF **FUTURE MAN**!

FUTURE MAN STRUCK AT EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA, AND ASIA, ACCORDING TO REPORTS I GOT! I'M CRUISING OVER AFRICA...AND WAITING!



BUT LATER, AN OMINOUS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE CARAVAN!

CARAVAN... HALT! WE ARE BEING ATTACKED!



AND THE RAIDERS, INSTEAD OF DESERT BANDITS, ARE A FAR MORE WEIRD AND FEARFUL GROUP!

FOOLS! YOU CANNOT KILL THE DEAD!

BANG! BANG!



BUT MISS AMERICA IS WITHIN EARSHOT, AND...

SHE IS TOO STRONG TO RESIST! RUN... BACK TO OUR MASTER, FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ANCIENT MUMMIES THAT CAME TO LIFE!

AND I'LL FOLLOW! COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF FUTURE MAN?



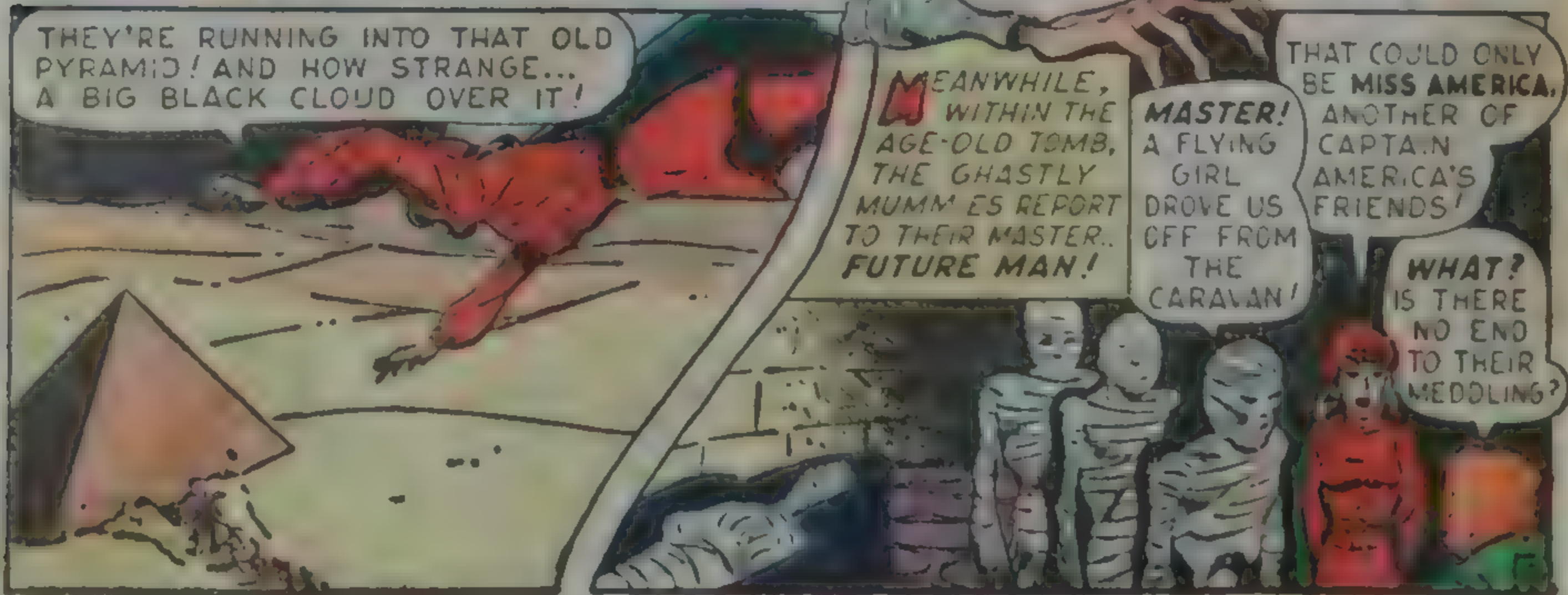
THEY'RE RUNNING INTO THAT OLD PYRAMID! AND HOW STRANGE... A BIG BLACK CLOUD OVER IT!

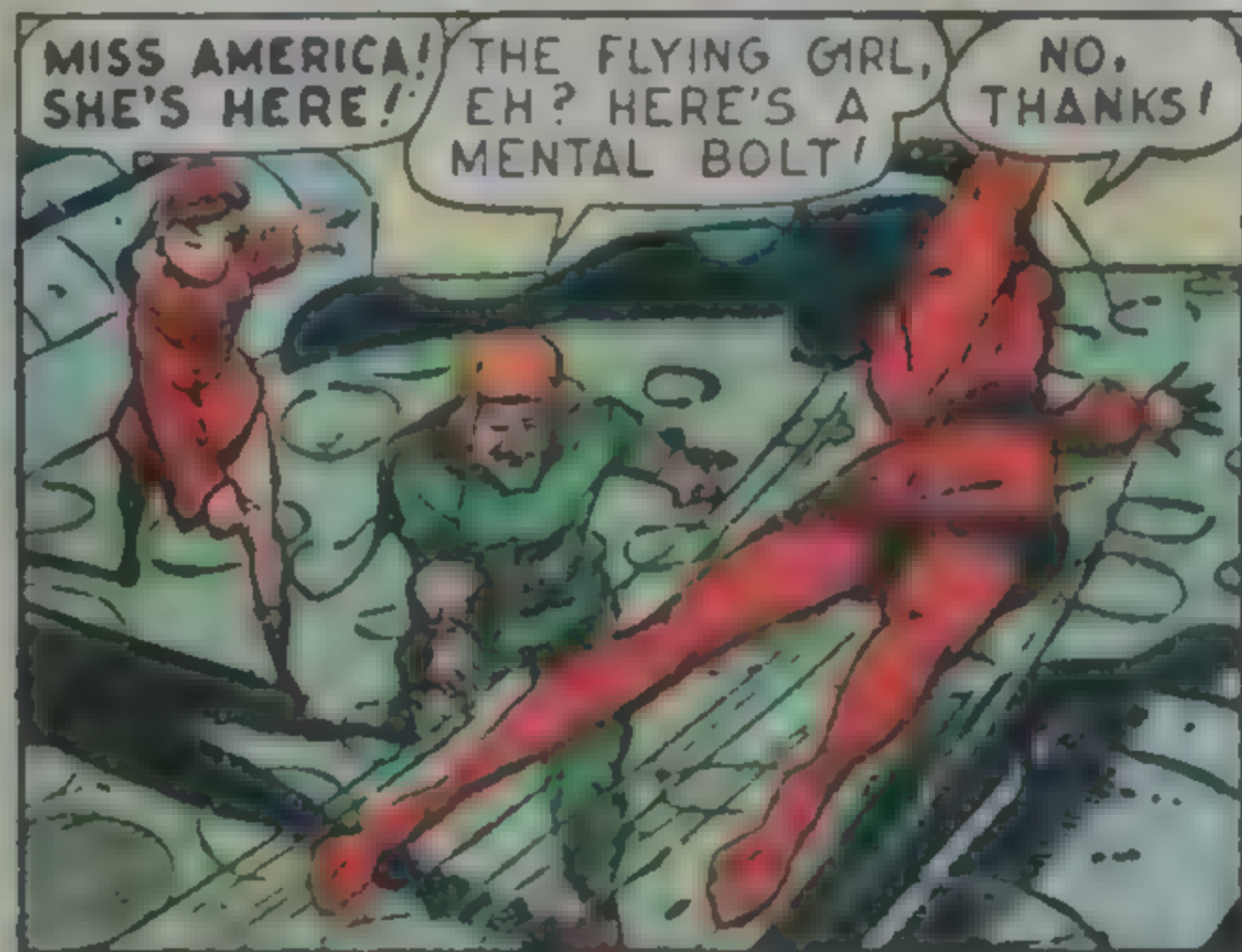
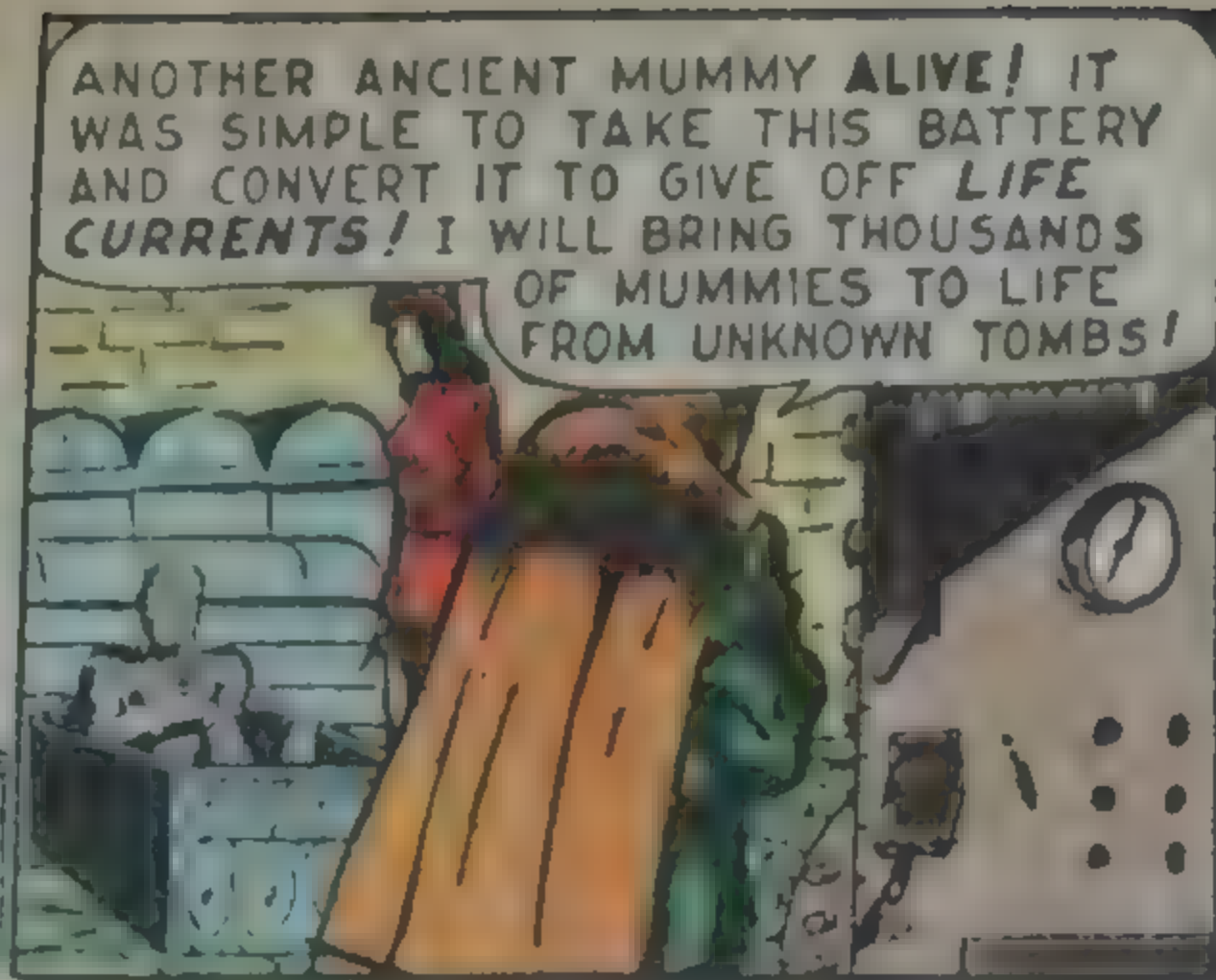
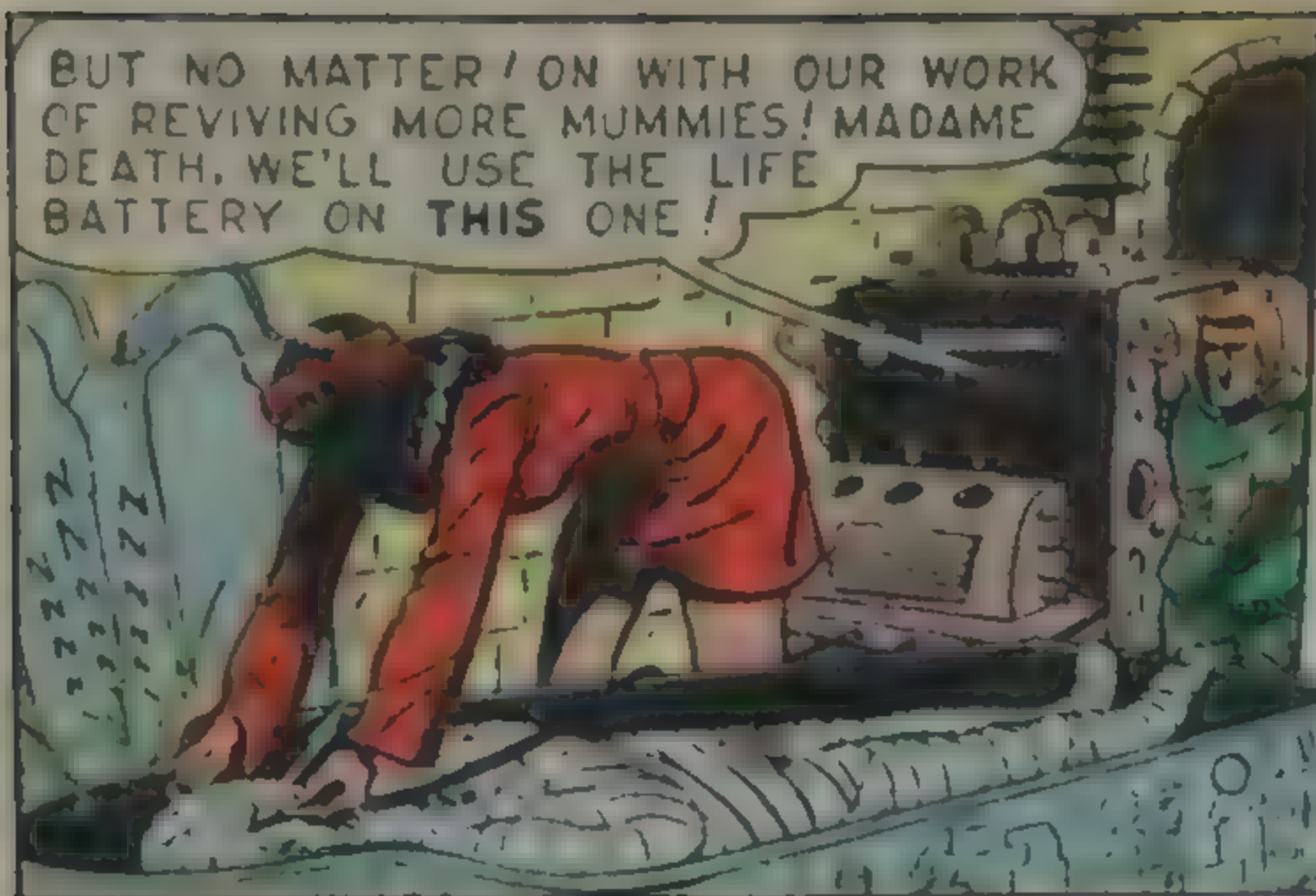
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE AGE-OLD TOMB, THE GHASTLY MUMMIES REPORT TO THEIR MASTER.. FUTURE MAN!

MASTER! A FLYING GIRL DROVE US OFF FROM THE CARAVAN!

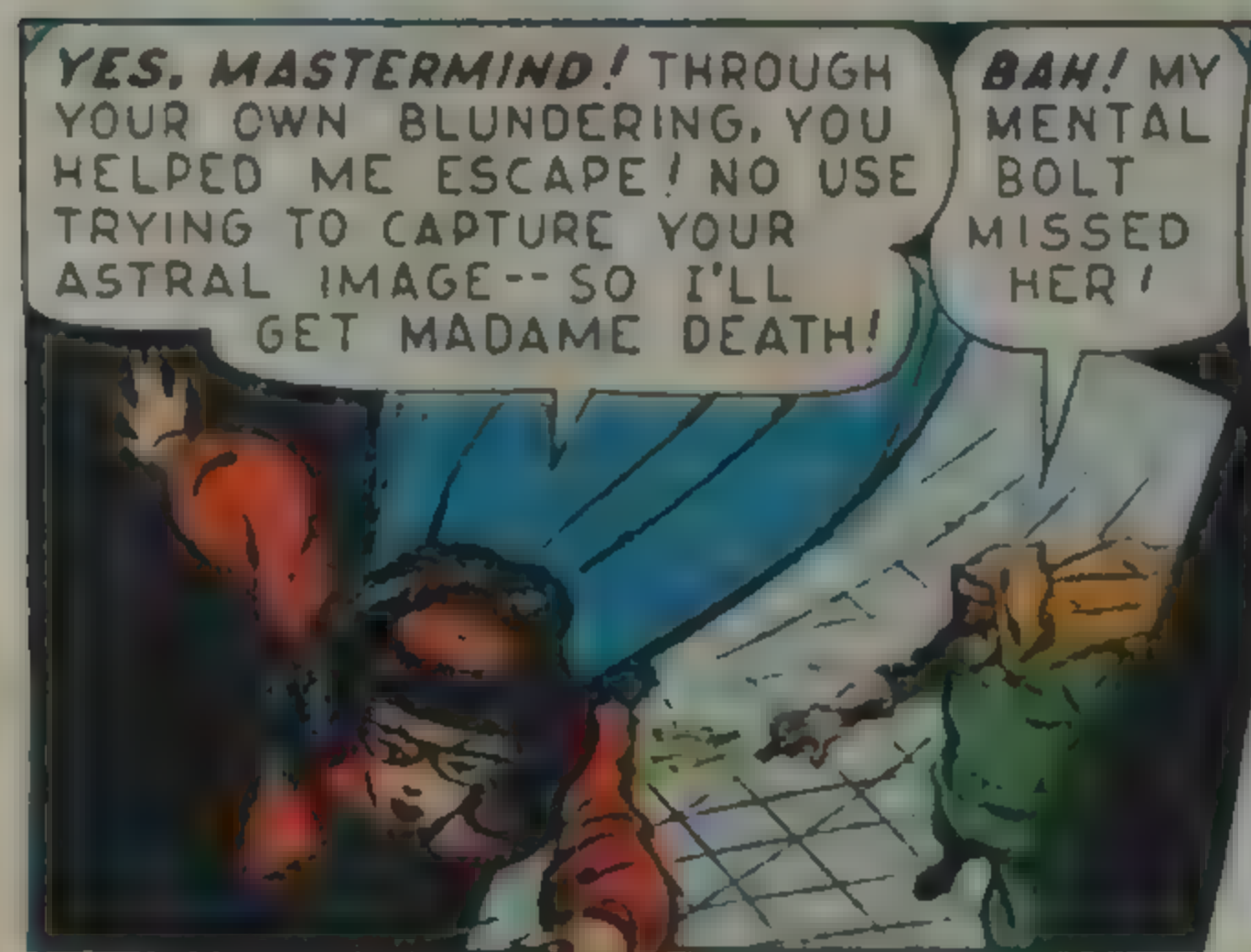
THAT COULD ONLY BE MISS AMERICA, ANOTHER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIENDS!

WHAT? IS THERE NO END TO THEIR MEDDLING?









THE HUMAN TORCH

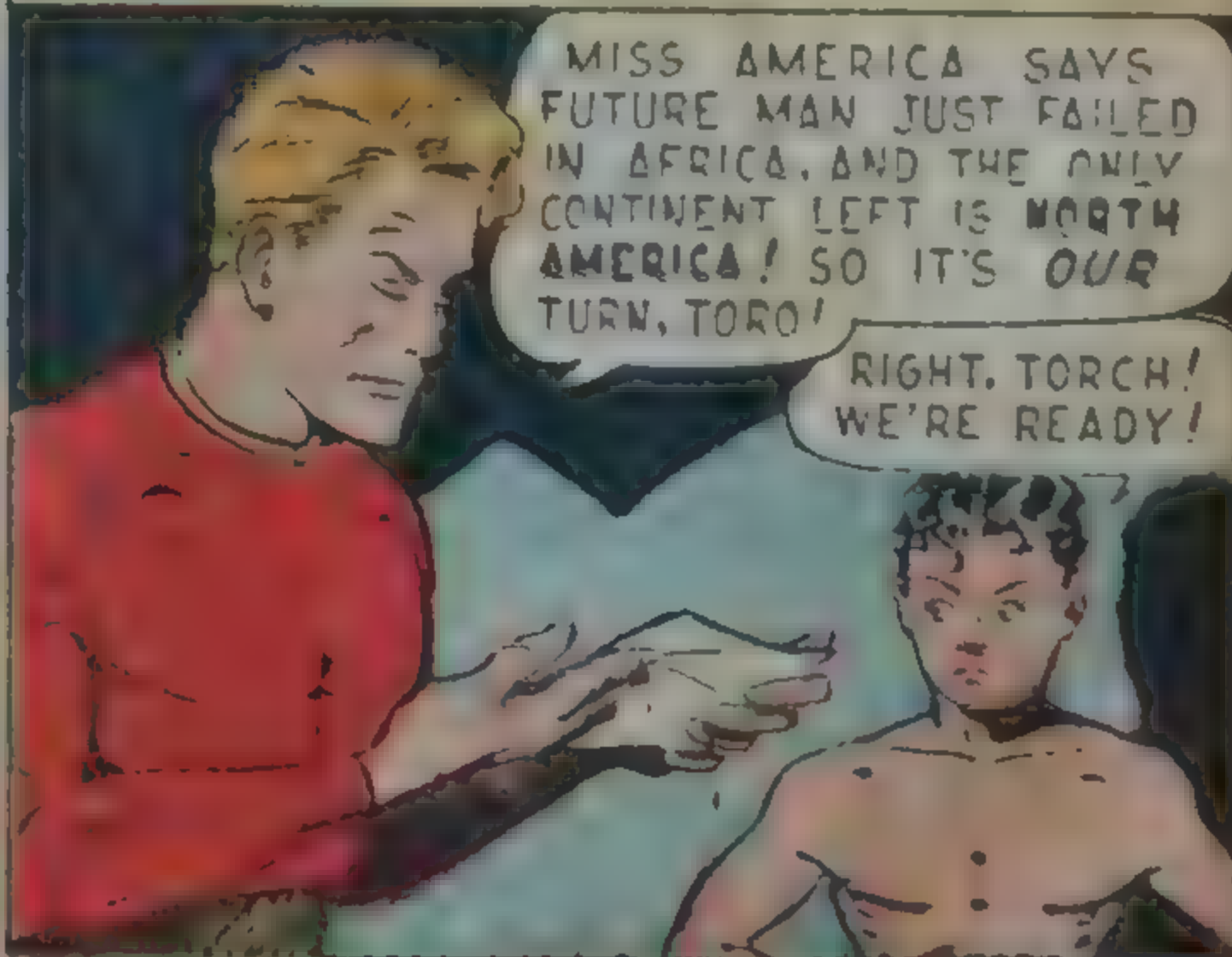
CHAPTER
VI



THE GREATEST DISASTER TO HIT AMERICA IS THIS ATOMIC FIRE, WROUGHT BY THE EVIL GENIUS OF FUTURE MAN! FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO THEMSELVES SEEM DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION AS THEY BATTLE THE...

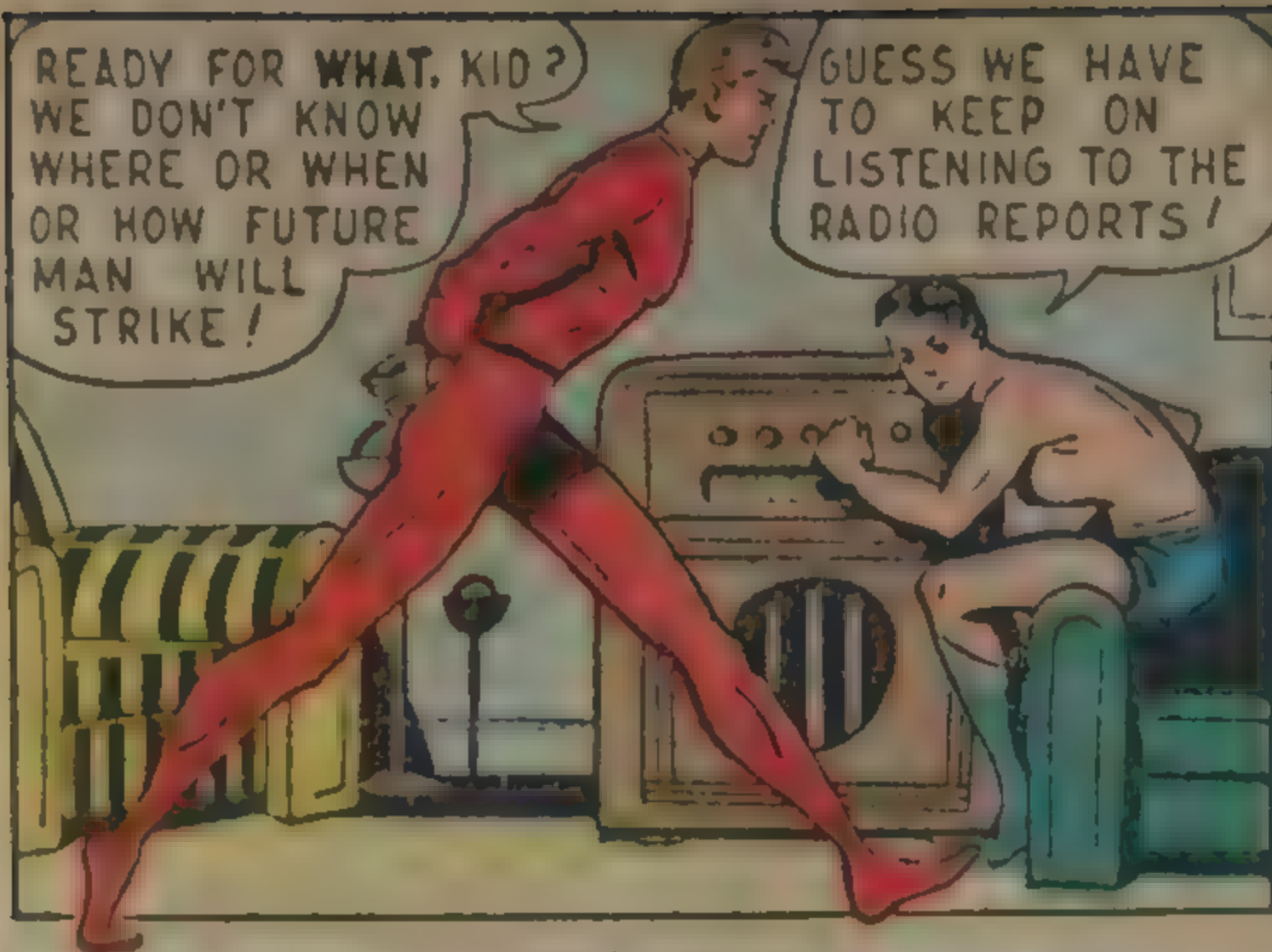
"FLAMES OF FURY!"

BACK IN AMERICA, HUMAN TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE A TENSE MESSAGE FROM MISS AMERICA!



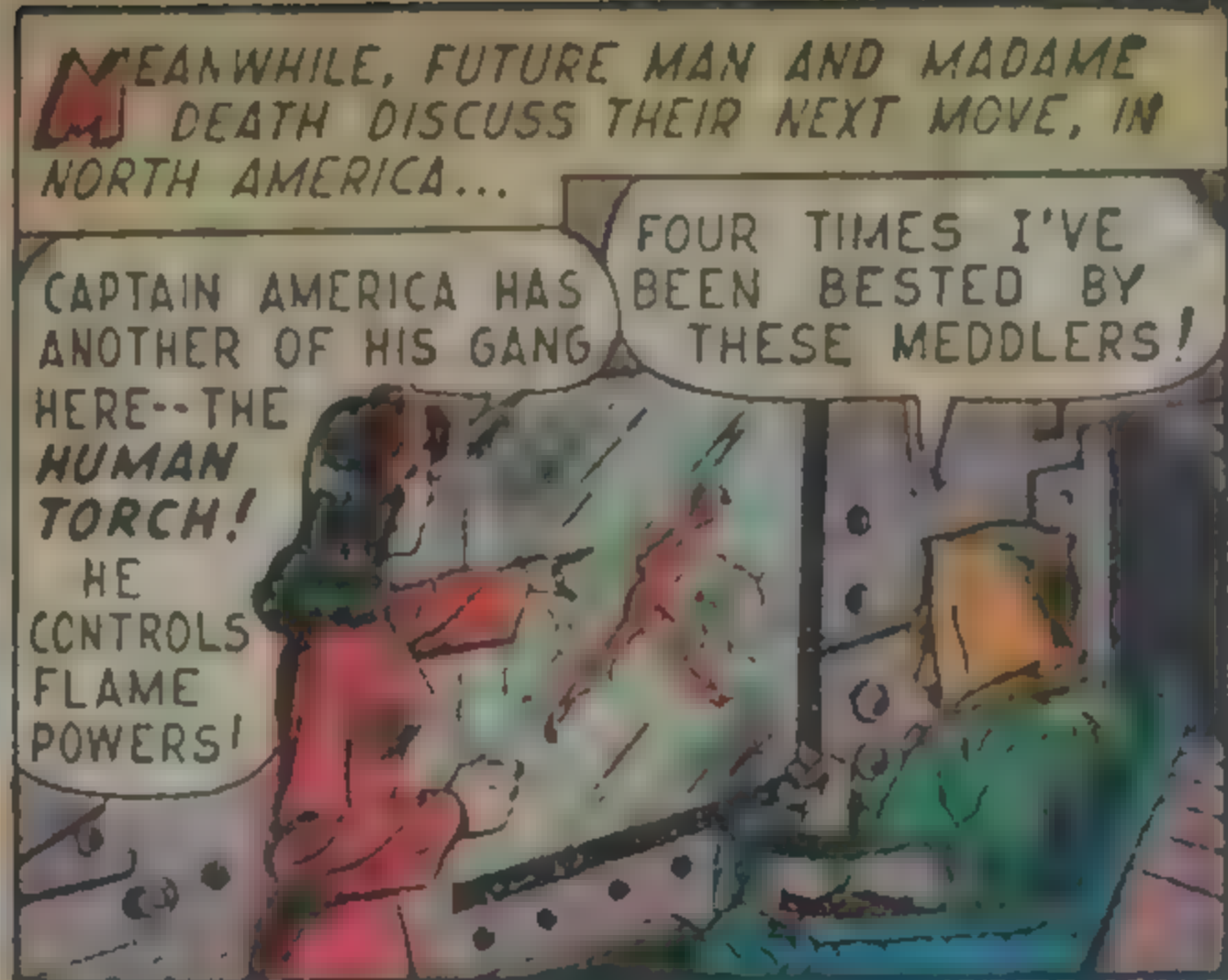
MISS AMERICA SAYS FUTURE MAN JUST FAILED IN AFRICA, AND THE ONLY CONTINENT LEFT IS NORTH AMERICA! SO IT'S OUR TURN, TORO!

RIGHT, TORCH! WE'RE READY!



READY FOR WHAT, KID? WE DON'T KNOW WHERE OR WHEN OR HOW FUTURE MAN WILL STRIKE!

GUESS WE HAVE TO KEEP ON LISTENING TO THE RADIO REPORTS!



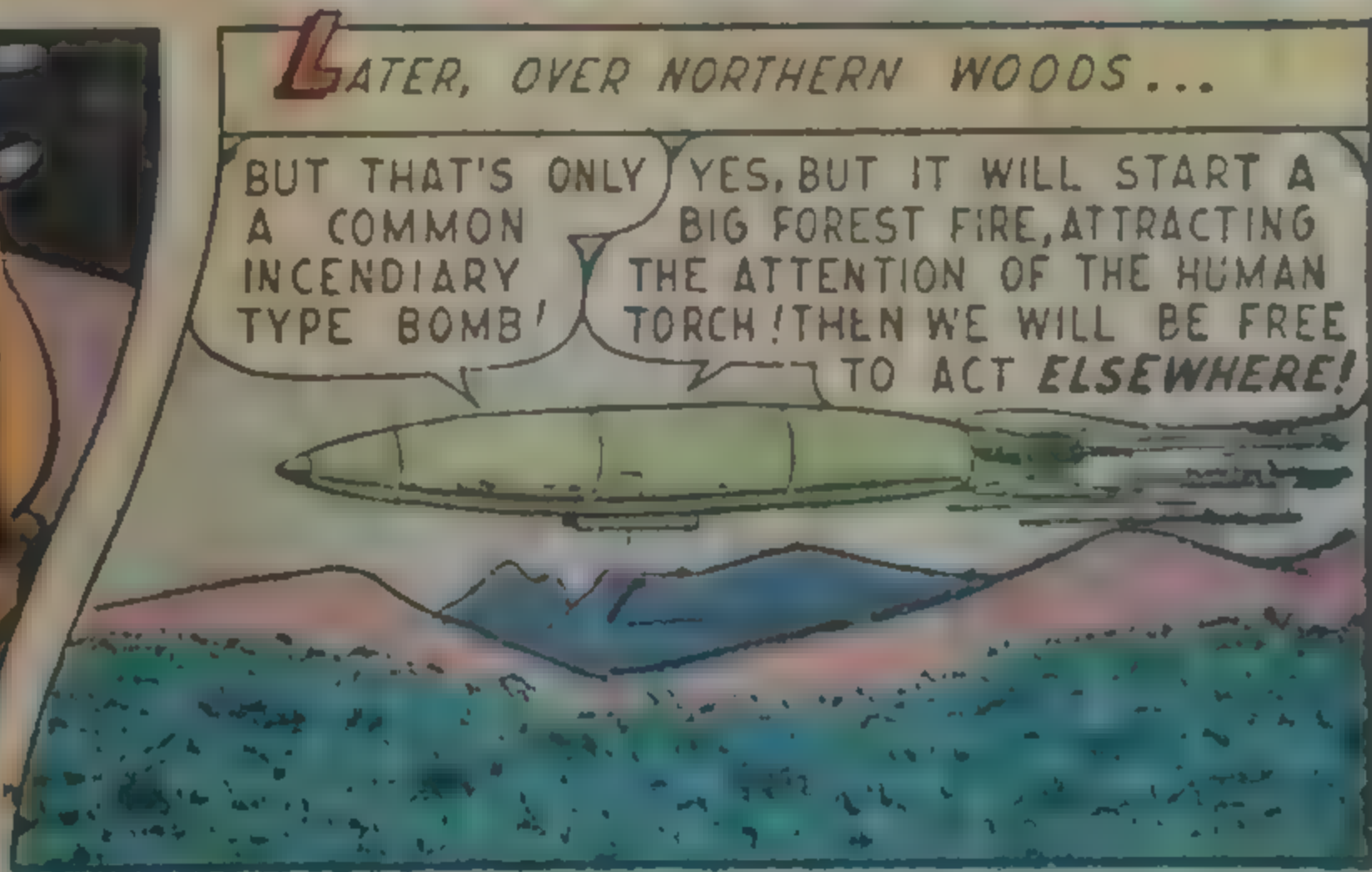
MEANWHILE, FUTURE MAN AND MADAME DEATH DISCUSS THEIR NEXT MOVE, IN NORTH AMERICA...

CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS BEEN BESTED BY ANOTHER OF HIS GANG HERE--THE HUMAN TORCH! HE CONTROLS FLAME POWERS!

FOUR TIMES I'VE BEEN BESTED BY THESE MEDDLERS!



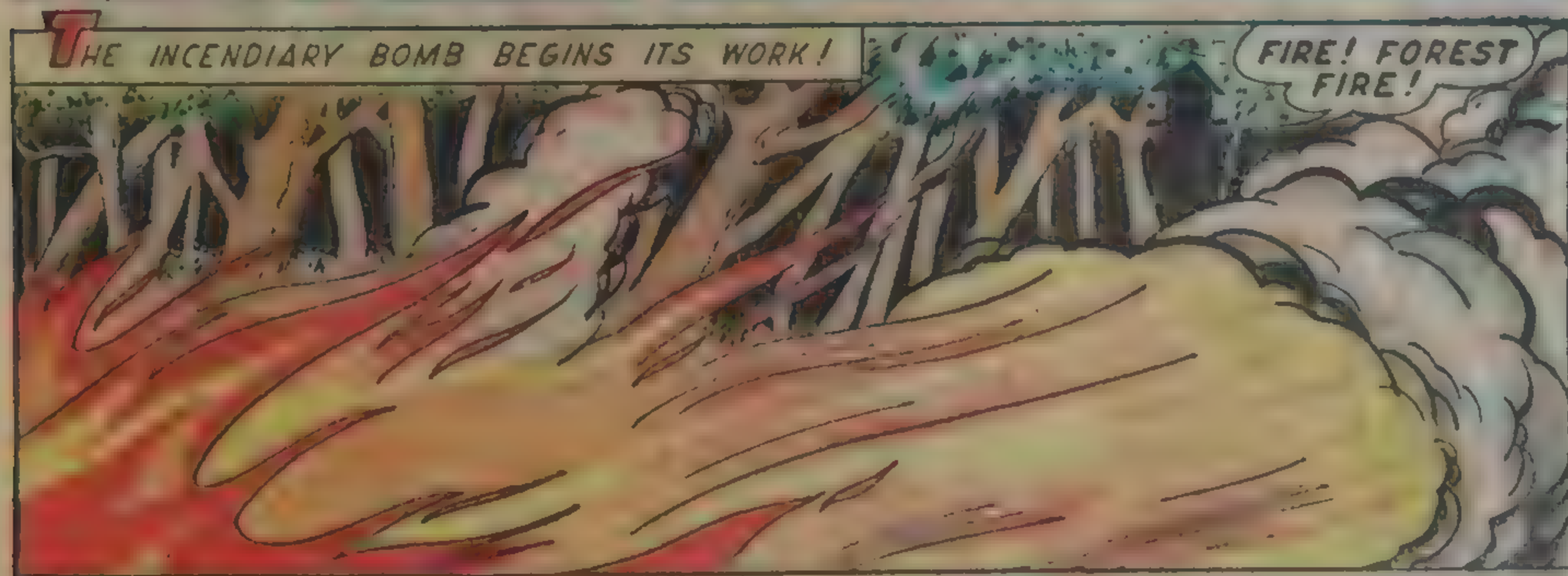
BUT THIS TIME I SHALL PLAY WISE! I WILL FIRST **DECOY** THIS HUMAN TORCH SOMEWHERE, BEFORE I BEGIN MY PLAN TO WIPE OUT THE POPULATION OF NORTH AMERICA!



LATER, OVER NORTHERN WOODS...

BUT THAT'S ONLY A COMMON INCENDIARY TYPE BOMB!

YES, BUT IT WILL START A BIG FOREST FIRE, ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE HUMAN TORCH! THEN WE WILL BE FREE TO ACT ELSEWHERE!



THE INCENDIARY BOMB BEGINS ITS WORK!

FIRE! FOREST FIRE!



FLASH! A TERRIFIC FOREST FIRE IS BLAZING AND SPREADING IN CANADA! IT THREATENS NEARBY TOWNS...

A FOREST FIRE! TORCH, SHALL WE...?

THE PAIR FLAMES ON, AND...

RIGHT, TORO! ACTION AT LAST! WE'RE NEEDED THERE, AND SO FAR FUTURE MAN HASN'T MADE A MOVE!

ON
RECORD
FLYING
TIME,
THE
DUO
ARRIVES
AT
THE
SCENE...



WE HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT TIME TO
CHOP DOWN
TREES IN
ADVANCE
OF THE
FLAMES!

RUN FOR
IT!

BACK, MEN!
LET US
HANDLE
THIS!

TORCH
AND TORO!
HURRAH!



TOPPLE THESE TREES
DOWN, TORO-- AT THE
EDGE OF THE FIRE!
KEEP THE FLAMES
FROM JUMPING TO
THE NEXT TREES!



MEANWHILE, FAR TO THE SOUTH, IN A BARREN STRETCH...

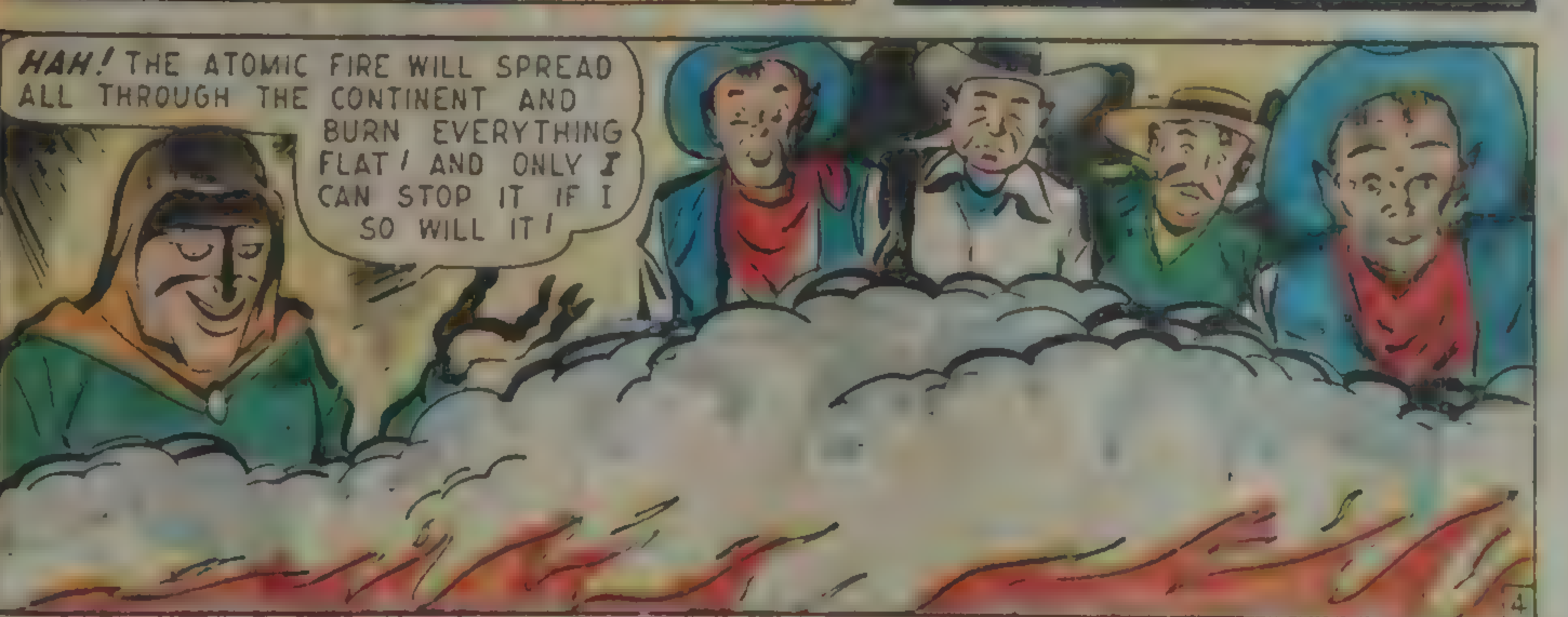
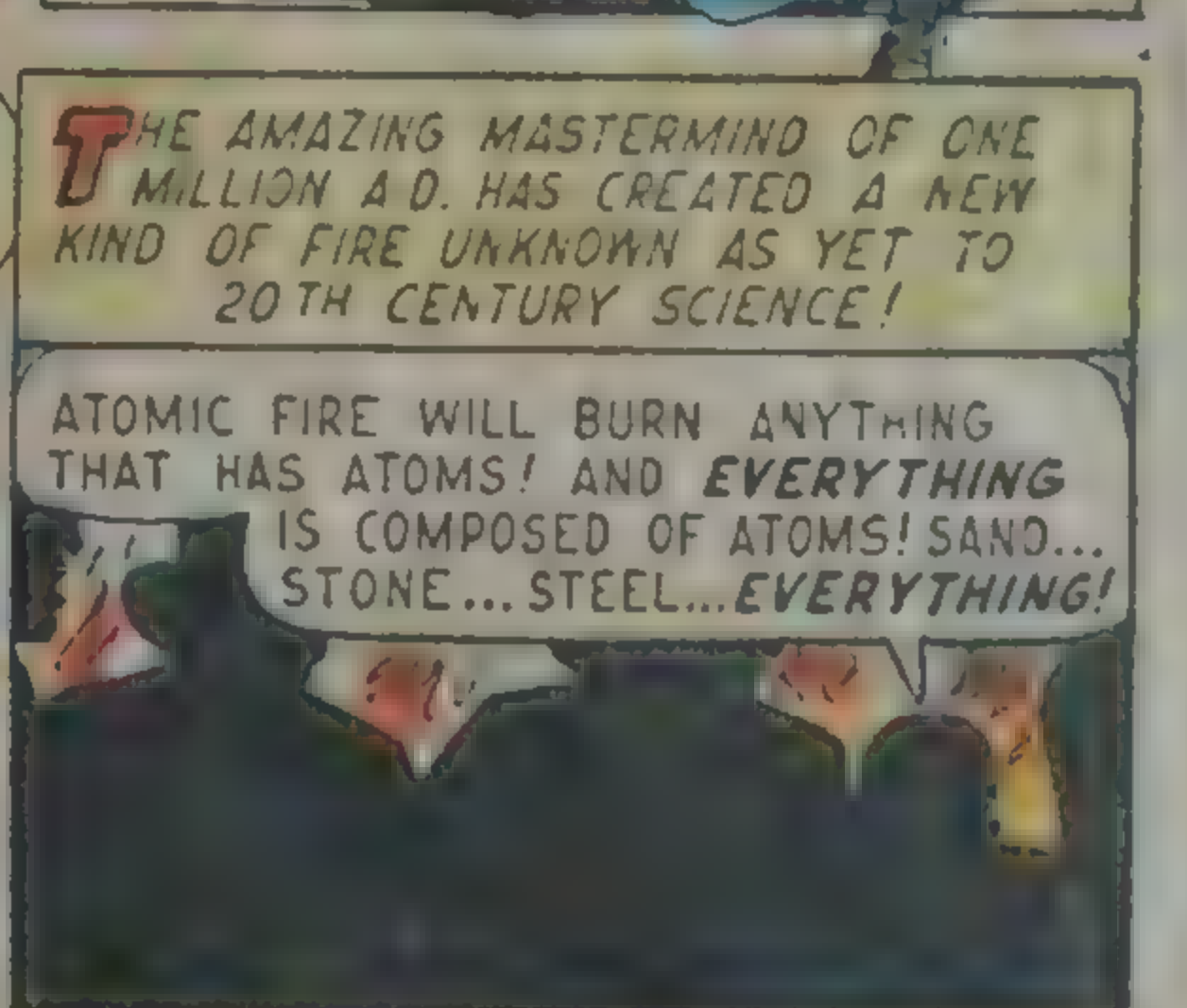
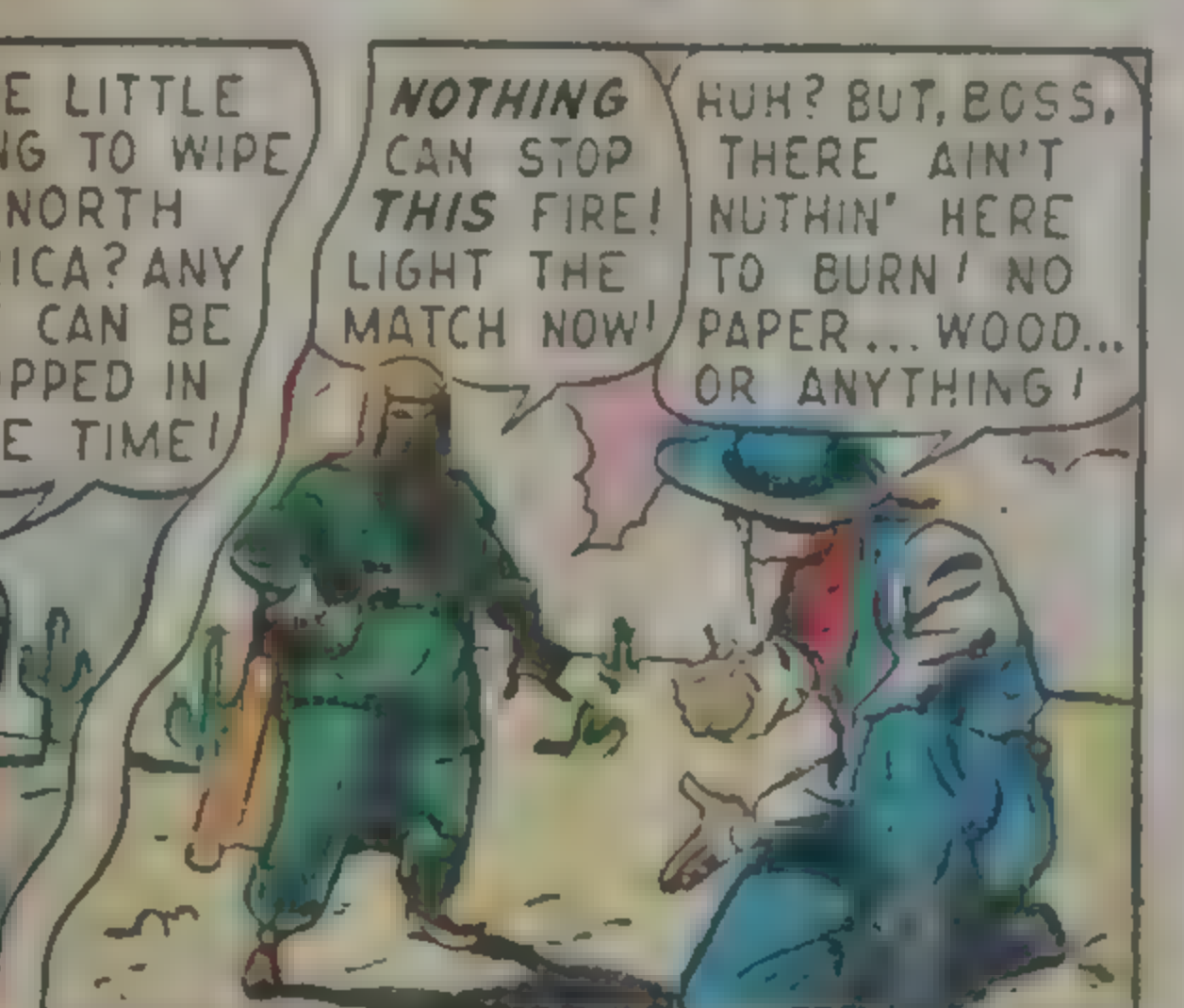
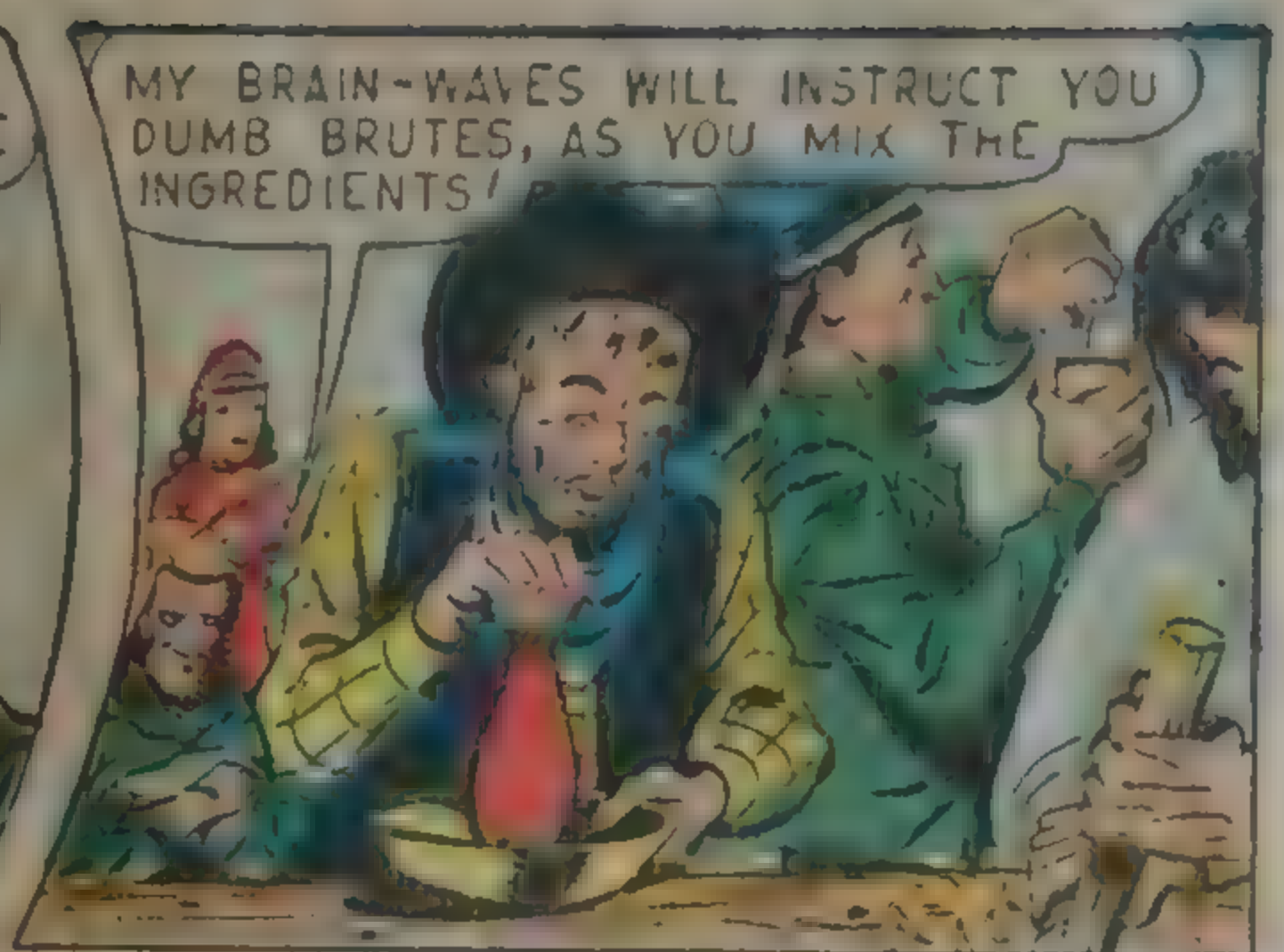
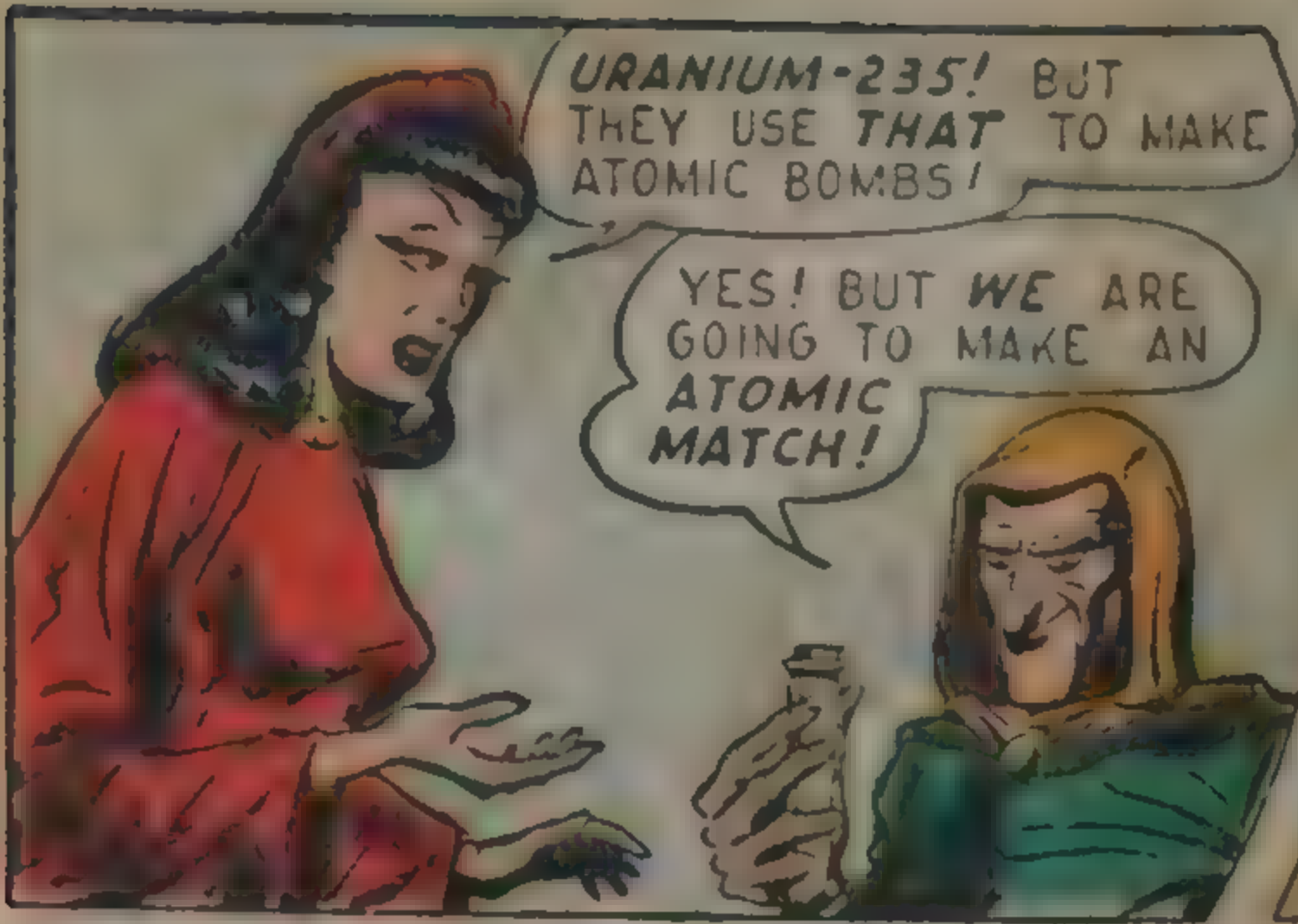
DID YOU BRING
THE URANIUM-235
I REQUESTED?

YEAH, BOSS! WE HAD
TO RAISE THE GOVERNMENT
PLANT, BUT WE GOT IT!

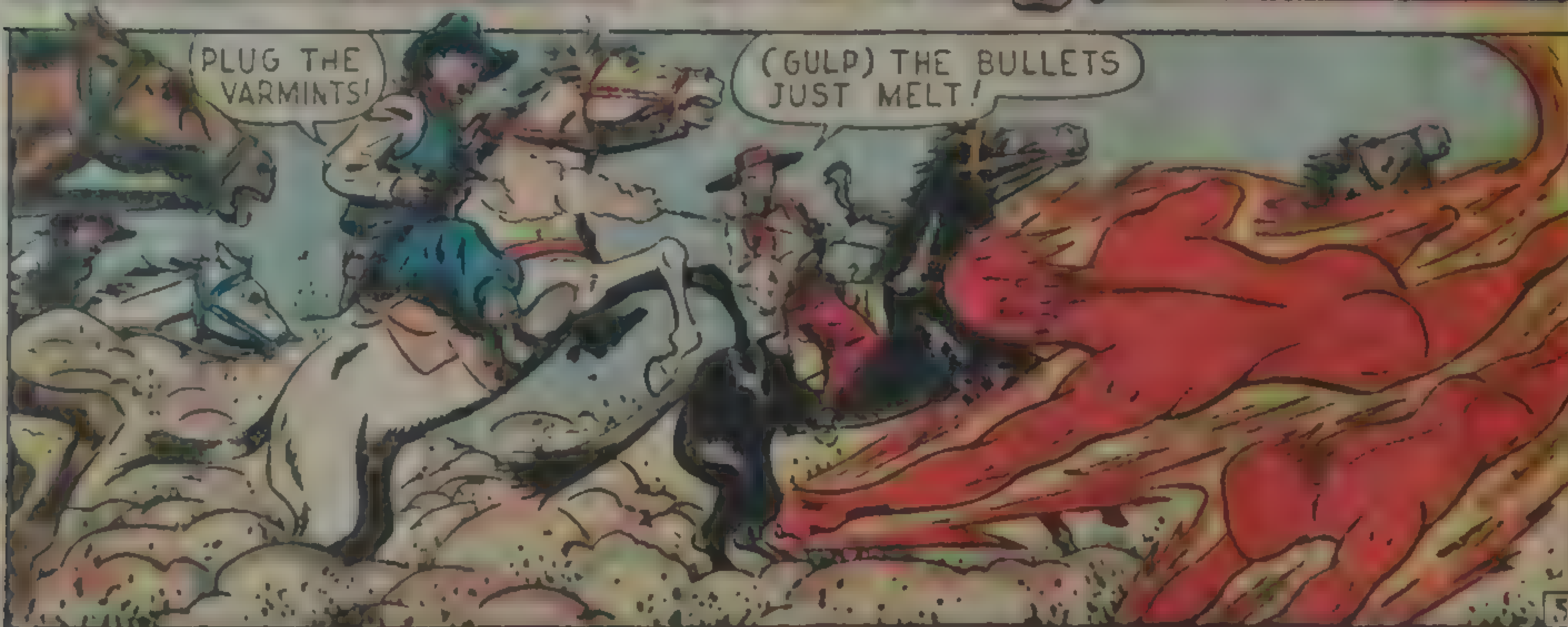
THESE ARE
OUR NEW
HELPERS.
FUTURE MAN...
A DESERT
GANG OF
BADMEN!

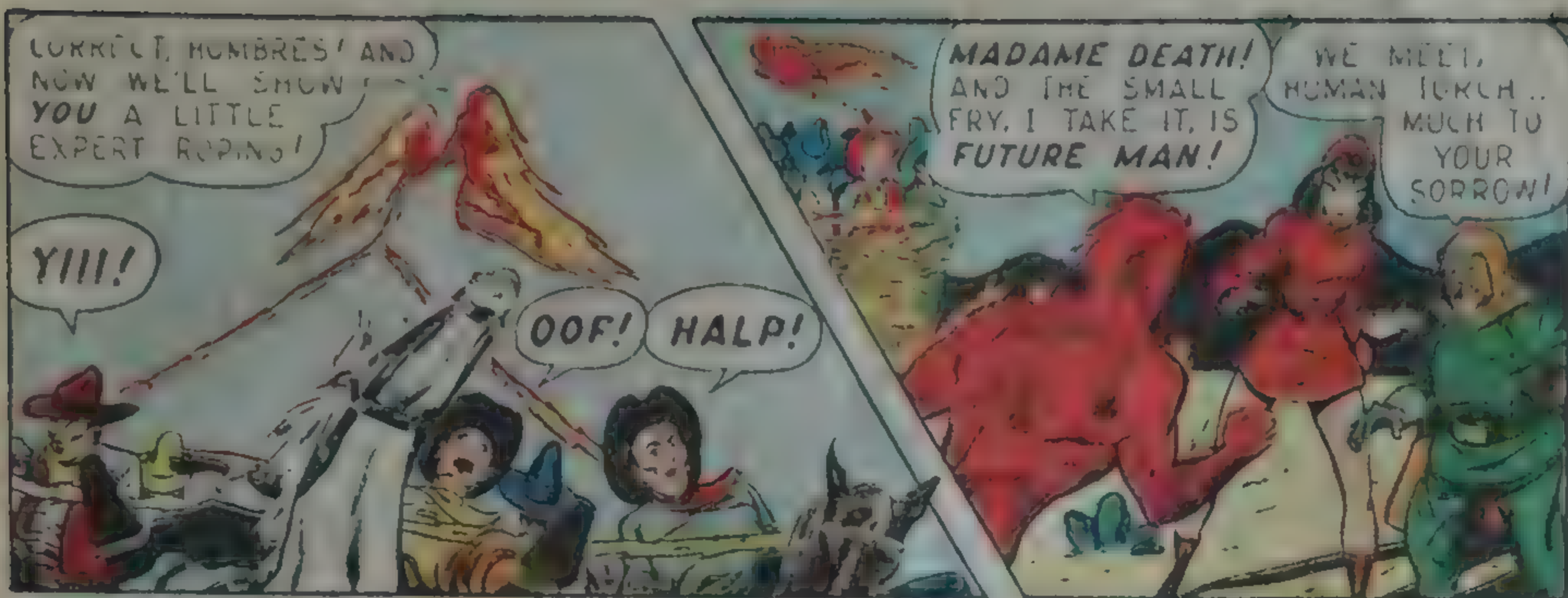
GOOD! WHILE TORCH
AND TORO ARE BUSY
UP NORTH, WE
CAN GO TO
WORK DOWN
HERE!





AT THIS
MOMENT,
UP
NORTH,
HUMAN
TORCH
AND
TORO
FINISH
FIGHTING
THE
FOREST
FIRE...





CORRECT, HOMBRES! AND NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE EXPERT ROPING!

YIII!

OOF!

HALP!

MADAME DEATH! AND THE SMALL FRY, I TAKE IT, IS FUTURE MAN!

WE MEET, HUMAN TUCKER... MUCH TO YOUR SORROW!

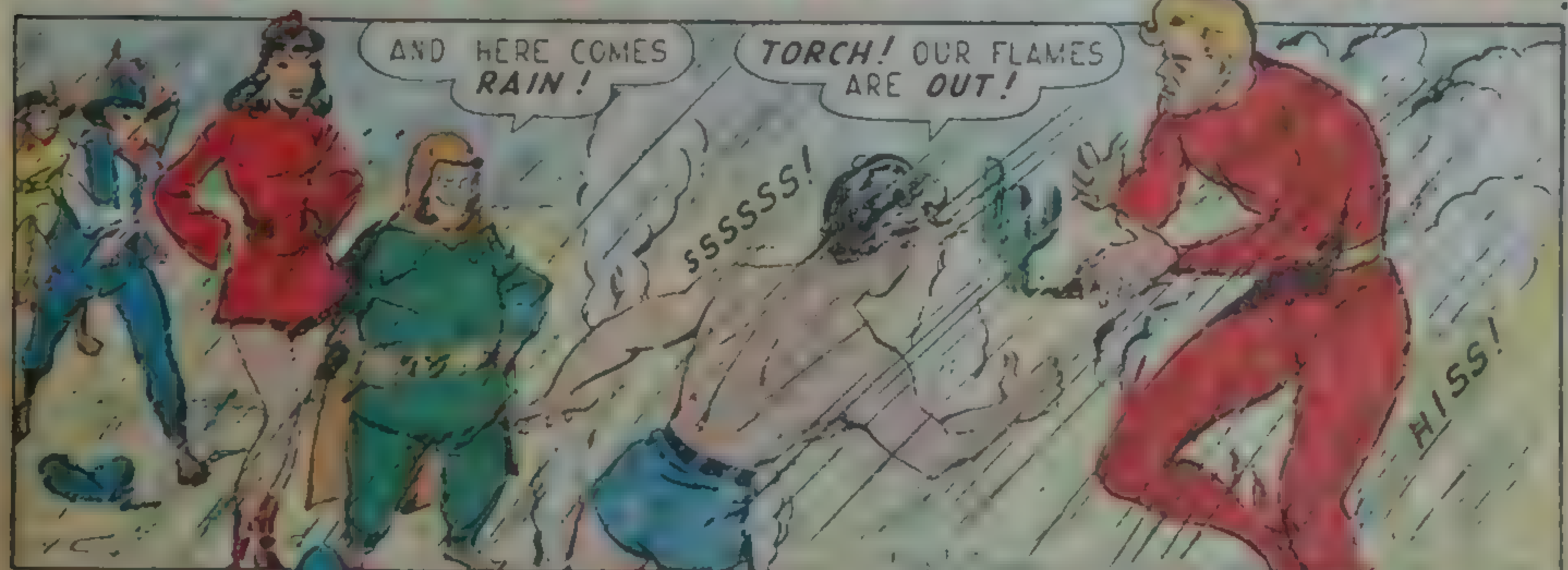


I WON'T TRY TO DESTROY YOU WITH MY MENTAL-LIGHTNING! I SEE YOU ARE PROTECTED BY FLAME!

AND NO USE ME TRYING TO GRAB YOU! YOU'RE ONLY AN ASTRAL IMAGE!

BUT I KNOW THE ONE WAY TO CANCEL YOUR POWERS! I WILL SEND MENTAL RAYS UPWARD...

HEY! WHERE DID THAT BIG BLACK CLOUD COME FROM?



AND HERE COMES RAIN!

TORCH! OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!

SSSSSS!

HISS!



NO! DON'T SHOOT THEM! LET THEM GET CAUGHT BY THE ATOMIC FIRE! THEY CAN NEVER ESCAPE IT ON FOOT!

AND THE ASTRAL IMAGE OF FUTURE MAN REMAINS TO TAUNT AND GOAD THEM, AS THE ATOMIC FIRE SWEEPS NEAR!

GASP! FASTER, RUN! HURRY! THE TORO! FLAME IS AT YOUR HEELS! HAAAAH!



ONLY ONE
HOPE, TORO...
LET THE
FLAMES
CATCH
US!

BUT, TORCH...?



IT WORKED! THE FLAMES DRIED
US OFF QUICKLY!
NOW WE CAN
FLAME
ON!

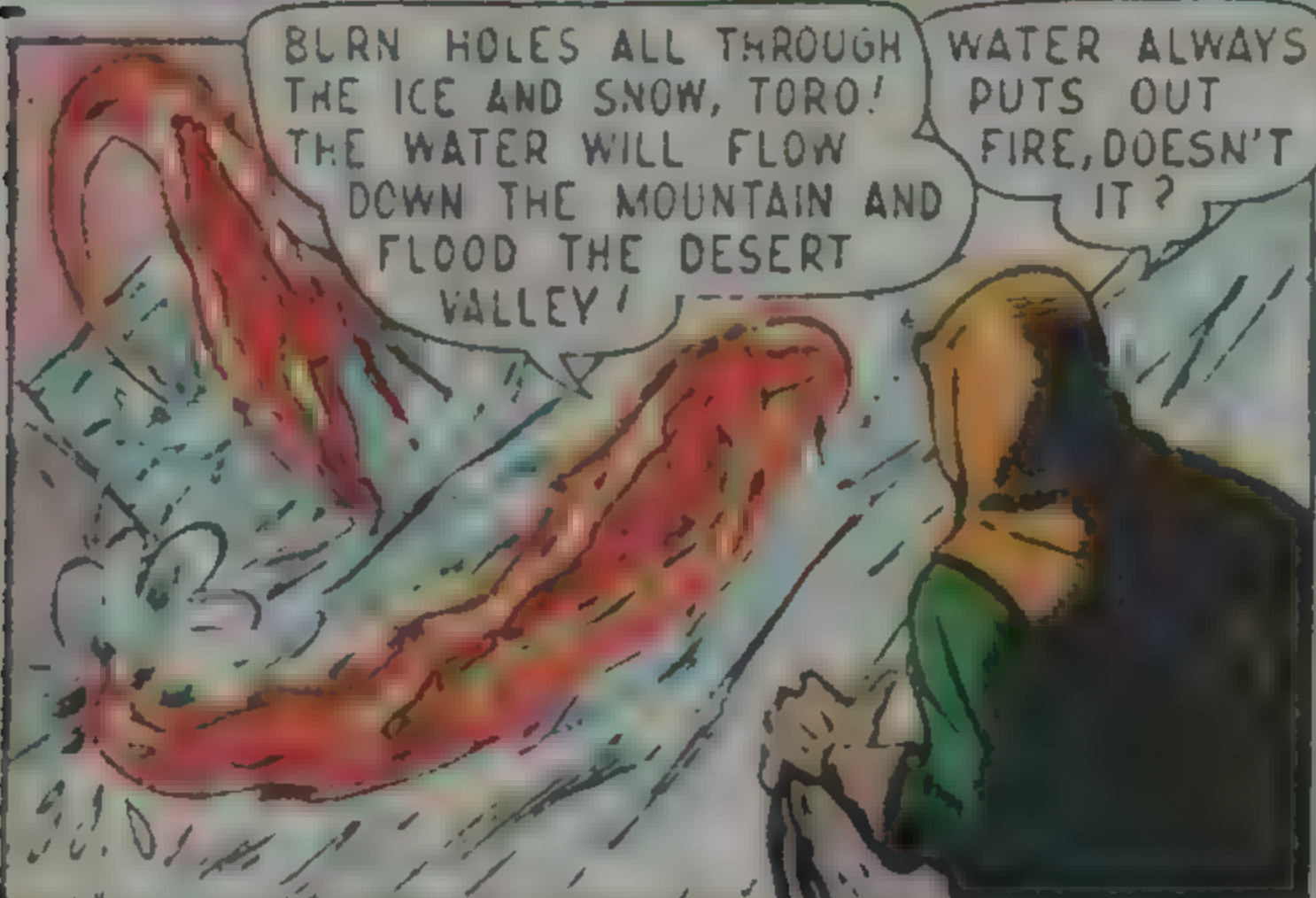
OH BOY!

WHAT!



COME ON, TORO! THAT MOUNTAIN PEAK
HAS ICE ON IT! WE CAN FLOOD
THIS DESERT VALLEY WITH
WATER AND PUT OUT
THE FIRE!

I'LL TAG ALONG.
FOOLS! I DON'T
WANT TO MISS
THIS!

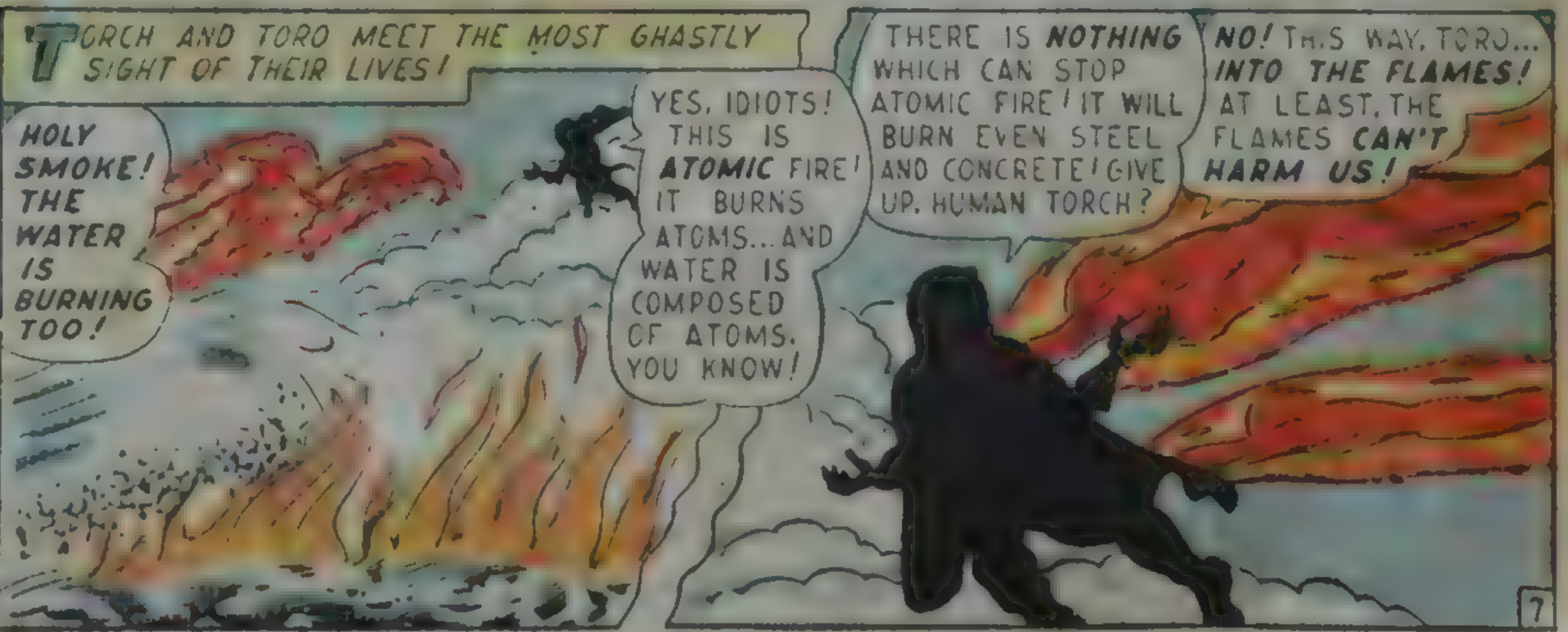


BURN HOLES ALL THROUGH
THE ICE AND SNOW, TORO!
THE WATER WILL FLOW
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND
FLOOD THE DESERT
VALLEY!

WATER ALWAYS
PUTS OUT
FIRE, DOESN'T
IT?



THAT'S ENOUGH,
TORO! LET'S
SEE THE
RESULT!



TORCH AND TORO MEET THE MOST GHASTLY
SIGHT OF THEIR LIVES!

HOLY
SMOKE!
THE
WATER
IS
BURNING
TOO!

YES, IDIOTS!
THIS IS
ATOMIC FIRE!
IT BURNS
ATOMS... AND
WATER IS
COMPOSED
OF ATOMS.
YOU KNOW!

THERE IS **NOTHING**
WHICH CAN STOP
ATOMIC FIRE! IT WILL
BURN EVEN STEEL
AND CONCRETE! GIVE
UP, HUMAN TORCH?

NO! THIS WAY, TORO...
INTO THE FLAMES!
AT LEAST, THE
FLAMES **CAN'T**
HARM US!

IN THE HEART OF THE BURNED-OUT AREA, WHERE THE ATOMIC FIRE HAS ALREADY PASSED...

THERE IS **ONE** THING WILL STOP ANY FIRE...ITS OWN **ASHES!**

WE'LL BRING THESE ASHES TO THE EDGE OF THE FIRE!

IT'S WORKING, TORCH! THE ASHES ARE HALTING THE FLAMES!

I THINK FUTURE MAN IS HAVING A STROKE!

HISSSSSSS!

YOUR ATOMIC FIRE IS **OUT**, FUTURE MAN! IT ONLY BURNED THIS WORTHLESS DESERT, AND DIDN'T TAKE **ONE HUMAN LIFE!**

YOU HAVE WON. HUMAN TORCH!

UTTERLY ENRAGED AT BEING BESTED AGAIN BY THE VALIANT MEMBERS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BAND, FUTURE MAN MAKES A DIRE THREAT!

FIVE TIMES I HAVE BEEN BALKED! I SEE I NEED **HELP!** I WILL SEND A CALL **INTO THE FUTURE!** HUNDREDS OF FUTURE MEN WILL COME HERE, IN GIANT SHIPS WITH NEUTRONIC BOMBS!

THE NEUTRONIC BOMB IS MUCH **MORE POWERFUL** THAN YOUR ATOMIC BOMB! WE WILL **WIPE OUT** THE WHOLE EARTH! YOU **CAN'T** STOP ME, BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW **WHERE I AM!** MY ASTRAL IMAGE DEFIES YOU! **FAREWELL!**

HE'S RIGHT, TORCH! WE **CAN'T** STOP HIM SENDING THAT MESSAGE UNLESS WE FIND OUT **WHERE HE IS!**

WE'D BETTER CALL IN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE REST **NOW!**

AND SO A FRANTIC MESSAGE GOES OVER THE WORLD, FROM TORCH!

CAPTAIN AMERICA...
SUB-MARINER... WHIZZER...
MISS AMERICA! COME BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS! URGENT!
MUST LOCATE FUTURE MAN!

get
hep
to

Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

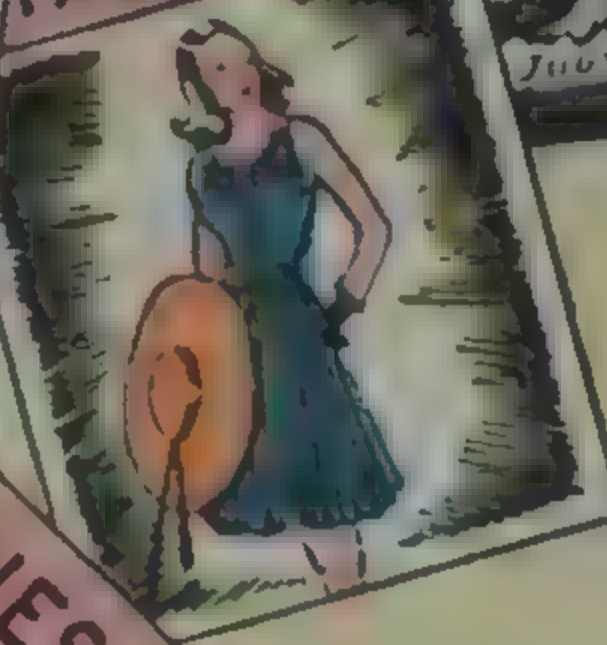
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MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS IN THE NATION
RAVES PAGE AFTER PAGE OF NEW
FEATURES, STORIES, FASHIONS, BEAUTY
ADVICE, AND MANY, MANY OTHER TOPICS
OF VITAL INTEREST TO KEEP TODAY'S
TEEN-AGE YOUNG LADIES
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DON'T TAKE A CHANCE OF MISSING
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*The
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way*

PATSY WALKER



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STORIES



HOLLYWOOD



INTERIOR
DECORATING



BOOKS



TAFFY



MUSIC



HELLO
GIRLS



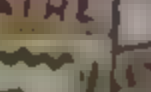
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CHAPTER VII



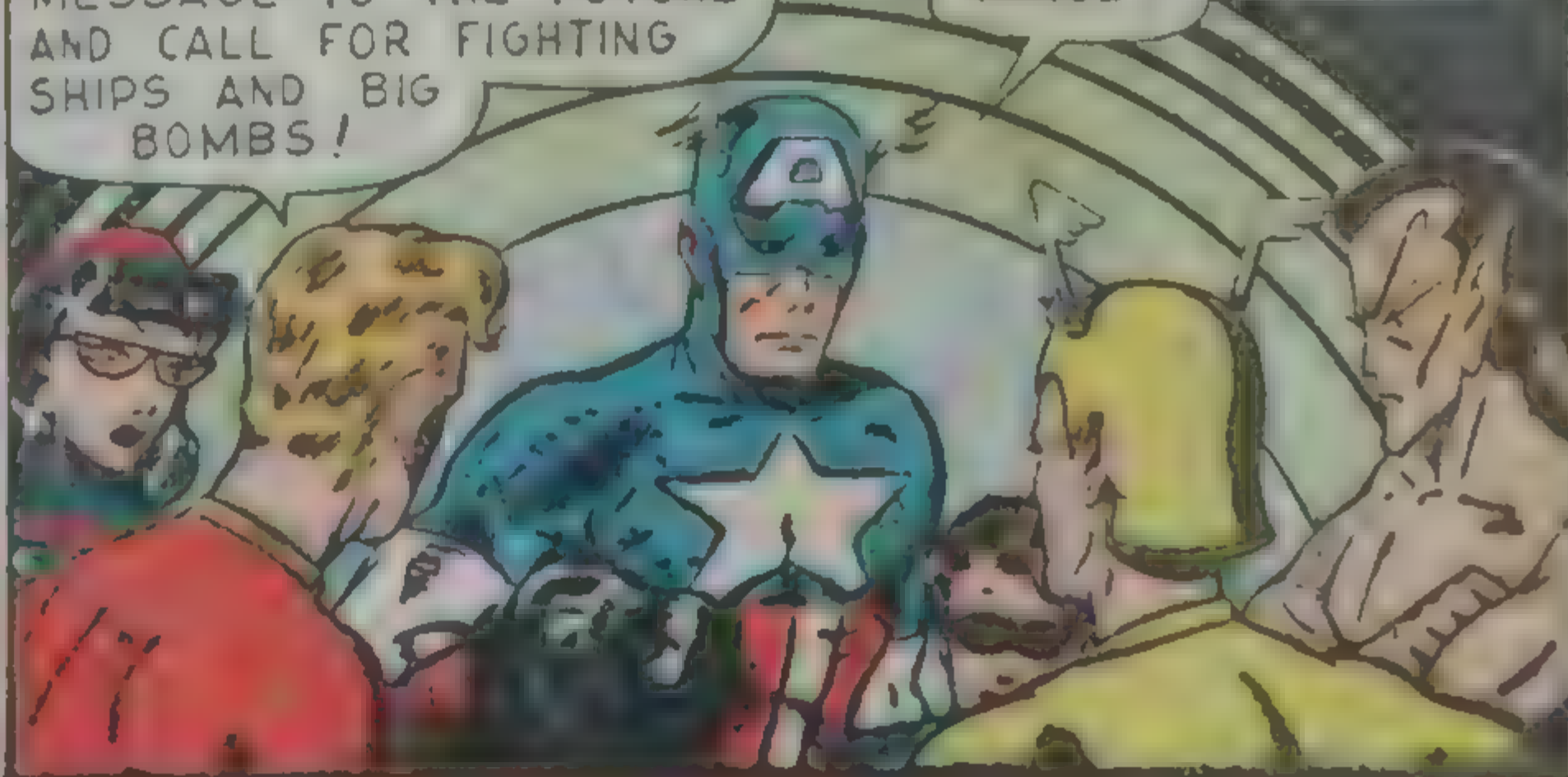
THE MOST MENACING THREAT OF ALL NOW HOVERS OVER THE EARTH, AS FUTURE MAN PREPARES TO CONTACT HIS FELLOW FIENDS OF ONE MILLION A.D! WHAT CHANCE WILL THE 20TH CENTURY HAVE AGAINST THE GREATLY ADVANCED SCIENCE OF THESE KILLERS FROM THE FUTURE WORLD? NOW THE ALL WINNERS SQUAD COMBINES FORCES TO PREVENT A DEVASTATING...

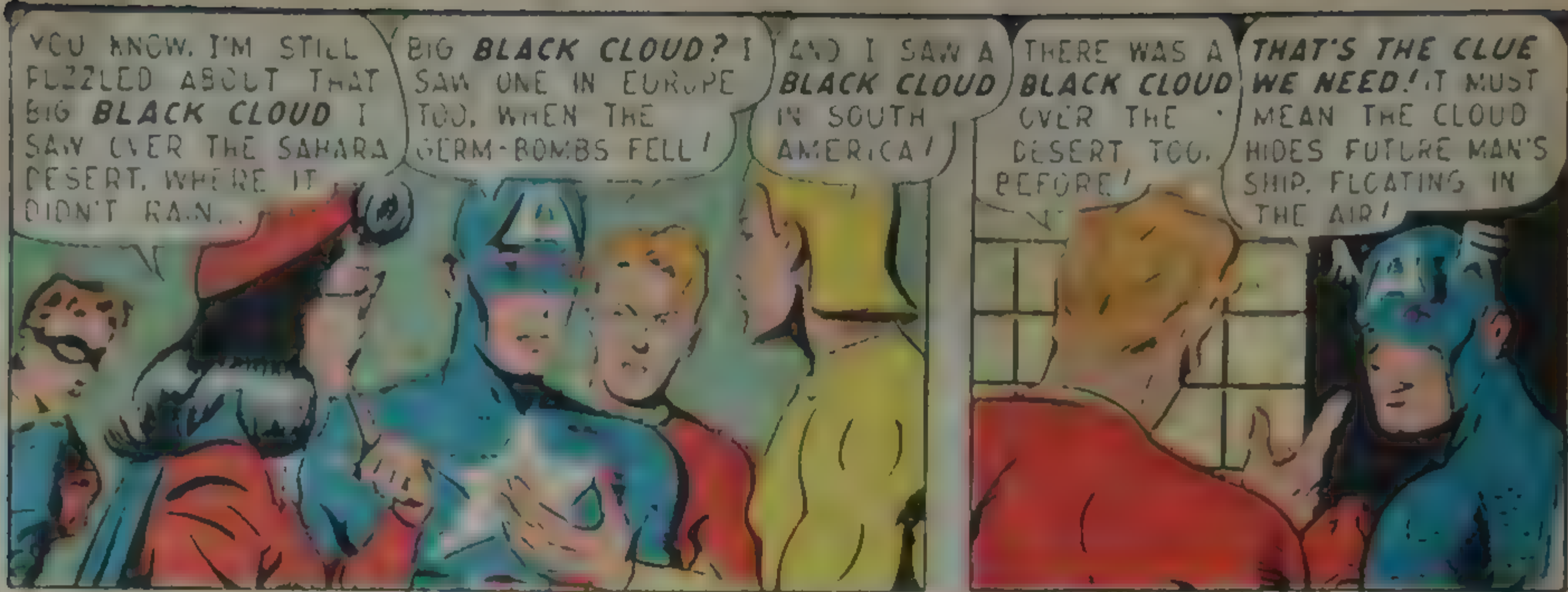
"WAR BETWEEN THE WORLDS!"

AND NOW IN AMERICA, IN ANSWER TO HUMAN TORCH'S CALL, WE FIND THE CHAMPIONS HOLDING A GRAVE MEETING.

FUTURE MAN FAILED AGAINST US ALL! BUT NOW HE THREATENS TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE FUTURE AND CALL FOR FIGHTING SHIPS AND BIG BOMBS!

IF WE ONLY KNEW **WHERE HE IS!** BUT HE ONLY APPEARED AS AN ASTRAL IMAGE!





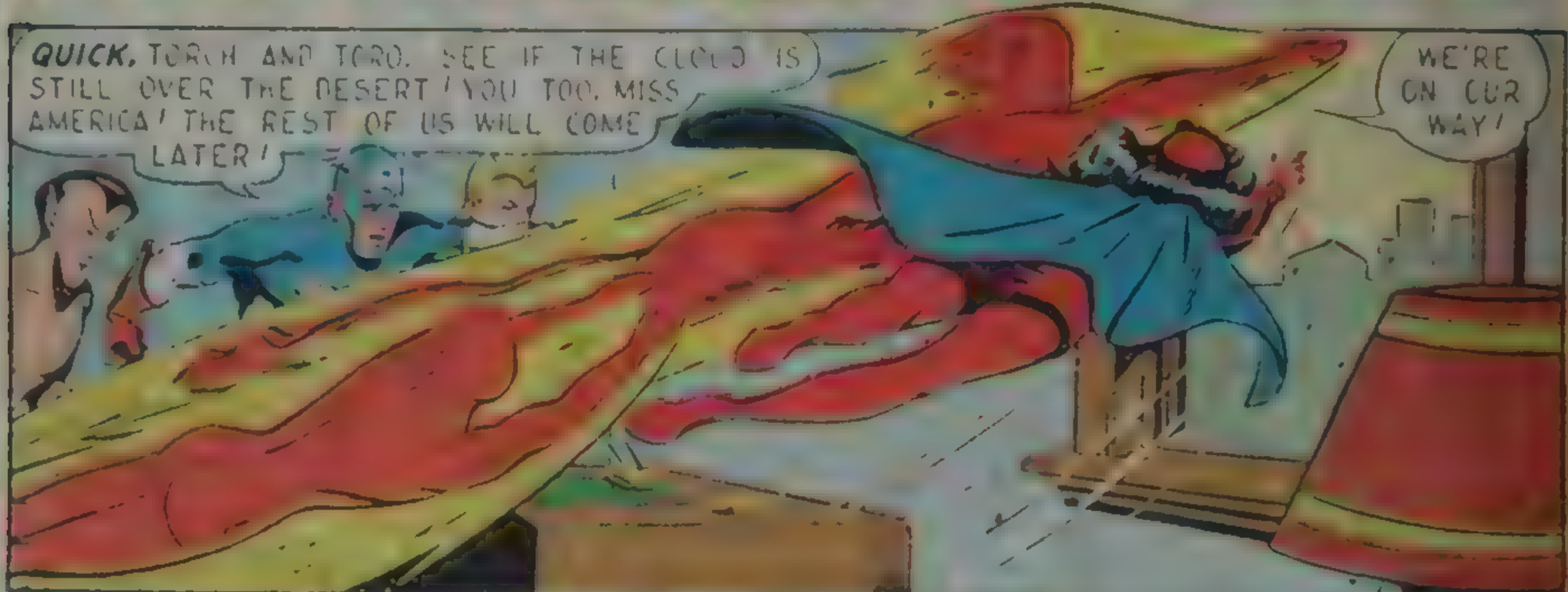
YOU KNOW, I'M STILL FUZZLED ABOUT THAT BIG **BLACK CLOUD** I SAW OVER THE SAHARA DESERT, WHERE IT DIDN'T RAIN.

BIG **BLACK CLOUD**? I SAW ONE IN EUROPE TOO, WHEN THE GERM-BOMBS FELL!

AND I SAW A **BLACK CLOUD** IN SOUTH AMERICA!

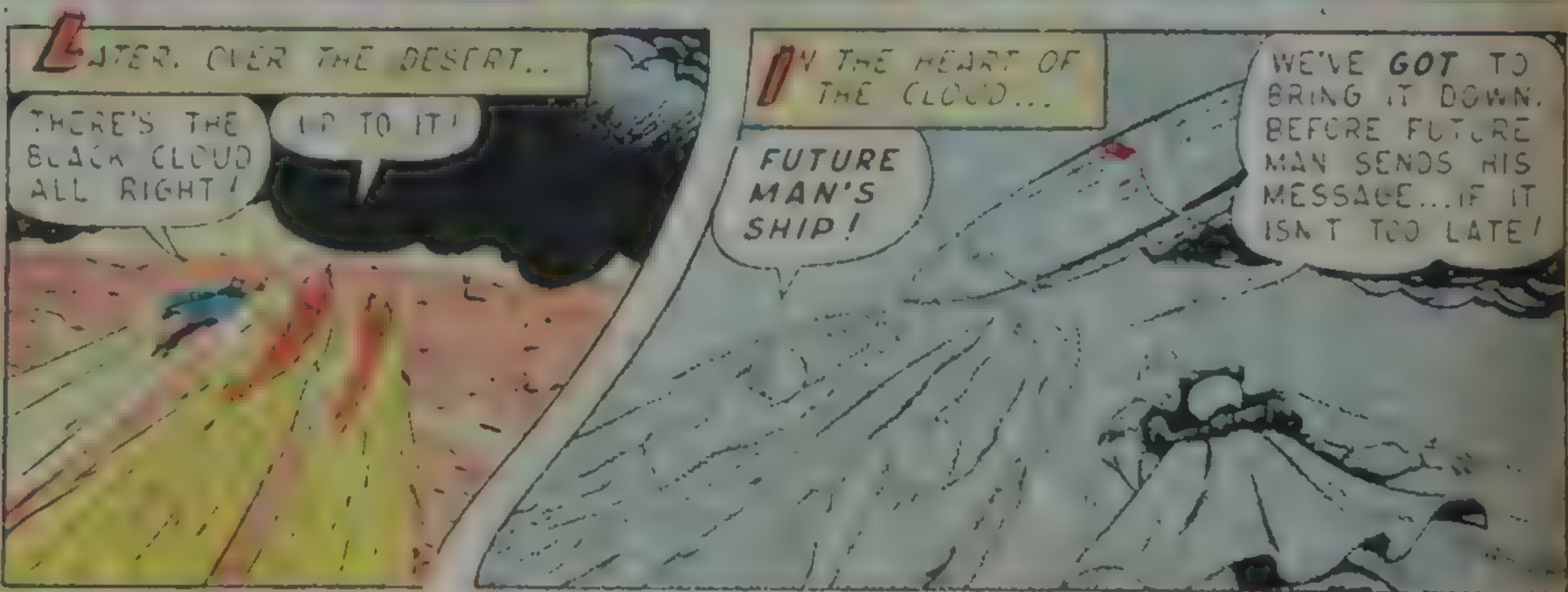
THERE WAS A **BLACK CLOUD** OVER THE DESERT TOO, BEFORE!

THAT'S THE CLUE WE NEED! IT MUST MEAN THE CLOUD HIDES FUTURE MAN'S SHIP, FLOATING IN THE AIR!



QUICK, TORCH AND TORO, SEE IF THE CLOUD IS STILL OVER THE DESERT! YOU TOO, MISS AMERICA! THE REST OF US WILL COME LATER!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



LATER, OVER THE DESERT...

THERE'S THE **BLACK CLOUD** ALL RIGHT!

UP TO IT!

IN THE HEART OF THE CLOUD...

FUTURE MAN'S SHIP!

WE'VE GOT TO BRING IT DOWN, BEFORE FUTURE MAN SENDS HIS MESSAGE...IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!



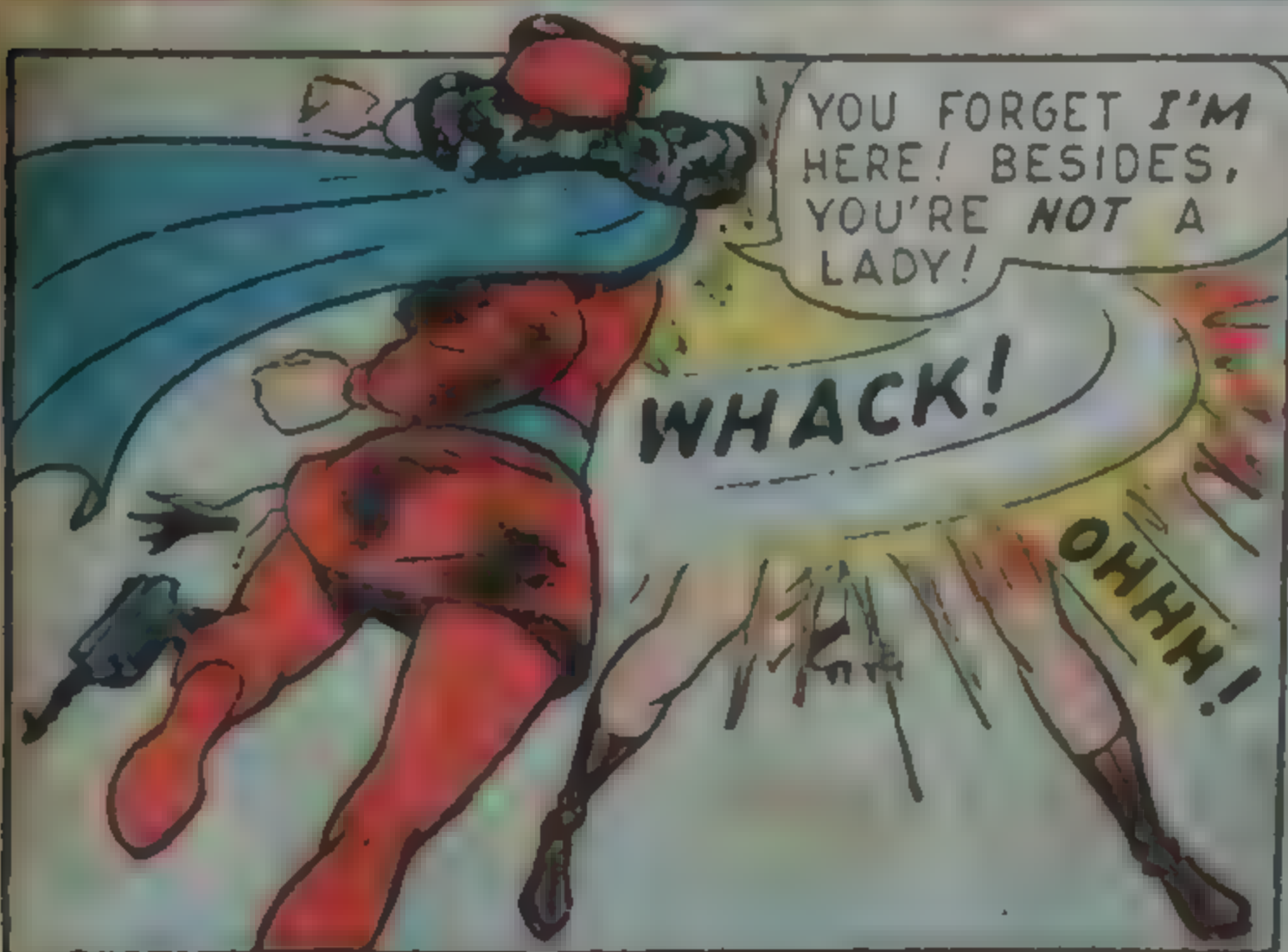
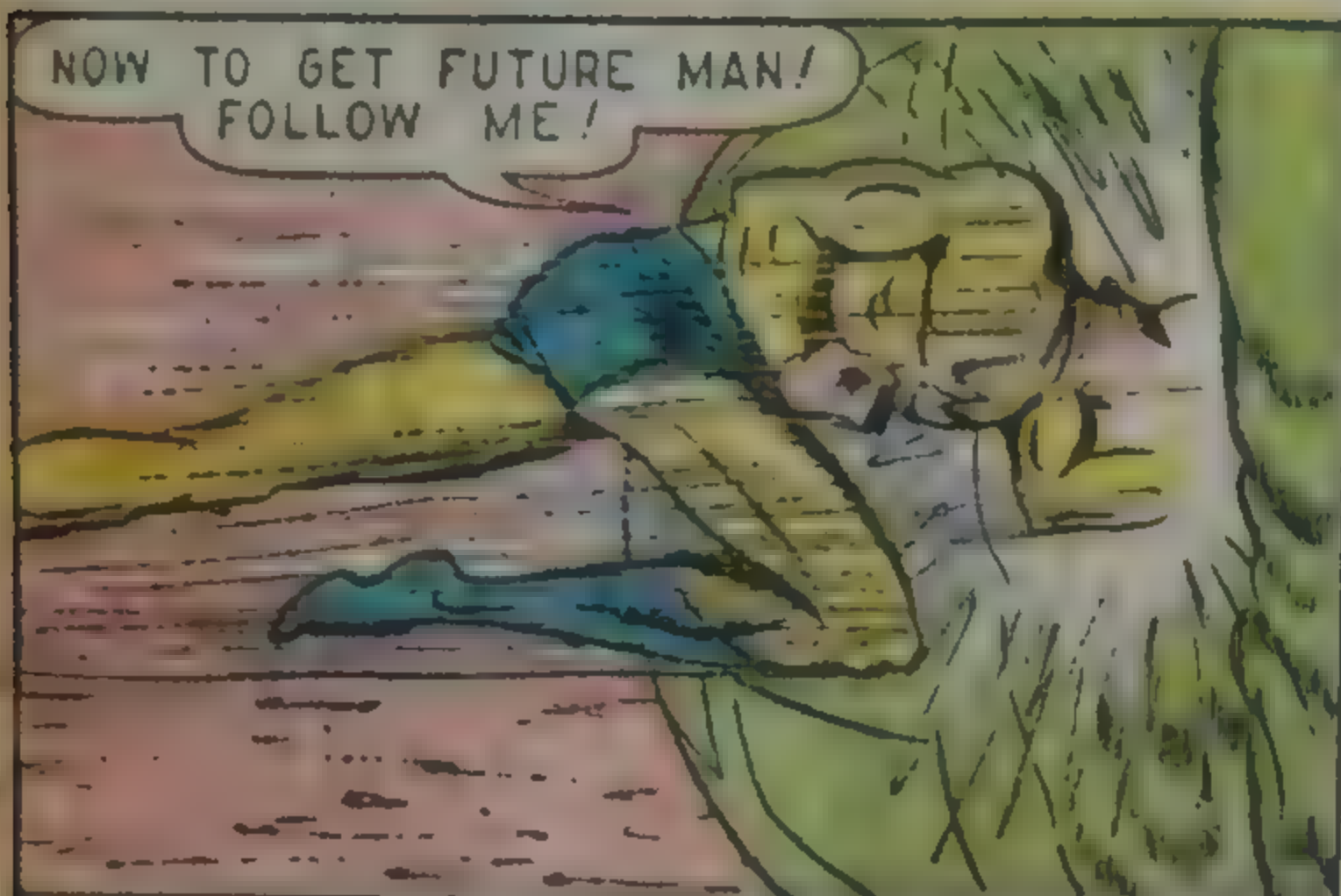
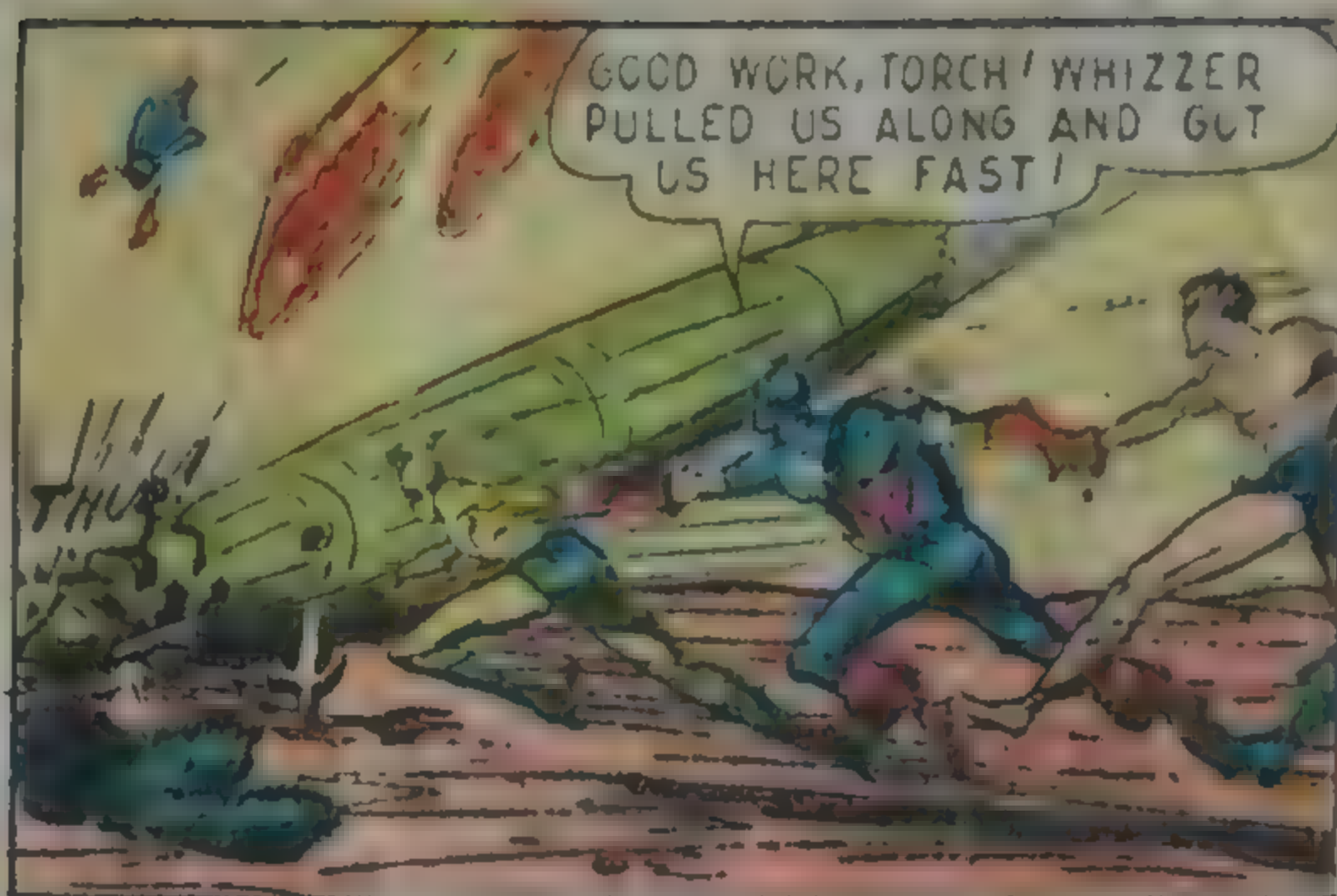
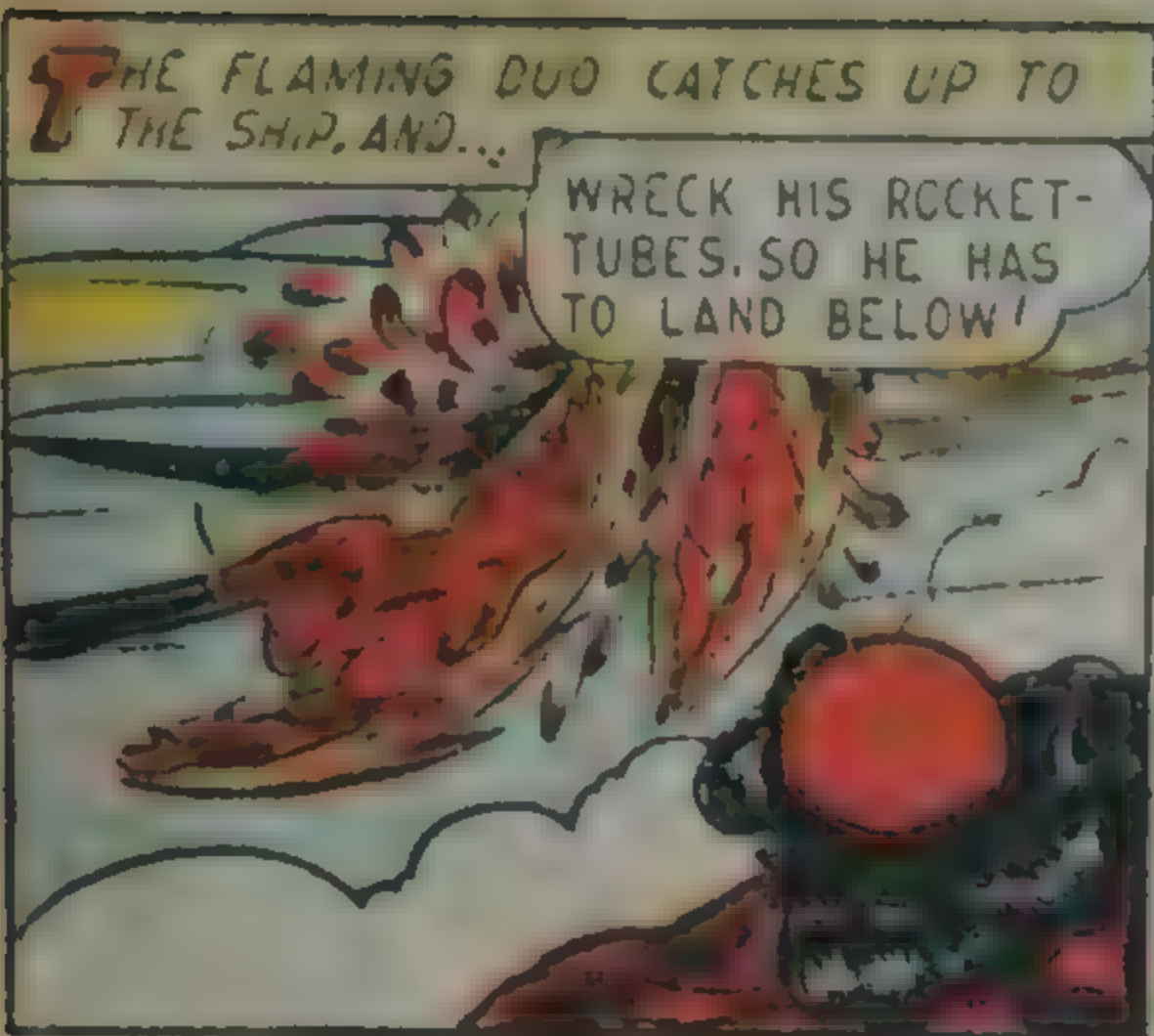
MEANWHILE, AS BE...

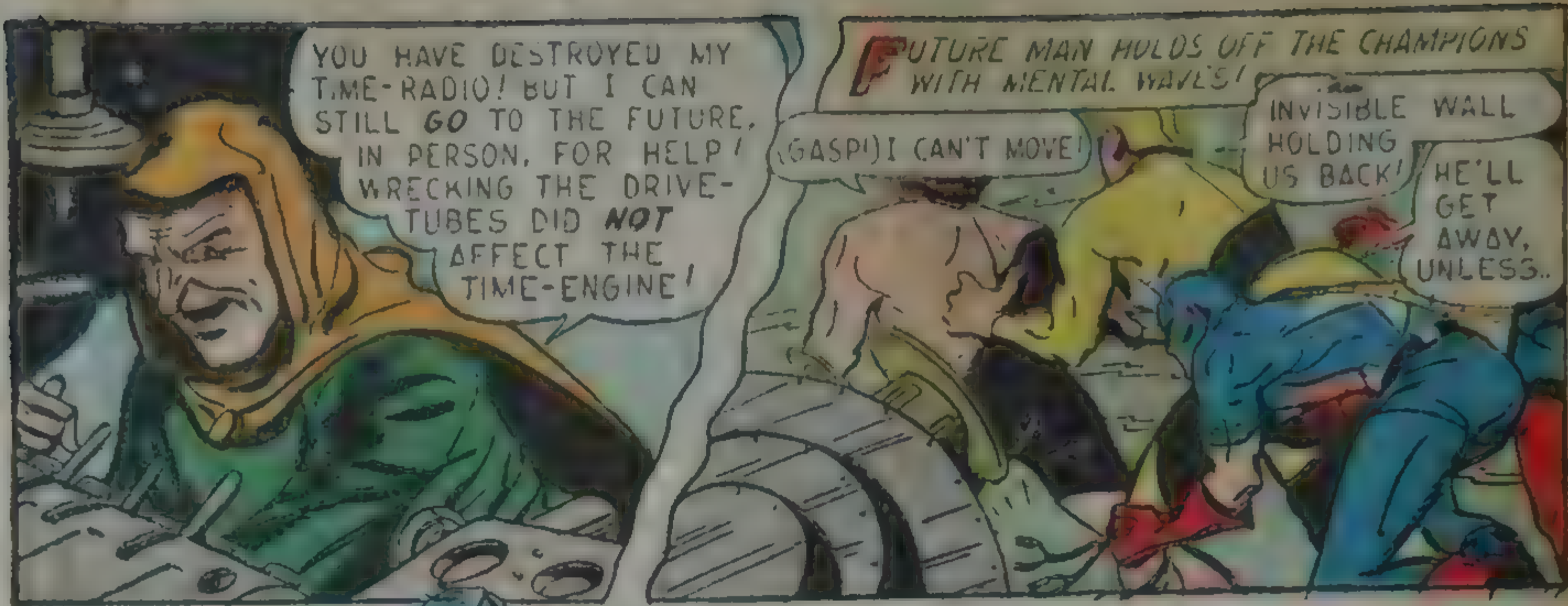
IT TOOK ME HOURS TO SET THE CONTROLS FOR THIS TIME-RADIO! BUT NOW IT'S READY TO CONTACT THE FUTURE...EH?

LOOK! WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED! IT'S HUMAN TORCH AND MISS AMERICA!

WE MUST ROCKET AWAY AND ESCAPE THEM!

WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! AFTER THEM!





YOU HAVE DESTROYED MY TIME-RADIO! BUT I CAN STILL GO TO THE FUTURE, IN PERSON, FOR HELP! WRECKING THE DRIVE-TUBES DID **NOT** AFFECT THE TIME-ENGINE!

FUTURE MAN HOLDS OFF THE CHAMPIONS WITH MENTAL WAVES!

(GASP!) I CAN'T MOVE!

INVISIBLE WALL HOLDING US BACK!

HE'LL GET AWAY, UNLESS..



OUT OF THE SHIP, EVERYBODY! LET HIM GO!

WHAT? YOU'RE LETTING HIM ESCAPE, CAPTAIN AMERICA?

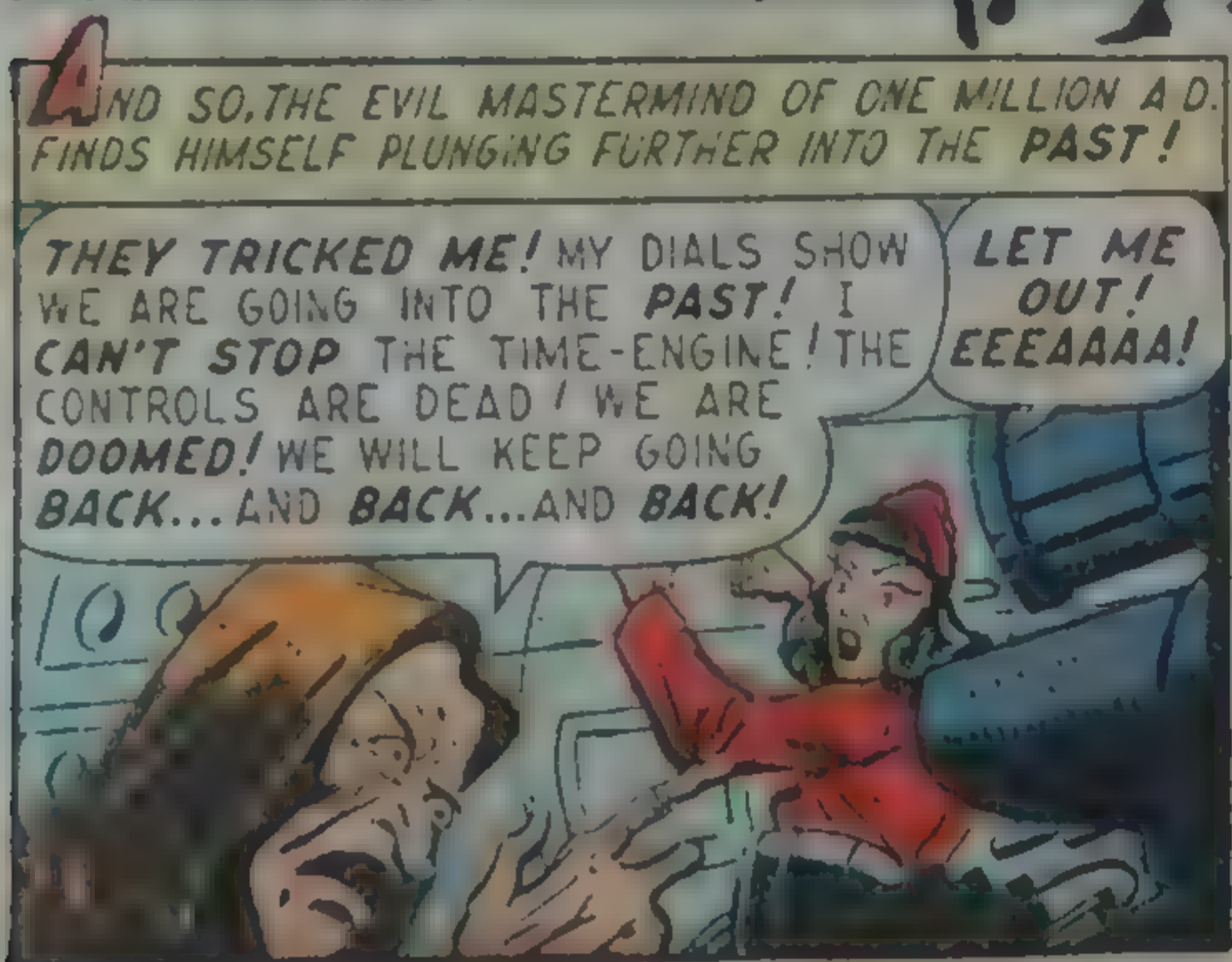


HAH! I'VE WON! MY SHIP IS FADING... GOING INTO THE FUTURE! I WILL BE BACK WITH A MIGHTY ARMY OF FUTURE MEN, AND **WIPE OUT** THE 20TH CENTURY!

WHY LET HIM GET AWAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA?

I RIPPED LOOSE SOME OF THE WIRES TO THE TIME-ENGINE, THOSE WHICH LED TO A PLUG LABELED "FUTURE," BUT I LEFT IN THOSE LABELED "PAST!"

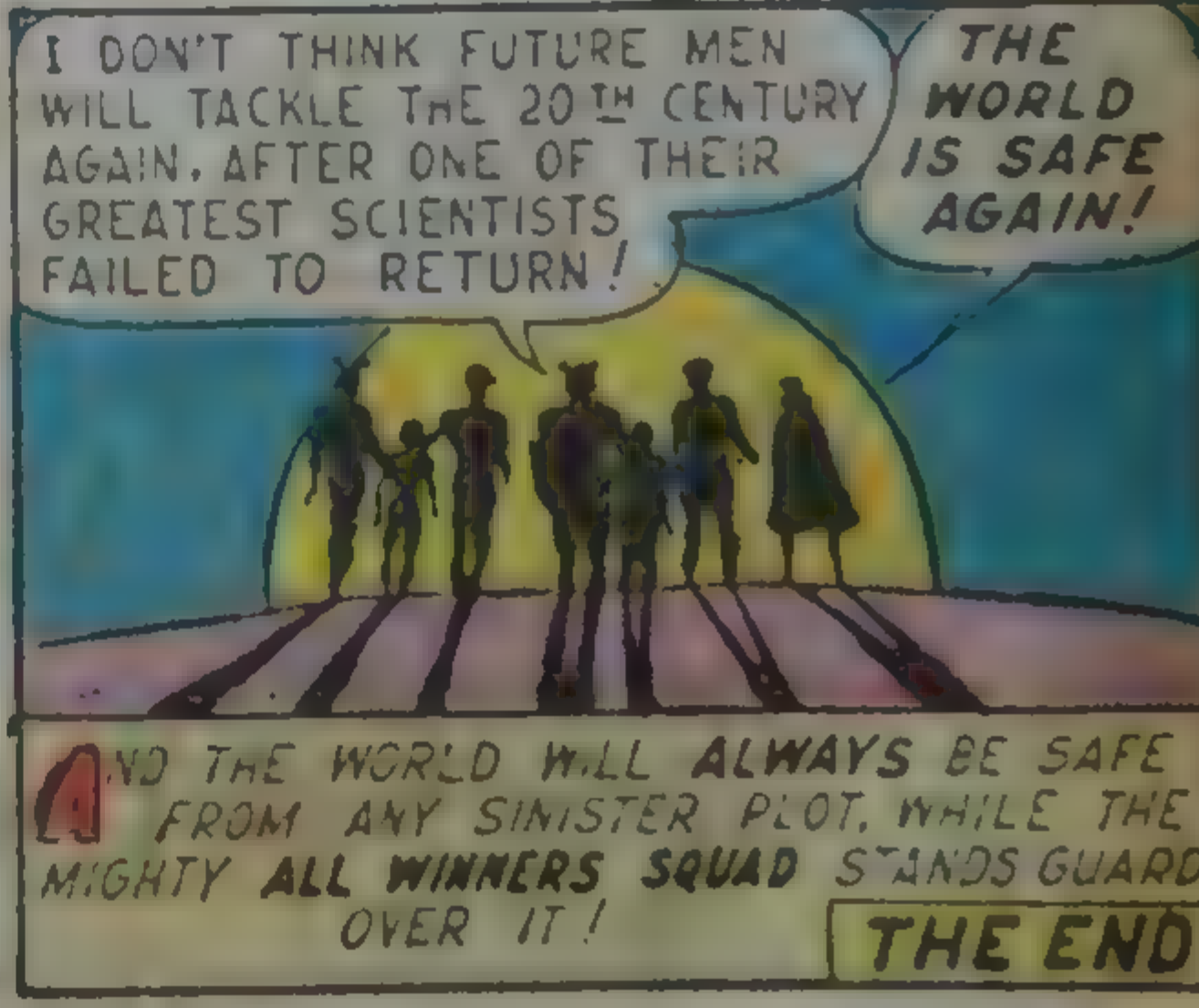
WOW! I GET IT! THEN FUTURE MAN WENT INTO THE PAST!



AND SO, THE EVIL MASTERMIND OF ONE MILLION A.D. FINDS HIMSELF PLUNGING FURTHER INTO THE PAST!

THEY TRICKED ME! MY DIALS SHOW WE ARE GOING INTO THE PAST! I CAN'T STOP THE TIME-ENGINE! THE CONTROLS ARE DEAD! WE ARE DOOMED! WE WILL KEEP GOING BACK... AND BACK... AND BACK!

LET ME OUT! EEEAAAA!



I DON'T THINK FUTURE MEN WILL TACKLE THE 20TH CENTURY AGAIN, AFTER ONE OF THEIR GREATEST SCIENTISTS FAILED TO RETURN!

THE WORLD IS SAFE AGAIN!

AND THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS BE SAFE FROM ANY SINISTER PLOT, WHILE THE MIGHTY ALL WINNERS SQUAD STANDS GUARD OVER IT!

THE END

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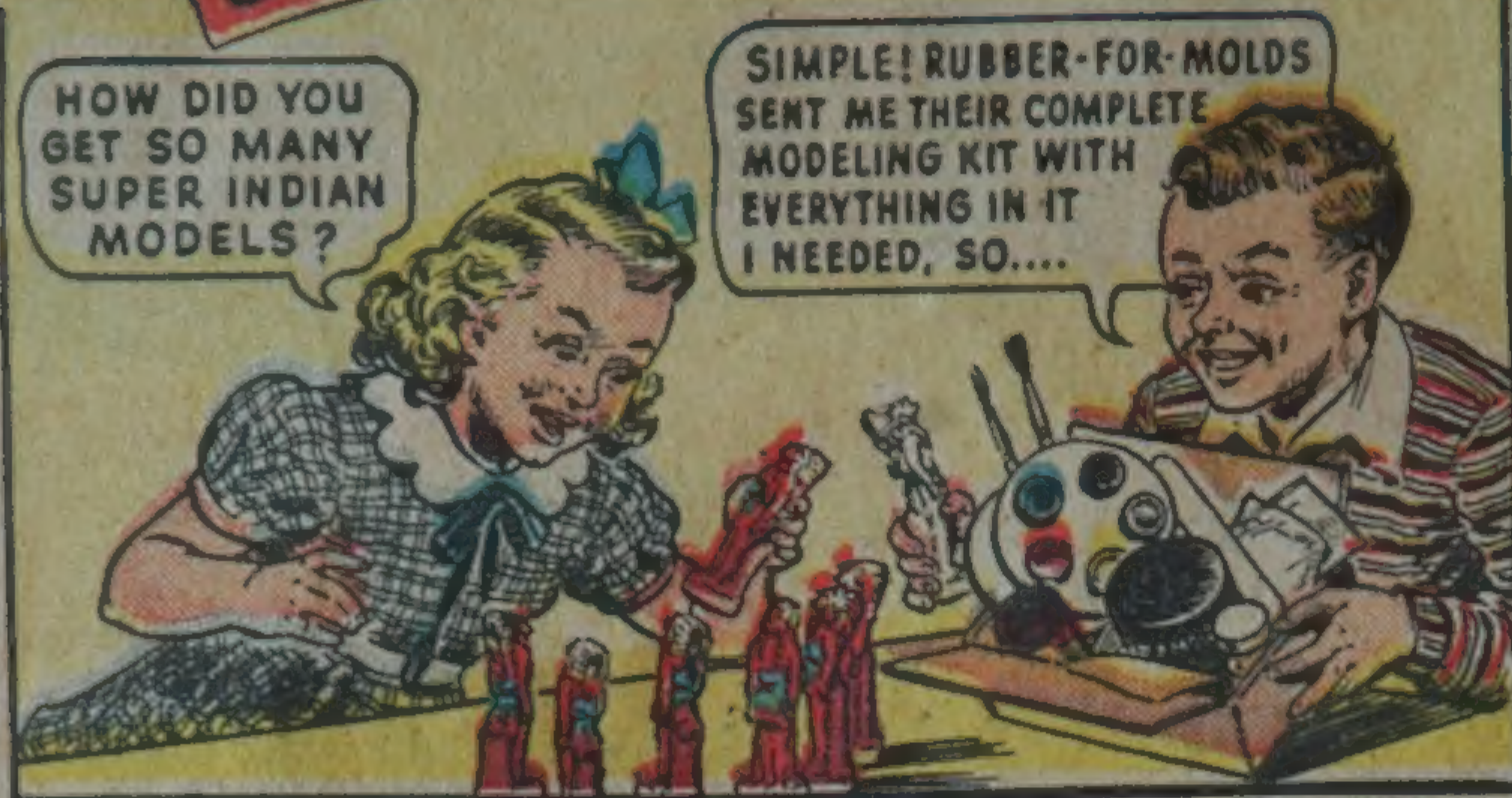
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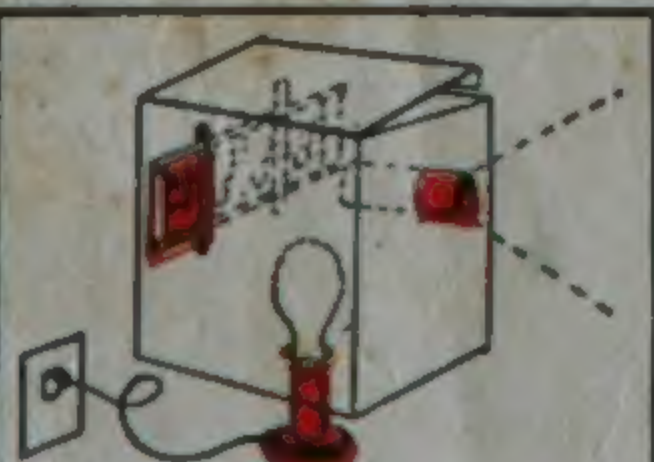
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